THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

n Illustrated Weekl
F d A° D° 1728 by Benj.

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J. P. McEvoy—Leonard H. Nason—Anne Cameron—Bernard De Voto
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Revelations of a famous puritan

For a whole week I'd been sitting on a grocer's shelf in an Ivory wrapper . . . dissatisfied . . . longing for a little place beside a tub that I could call my own!

When Mrs. Tompkins bought me, I may have seemed white and calm, but I knew that at last I would discover what it means to be a cake of Ivory Soap . . .

Well, this morning I learned *all.* When Mr. Tompkins opened the bathtub faucets, I wanted to get in the water! But I didn't expect Mr. Tompkins to *throw* me in. As I shot downwards, my short innocent life flashed before me. I thought, "This is the end!" But it wasn't, for I *floated.*

When Mr. Tompkins took his bath sponge to me I excitedly foamed. And the more I foamed the better friends Mr. Tompkins and I grew to be. My coat of bubbles was very becoming to him!

I had a rest until the children took their evening baths. Then I did fourteen high dives without once hitting bottom. And *foam!* I actually reduced my waistline cleaning up two pairs of very grubby knees. But when I got through I was proud of those children.

Mrs. Tompkins looked so tired that I was very glad to do a little overtime work for her just before she went to bed. I bubbled out my sympathy in heaps of soothing bubbles. And afterwards she did look as rosy and comforted as a sleepy baby.

* * *

I think I'm going to be so busy that I shan't have time to continue this diary. However, it does my heart good to know that the Tompkinses like me so well. So I'm going to wear myself down to a sliver for them!

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MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: Hooray! I've got a job. A real job this time—a lot better than the one I had. I'm in the Sunday art department of the Chicago Star. I make layouts. You wouldn't understand what that is, so there isn't much use of my telling you. Anyway, you know those big art illustrations for the Sunday stories—all about how they have just found the tomb of Cleopatra, or stories about how the earth is gradually falling into the sun, with pictures of the comets and solar systems, and everything like that.

Well, I'm supposed to arrange these pictures artistically and make little pen-and-ink sketches in the corners. I get twenty-five dollars a week, which is ten dollars more than I was getting over at Jones Brothers, dusting underwear. I'll be an artist yet; you'll see! Don't send any more apples. I can't eat them fast enough and they rot. How are you? And don't worry so much about me in the Big City. I can take care of myself, believe me. Your loving son, CHARLIE.

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR SON: I don't understand much what you are doing. I thought you had a pretty good job with those underwear people. It looked like something solid, with a future. I don't hold much truck with all this fiddle-faddle about Cleopatra and comets and things like that. There's no future in it. You mark my words, son; you won't get anywhere until you settle down to something serious. The rolling stone gathers no moss. And another thing is the moral side of those Sunday papers. I never see them, but they don't look very moral to me.

Cleopatra was certainly no better than she should be, from all I've heard tell, and associating with that kind of influence is bound to make its mark on you. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined. You've always had nothing but a good influence here at home, and while Gum Springs isn't as big as Chicago, it might be a lot better for you to stay down here in Southern Illinois than be gallivantin' around in a big city like Chicago, surrounded by the pomp and pitfalls of Satan. You think you're smart, but pride cometh before a fall. I am sending you some more apples—Jonathans this time—keep them in a cool place and you won't have so much trouble with them going soft on you. Wouldn't you like some of mother's nice jelly?

Love,
MOTHER.

P. S.: Couldn't you maybe get something for Mollie's Ed to do up there in the city? He's very handy.

(From the Johnson County News)

GUM SPRINGS LOCALS

A number of our leading citizens joined the posse which Sheriff Tom Mullins

"There. How's That? Introducing Another New Comedy Cartoon Creation—Missus Noodle, by the World-Renowned Comic Artist, Chic Kiley. Applause!"

organized last week to hunt for the young gambler from out of town who shot and killed Uncle John Mizell's oldest boy, Willie, in a card game last Friday night in the tool shed up in the cemetery. Bloodhounds were sent down from the county seat, and everyone joined in the chase with great good will, but without success. The murderer was a stranger in these parts and, according to the other boys in the game, was a professional gambler walking through the country making his living by his wits, and the argument was over just fifty cents. The pity of it all!

Old Doc Noonan, who lives on what is known as the Polly Moore farm, and who meets all trains, is being missed down at the depot. He is real low with dropsy. Can't spare you, Doc!

We hear from our friend and neighbor,

"She is Probably Some Little Flibbertigibbet and All That Sweetness is Just a Pretense"

Mrs. Mary Kiley, who tells us with considerable pride that her boy, Charlie, is making good in the Big City. He does those art pieces for the Sunday paper in Chicago—considerable chore for such a lad! Are you going to be one of those artists, eh, Charlie?

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: I am getting along fine in my new job. I wish you wouldn't worry so much about me. You still seem to think I'm a kid or something and can't take care of myself. Well, that's all you know about it. There's lots of other things you don't know either, as, for instance, when you say this job is a bad influence. It's a swell job and I'm crazy about it, but I can see now I don't know enough to hold it down, so I am planning to study nights.

One of the fellows at the office was telling me there was a swell life class over at the Art Institute three nights a week, so I think I'll enroll for that. I'm not very good at anatomy and I'm sure if I could draw a model for a while it would help me a lot. I wonder what you're going to say to that. I suppose you'll throw a fit. Of course, I don't expect you to understand such things anyway. I know you mean well, but you just don't understand. I wish you'd stop sending me apples. I've only got a tiny little room, and it's full of apple barrels now. Jelly too. Do you think I rub it in my hair or something? Thanks for the clipping: I guess they're all kind of surprised down there. Well, I'll show them, believe me.

Your loving son,
CHARLIE.

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR SON: I certainly was shocked and horrified by your last letter. I guess I wasn't far wrong when I predicted what would come of your evil associations. A model! Well, I've heard tell of such things, but I never thought I'd live to see the day when a son of mine would be mixed up with such goings on. You get right out of that newspaper and get back to that underwear quick as you can. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? A model! Why, of all things. Imagine, if that ever got out and around in this town. Why, I wouldn't be able to hold up my head up on the hill here. I certainly hope it won't be necessary for me to say any more about it.

As for the apples, I'll send you apples whenever I feel like it. I guess I know what's good for you. I suppose you'd rather have models. Well, apples are better for your health and for your immortal soul too. I guess you don't think much about your soul up there in the Big City. It's a good thing you have someone who thinks about such things for you. What would become of you? Remember the little poem I used to teach you:

Man is a vapor
Full of woes,
Cuts a caper,
Down he goes.

I am sending you a bushel basket of Grimes Golden. They make good cooking apples too.

Your loving
MOTHER.

P. S.: You get out of that newspaper office. It looks to me like the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR MOTHER: If you're going to be like that, I'm not going to tell you what I'm doing. Every artist has to have a model. How is he going to learn to draw the human figure if he doesn't see it? I don't expect all those apple knockers down there in Gum Springs to understand that, and I don't care whether they do or not, but I do wish you wouldn't misunderstand things. I try so hard to explain everything to you, and the more I try the worse it gets. For instance, about the apples. Can't you understand that I can't possibly eat a barrel of apples a week? It isn't that I don't want to—I just can't. I know you raise them with your own hands, but even so, I can't eat that many. It just ain't humanly possible, and it ain't humanly possible to be an artist, either, without studying the way all artists study. That means going to classes where they have models and learning to draw them until you get their proportions right. You know, beginners always get the legs too short, and here at the Art Institute you have the best models and the best teachers, and they criticize your work and tell you where all the bones and muscles are and everything. It's just great. I've only just started, but I can't begin to tell you how interesting it is.

My teacher's name is John Gordon, and he's marvelous. What he doesn't know about the female body! Why, he can take a piece of charcoal and just one line—he can go right down from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, and show you every muscle and bone all the way down. Boy, if I could only draw like that! But I guess it takes years.

His daughter, Dorothy, is the monitor of the class. That means she poses the models, and keeps the time, and checks up the attendance, and takes care of all the details like that. She can draw, too, but of course not so good as her father. I bet you'd like her. She's sort of quiet and sweet. She doesn't think much of my drawing—makes a lot of fun of it—but some day I'll show her I'm just as smart as this Zornsky guy that she's always going "ah" and "ooh" about. Why shouldn't he be able to draw? He's been doing nothing else all his life—that and talk. Talk, talk, talk—that's the best thing he does. And Dorothy sits and looks at him with her mouth open and her eyes all bugged out like boiled onions while he spills a lot of tripe about art and life and all that hooey. Well, I'll show her—and him, too; the little sawed-off Polack!

Your loving son,
CHARLIE.

II

A LIFE class is drawing in charcoal from a female model, who stands on a raised platform backed by a black velvet screen. Arranged in three semicircular rows or tiers, the artists sit on "horses" with their boards in front of them; the first row near the floor, the second higher, and the third higher still. About twenty students, the majority girls, from nineteen to twenty-five. They are sketching intently and in silence.

JERRY *(with careless rapture):*

"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
And you'll shoo-o-o-thah
Bloo-o-os away!"

VOICES: Shut up! Cut it out!

JERRY *(softly):*

"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
And you'll shoo-o-o-thah
Bloo-o-os away!"

"Listen, Michelangelo. Chic Will be a Famous

GIRL'S VOICE: For crying out loud!

JERRY *(after a small, still pause):*

"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
And you'll shoo-o-o-thah
Bloo-o-os away!"

VOICES: Kill him!

DOROTHY *(coming in suddenly on disturbance):* What's all this? The minute I step out of the room ——

VOICE: John McCormack singing again.

JERRY: Not singing, Dorothy. Just my mating call.

DOROTHY: Do your mating calls outside. You'll have all the girls here in a panic.

JERRY: That was the idea.

MAN'S VOICE: When is mating season for artists?

GIRL'S VOICE: When isn't?

DOROTHY: Sh-h-h-h-h. Wait until you're artists and it'll be time to worry about mating seasons. *(Looking at watch):* Rest! *(To class):* Don't forget. You're to turn in your best sketches before you leave this evening. Be sure they're signed. The dean is coming in to look over the work of the class sometime tonight.

[*Model breaks pose, slips on wrapper and resumes reading her copy of the American Mercury.*

ZORNSKY: And why should I let the dean look at my work? What does he know about art? He's only a glorified errand boy for the millionaires who are flattered to be thought of as art patrons because they support an art museum.

DOROTHY: True talk.

ZORNSKY: And what is an art museum? A mausoleum of dead stupidities on display for the edification of live jackasses.

DOROTHY *(soothing him):* There, there. Some day the world will understand you.

ZORNSKY: To be understood—hah, that is the supreme degradation.

JERRY: Where's Chic Kiley, the big, loud, boy friend, Dorothy? Home pressing his spats?

DOROTHY *(indignantly):* Listen, Michelangelo. Chic will be a famous cartoonist when you are still drawing those funny torsos that look like enlarged tonsils.

JERRY: Sez you.

DOROTHY: Sez me.

GIRL: Never mind, Dorothy. Chic is a darling. Dumb as a duck, but a darling.

JERRY: You gotta be dumb to want to be a cartoonist.

DOROTHY: But I suppose you have to be a master mind to draw tomato-can labels?

JERRY: That takes psychology—sales psychology.

DOROTHY: Psychology! You can't even spell it.

JERRY: Well, I got a catchup account today just the same. You know what I sez to this guy? I sez to him: "Do you know what's the matter with your catchup advertising?" And he sez, "No; what?" And I sez, "No color, that's what. You need color," I sez. "Singing color. Color that sings. Do you know what I mean?" And he sez, "Aw, go on." And I sez, "Yeh, vibrant color. Some of them glowing reds," I sez.

DOROTHY: That's where he threw you out.

JERRY: Zat so! He just listened till his eyes bugged out; you coulda knocked them off with a stick. "Look at the rainbow," I sez. "That's color. Do people look at rainbows? I hope to tell you. And look at the flowers," I sez. "Color. When Nature wants you to look at anything, she puts color in it. When she wanted people to look at tomatoes, she made them red. You want people to look at your tomatoes and what do you do? You print them black. Who wants a black tomato?" Well, that just socked him. *(Pause.)* P. S.: I got the job.

DOROTHY *(looking at watch):* Time!

[*Model resumes pose. Class resumes sketching. Noises are heard outside the door.*

CHIC: But I won't.

ATTENDANT: You gotta.

CHIC: I don't neither.

ATTENDANT: You do too.

[*Door flies open and* CHIC *appears, pulling furiously on end of his stick, which art-museum* ATTENDANT *is trying to take away from him. His derby hat is down over one eye and his poor but neat clothing*

(Continued on Page 115)

Cartoonist When You are Still Drawing Those Funny Torsos That Look Like Enlarged Tonsils"

THE MARBLE LILY

THERE are some places, like people, so exact in character that no misrepresentation of them is possible. They remain, familiar or unfamiliar, safe in their reputation and changeless in aspect. Newport is like that. In spite of the assaults of envy, the satires of ignorance and of more admirable resentments, Newport remains unmistakably itself, and, there, unassailable. That is, at once, its safety and its weakness; it is too rigid, too set in tradition, for change. Before that happens it will vanish completely. I had a sense, regarding it, that Newport was already doing exactly that: Retreating with a displeased correctness into the dignified shadow of its past. There wasn't a possibility of compromise. It had to be what it was or completely disappear. I saw no sign of compromise; no willingness, at Newport, for any modification in the antagonistic conceptions of two wholly different social worlds.

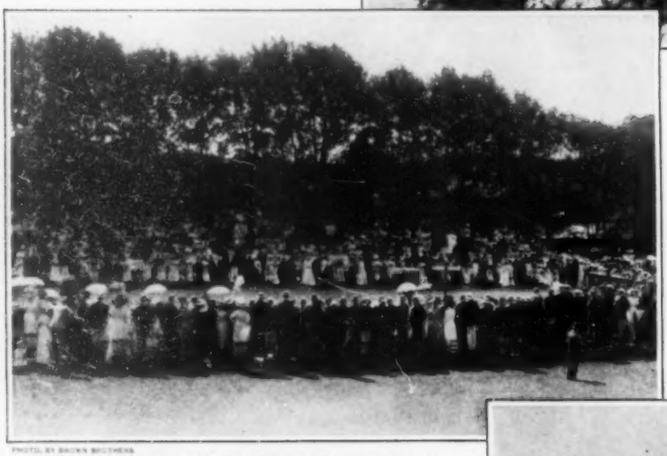
The fundamental difference was a question of values rather than of conduct. After all, conduct was, to a great extent, controlled by values. The comparative freedom of the present rested on a generally new idea of what, individually, was desirable. Upon what, quite as much, was no longer held to be necessary. That, in reality, was the base of all the complaints directed by the near past at the present. To Newport, most of the present was no better than bad manners, and the rest, bad morals. Both morals and manners, in the Newport sense, meant the entire continuation of an older—not an old—set of values. Formality, for example, was one of the foundations of whatever supremacy Newport owned. The observance of an elaborate procedure planned to make a narrow social existence at once impressive and decently—at least in public—impersonal. There was, it ought to be admitted, an admirable restraint of individual and awkward emotions. This conception, in the pink of its perfection, could not, where numbers of people were constantly together, be improved on. Naturally, in the interest of the numbers, it repressed individuality. It said, in effect, that a correct deportment was superior to all personal moods, necessities and opinions.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

A View of "The Breakers," Newport Home of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt

PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Cliff Walk at Newport, a Favorite Promenade by the Sea



PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS

When Larned and Wright Played for the Tennis Championship at the Casino in Newport

It was especially severe with opinions different from those of an only mildly intellectual majority. The older social majority were immovable about the church and in certain attitudes toward conduct. The old-time religion, it made apparent, was good enough for it. Newport, in essence, was devout. It was, at the same time and in its own manner, gay. The evenings, with champagne, however, were sharply separated from Sunday morning. One was never allowed to trespass upon the other. There might be a discrepancy of conduct but not of opinion, and never of belief.

Anybody at all who, with any openness, doubted the validity of the Church of England, the Episcopalian ritual, was atheistical. He had bad manners.

Some place on the globe might be appropriate for such a person, but not Newport.

It was the same where human and polite conduct was concerned. The idea of family—the requirements of family integrity—was strong. Again there was often a difference between this and actuality, but that was not allowed to affect a fixed displeasure with all immorality. The insistence of an individual, in other words, to be himself. There were inappropriate, and even tragic, love affairs, but they were hidden as closely as possible; they were, by Newport, regarded with genuine discomfort. No one, in that satisfied community of spirits different and yet essentially the same, ever ventured to excuse or support unfortunate love. Love, too, was entirely restrained within the bounds of an arbitrary propriety. There was, as well, a strict insistence upon minor decencies. In the Victorian sense. Drunkenness was discouraged; exposure of the female person met with frowning, unfavorable comment. Everything, practically—ideas and acts and hopes—was provided for, defined and proscribed, in that circle of being.

Straining at the Bonds of Tradition

IT WAS all, obviously, very admirable—that is, admirable if it was worth what it cost; if the values it insisted on maintaining were more important than any advancement in knowledge or freedom. The present, so different from Newport, thought not. The present had no talent for accepting its church, all the rules of

The Famous Bailey's Beach. The

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

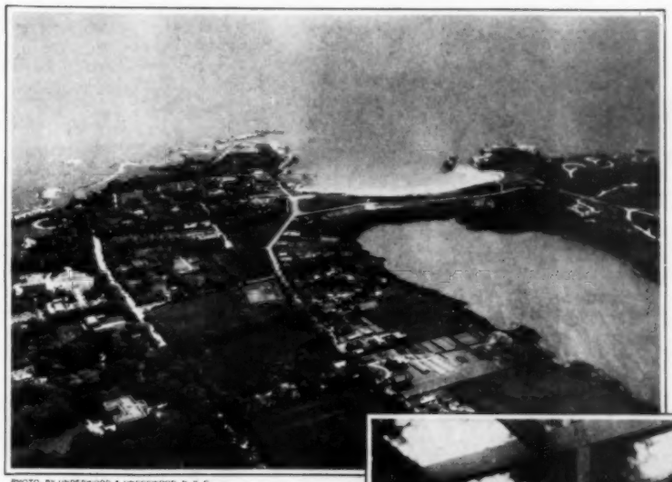


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Summer Colony. Bailey's Beach is at the Little Isthmus in Center

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

An Interested Group at Newport in the Old Days

its conduct, from the hands of even the most dignified past. That was Newport's situation—either it would remain valid and complete or vanish into the mists of tradition. I thought about it at a ball Mrs. Church gave—a very beautiful ball where the past and present seemed to meet harmoniously.

Her place, the immense lawn and dignified trees, belonged to Newport in the most absolute sense. Her house was part of a simple late Newport tradition. But the ball, actually, was held in a great tent of silver cloth; there were slowly revolving globes with innumerable little facets of colored glass that filled the interior with constantly shifting flecks of uneasy light. The orchestra then playing—there were, side by side, two orchestras—was utterly without violins!

In a little temporary booth on the lawn an entertainment was provided, I believe, by a policeman and his friend, composed of colloquial and entirely seemly stories and a great deal of cheerful whistling now and again off key. I enjoyed that enormously; it was so entirely unforeseen. Mrs. Church liked it too. But the veritable Newport there was, I am afraid, more than a little at a loss. No one before that, not even a Vanderbilt, had ever included a policeman who whistled at a Newport ball. Dinner was over, a small dinner of not more than fifty—there couldn't have been more than a hundred and fifty for the dancing—and I was, momentarily alone, wandering about outside the house. All the trees—it was impossible to count them—were illuminated by thousands of little red lights. There were, I thought, as many diminutive electric lights as leaves. They filled the space under the trees, the great sweep of closely cut grass, with a subdued, an unnatural and entrancing, glow. White dresses, in their deliberate progress over the lawn, took on a shifting luminosity more ruby than rose. The music faded in a wide circle upon a night airless and very hot.

An Omen in the Mist

IT WAS, in reality, too hot for dancing, although that continued in a reflective manner. The chairs on the grass were mostly filled; there was a continuous murmur of isolated voices. I played backgammon in a card room with Chinese paper. There were other backgammon boards, other games in progress. Hands, slender wrists heavy with a fire of jewels, moved the red and white ivory pieces from point to point; the dice, completely divorced from human intervention or hope, fell in irrevocable pairs. As usual, I lost. Dice had always been adamant, ironical, with me. I lost a little—perhaps twenty dollars—and then returned to the dancing, to scrambled eggs and sausages and black coffee. It was, more or less, two o'clock. Dark green bottles held a false promise of coolness.

As usual at parties, I was detached; I wandered without purpose, danced without conviction; I listened casually to casual conversations. It was all very orderly; established, apparently, upon the best Newport tradition. There was a repressed air of patience, of being privately engaged in far different enterprises, among the young that warned me of the silent rebellion, the beginning change, in progress. I was too old for the young; and, with a marked objection to accepting my ideas already cooked and garnished—even on a gold platter—I was more or less nowhere. Except with individuals: I saw a number of people, instinct with charm, I was certain I'd be happy with. I met them, and, saying nothing about what was in my mind, I saw them drift away, mostly forever, to music.

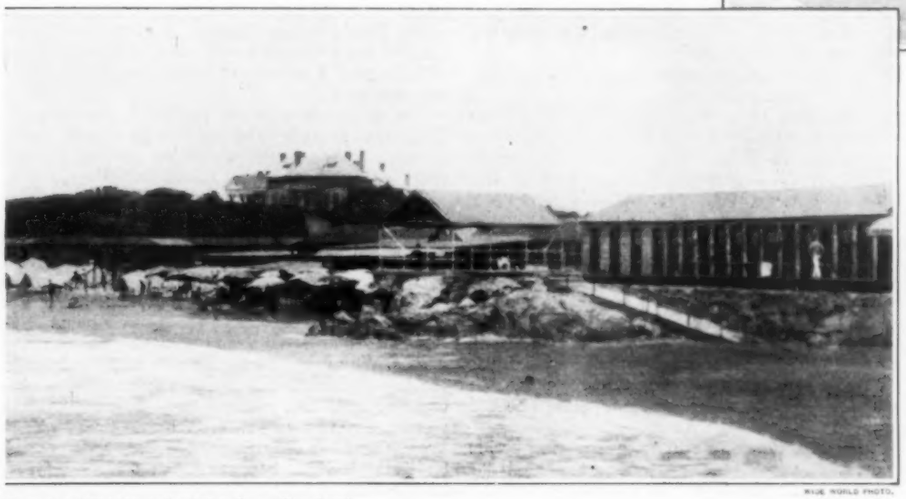
PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS

An Early Photograph of Bailey's Beach, Newport, Rhode Island

A slight haze filled the silver marquee; I went outside and found that a heavy mist was moving in from the sea. The thousands of minute lights grew dim and then dimmer; they were reduced to a diffused and almost imperceptible glow. The mist increased; in reality it was a fog; and, in effect, it put the lights out. It settled like a cloud upon the house and the dancing, obliterating the gayety exactly as though Newport had with finality vanished in its best dress.

The next morning—it was noon—waiting in the drawing-room for Frances Wellman to appear, I realized that, in general, I owned more sympathy for Newport than for the fretful invasion of the

(Continued on Page 42)



WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

Summer Playground of the Four Hundred

COLLISION

By LEONARD H. NASON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"Do You Suppose," He Began Slowly, "That it Could be Arranged—So That Nobody Should Know?"

IT WAS 9:30 A.M. in the claim department of the Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company. Along one side, a double row of desks, over which bent young men, earnestly writing, or reading folders containing a great many papers. Facing these desks was a small glass-walled inclosure. The earnest men at the desks were claim adjusters, looking over the work they had to do for the day, and the glass room caged their chief, McClusky, who inspected the work they had done the day before, and found it faulty. McClusky had spent his life—so he said—without food or sleep, going from one death or dismemberment claim to the next, and settling all for a bright red seal and a mythical dollar "and other good and valuable considerations."

Several desks down the row from Mr. McClusky's office a young man gazed into space and spoke into the mouthpiece of a dictating machine.

"J. Potter," he began, "versus Eagle Mutual. Collision Claim 42-375. This assured reported that in attempting to avoid another car he ran under a low-hanging limb—l-i-m-b—and damaged roof of car considerably. The car is an expensive Milano coupé—c-o-u-p-é—and repairs will amount to around four hundred dollars. Um-m-m. Er-er—I called at assured's office yesterday for the purpose of taking a statement from him, but he was out of town. I have marked this case on my tickler and will see him the first of the week. I have checked coverage, seen the car, and the damage is as reported. J. Smedley, adjuster."

From the glass-inclosed den at the upper end of the office came a roar: "Smedley out there? Send him in here!"

Mr. Smedley hastily hung up the mouthpiece of his machine and went.

"You got a collision case of J. Potter with that big Milano of his?" demanded McClusky, shifting his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "What's the story on it?"

"I just dictated on it," said Smedley hastily. "I'll get the folder."

"Listen t' me," said McClusky severely. "If I'd 'a' wanted to read the folder, I'd 'a' sent for it. I c'n read. What's been done on it?"

"Well, I've seen the car and checked the damage and got an estimate and ——"

"Gonna pay on it?"

"Why, yes, I don't see any reason ——"

"Well, hop to it and give him his money. Get rid of it. And don't be too cagy about cuttin' down the bill neither. Unnerstand? He's the big spring that makes the wheels go round out at the Potter Rubber Works, and we cover it for comp on a pay roll of half a million smackers. Don't get him mad debatin' whether or not we'll replace the lamp in the dome light. Get me? And don't buy him a new car neither. Because yuh got authority to spend a little money to keep a guy's good will don't make you Santy Claus. Gwan to it, an' see can you keep the grass from sproutin' under yuh!"

"I went to see him yesterday, but he was too busy to see me!" protested Smedley.

"Garn! Yuh never went near him! Who ever heard of a man bein' too busy to take money? Outside! Go pay him today. Don't show up here again until it's done! Too busy! Think I been in this business twenty-eight years for nuthin'? Gwan pay old Potter and go to the movies afterward; you're as much good there as you are anywhere else. But pay him first! . . . Hey! Send in Spilliker!"

Smedley returned to his desk and picked up the Potter folder again. As a matter of fact, he had not been to Arlington the day before, judging that a little alibi on the record was much better than a long and disagreeable ride on the street car, especially as the case was quite new. Today, though, as long as the plaintiff was an important man, perhaps he had better go.

A man in a chauffeur's uniform appeared beside the desk.

"Are you Mr. Smedley?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, I wonder if I could tell you about a case."

"Sure. Sit down. Now, what's the name of this case? You're not Mr. Shufeldt's chauffeur, are you?"

"No. Wait now; you needn't look through no file, because this case ain't been reported yet. It only happened last night."

"You don't come to me to report accidents!" protested Smedley. "The bird at the desk that let you in does that. Didn't you tell him you wanted to report an accident? Where'd you get the idea to come to me?"

"Listen, now; don't get excited! Wait until I say what I'm gonna say. I work for Mr. Haverford. You remember you was out to the house, account the accident his daughter had last year? Then I seen you at the Third Division dinner in Boston last summer. I didn't get a chance to say 'Hello,' because I was with the Sixt' Engineers an' we had quite a bunch of our own there."

"So you were with the Sixth? I was with the doughboys myself. The Sixth was a good outfit though. Always shows up strong at the conventions. . . . Well, so what comes next?"

"What comes next is this: I got a wife, see, an' two kids. You married? No? Well, don't. It's got the war stopped a mile. Awright. Last night it rains soup an' stones to splash it. The wife is goin' to visit her sister, an' she asks me would I take her to the railroad station. Well now, there's strict orders against taking the cars without permission. She knows it; so do I. But the boss is out, an' so is the missus. Why don't I take my wife to the station in the big car? Well, not findin' any excuse, an' it's easier to do it than to argue, why, I take her to the station. I run over a bottle, an' by the time I get the tire changed I'm near drowned and the train is gone. So it's my fault the bottle is there an' the train is on time instead of late, and there won't be another for two hours. So then, just to keep peace in the family,

I told her that if she'd pipe down I'd take her to Riverside and she could get a B. & A. train from there. So we start for Riverside. And just before we get there some yoick comes around a corner and into us. Sock! Nothin' to do but take it!"

"Well, that's simple," said Smedley. "Just make out an accident report and we'll take care of you."

"Yuh," protested the chauffeur, "but it's not so simple as that either. I got the boss' car out without permission, and us on the Boston Post Road, an' the family away. How yuh gonna explain that, huh? You could swear on a stack o' Bibles a mile high that you was just takin' your wife to the train, but who'd believe it? All he could see would be us headin' for Boston an' a big time in his car!"

"You better tell me some more," said Smedley, fingering the leaves of the Potter collision case. "What do you want me to do in this thing?"

"I come to you," said the chauffeur earnestly, "because you an' me was buddies together in the old outfit. Is there any way you can kill this thing? Is there any way you can fix it up so that the boss won't find it out? The car's insured in your company—I know that from last year—but can you fix this thing and keep it under your hat? It means my job, most like, because the lad that had the job before me got fired for takin' a car to Boston without permission. The boss won't stand for it. An' then I'll have trouble with my wife an' the devil to pay an' no pitch hot!" He leaned across the desk, his face strained, twisting his cap in his excitement.

"Kill it? A-ha!" Smedley thought deeply for the space of half a minute. "Gee, I don't know. If there's a claim made and money changes hands, I can't keep the thing dark. There are too many checks and balances in this game. You see, an adjuster goes out and spends money, or gives it to someone, and maybe he'll be the only man in the company that will ever see the plaintiff. The company trusts him that far. But, boy, they don't leave temptation in a guy's way any more than they can help. When a folder comes to my desk, the coverage has already been checked twice—that is, two people have looked up to see if the man that reported the accident is insured with this company or not—and a letter has already gone to him acknowledging this report. And there's no check made out to pay on the case unless the coverage sheet is properly initialed and the copy of the letter acknowledging the accident report is in the folder. Now, how am I going to keep an accident dark?"

The chauffeur sighed and his eyes roamed helplessly around the room. Smedley, watching him, began to think that he was taking the thing much too seriously. Still, the chauffeur had a family to support, and though an insurance adjuster might look at the matter lightly, the employer and owner of the car might not. And a man who had been fired for joy-riding with his employer's car might have difficulty in finding a new job.

"Listen," said the chauffeur helplessly, "can't you do something? For an old buddy?" He beat his brow and muttered something about it killing him.

"Buddy me eye!" scoffed Smedley. "The old-buddy stuff goes past me. No offense to you, of course, but because some bohunk had his choice of going to jail or to war, and landed in my outfit, is no reason why he can get me to run the risk of getting chucked out into the street. Yah! And some of these old buddies that hit the high spots for home, that we get pulled out of relief to gather up the pieces of, huh? 'I'm your buddy,' says one; 'you ought to give me fifty dollars more than the case is worth!' Hooey! Now wait. Don't get mad. I'll see what I can do. Not because of the old flag, nor the old outfit, nor the old Army stuff, but because I'm a good feller. Up to a certain point. Beyond that, every guy can kill his own snakes. But now we'll see. Now, you make me out a report and I'll take a statement from you. Then, in case anything goes buzz, I'm covered. I'll have the papers in my desk and was too busy to have a folder made up. That will hold as an alibi for a couple of days, and meanwhile we can see. Now then, how bad a crack-up was this?"

Mr. Smedley drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to take the chauffeur's statement—where he was going at the time of the accident, where he was on the road, how far from the curb, had he blown his horn, where did he first see the other car, and so forth. The statement, when finished, was a typical chauffeur's statement. He had been driving at a speed of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, had blown his horn and slowed down at the corner, and the other guy had come around said corner in such a way that there was nothing to do but run into him.

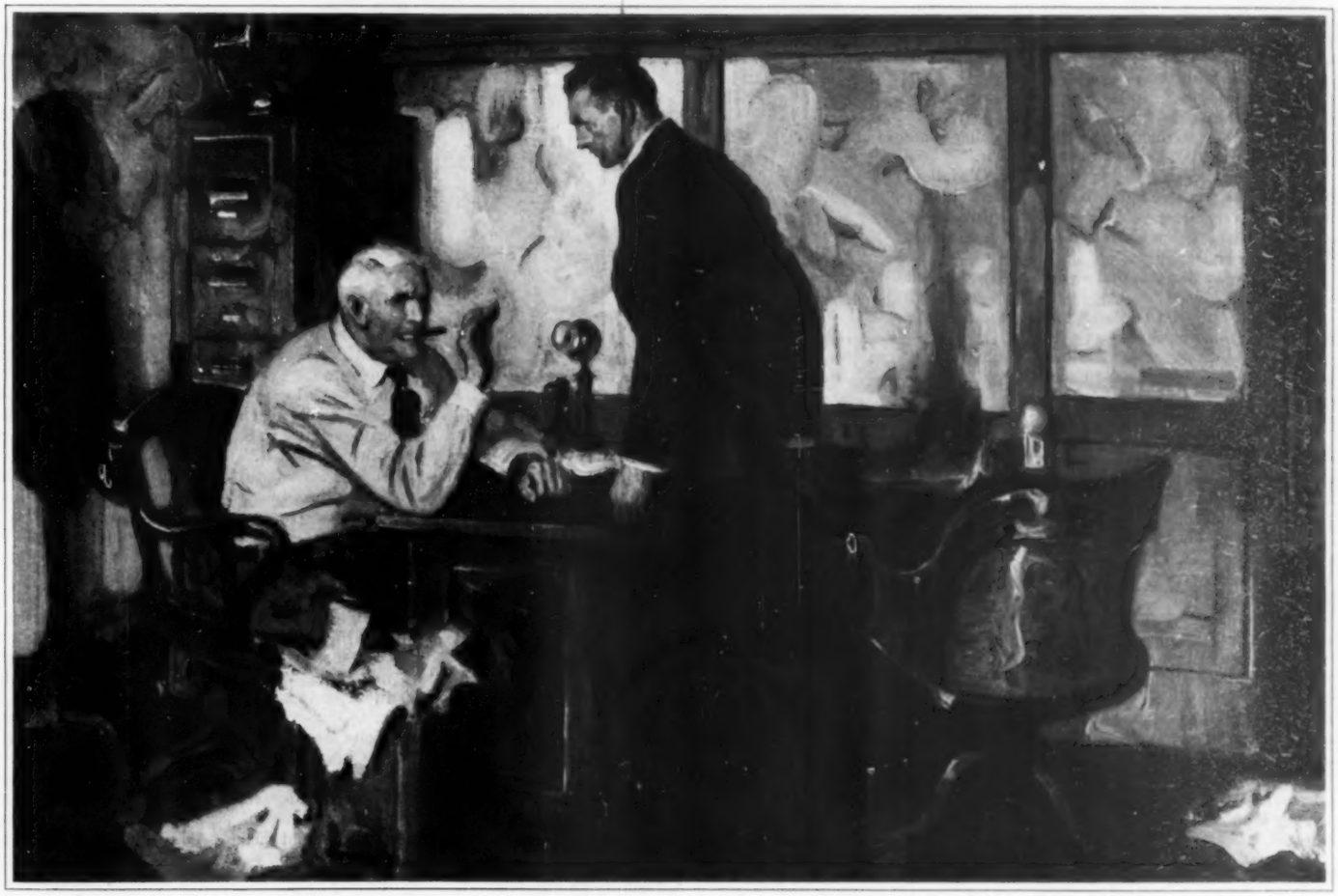
The sad part of this particular statement was that the assured's chauffeur—the man at Smedley's desk—had struck the other car in such a way that his own had sustained no damage other than a smashed hub cap. The other, probably knocked out of control by the blow on the front wheel, had slid across the road on the wet pavement into a stone wall, which had made a garland out of the front mud guards, the lamps and the radiator, and cast them on the motor like a wreath on a bier. Smedley thrust out his lower lip at that. The damaged car was an expensive make, and he could see two or three hundred dollars right there.

"My boy," said Smedley, "you know what out of luck means? Well, you're it. You know the law in Massachusetts—the car coming from the right has the right of way? Well, he's got it on you."

"Ah, well," groaned the chauffeur, "I might as well go to the boss and make a clean breast of it. An' sittin' here wastin' time ain't makin' it any easier to tell!"

"Now wait, now, whoa!" protested Smedley. "Never get excited your first hitch! If I paid on every claim that came to my desk that looked like clear liability, the Eagle wouldn't scream for me very long. That's my job, y' understand—to go out on a

(Continued on Page 79)



"And Don't Buy Him a New Car Neither. Because Yuh Got Authority to Spend a Little Money to Keep a Guy's Good Will Don't Make You Santy Claus"

SEE MEXICO NEXT!

By Anne Cameron

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

MRS. O'MALLEY, having watched Pete and Buster and Bunny depart in the school bus for the two-mile ride which was their sole incentive to an education, stood in the doorway of the filling station sniffing spring. It had been raining steadily for a week, but now a fresh westerly wind was ripping back the clouds from the blue sky and tossing them out of sight behind the greening hills. In the field over the way poppies caught the sun in their copper cups and spilled it on the dodging heads of the wild oats, and by the roadside cowslips were popping open like jacks-in-the-box in the face of the sprouting grass.

She brought out an empty orange box and sat down in the February sunshine, squinting as her eyes followed the rain-washed highway to the points north and south where it bisected the horizon. The urge to be up and off tingled in her spine, tickled her flesh.

"Gosh, it's swell weather for traveling!" she sighed.

O'Malley looked up from the gas pump with which he was tinkering and nodded.

"Business will pick up, now it's quit raining. Look at all thim cars!"

"I'm looking at them. Everybody's going some place except us. We haven't even got a car."

"And we ain't going to have one, Mrs. O'Malley. Ye've got the gasoline habit fixed on ye so bad that if I was to buy a car ye'd be wandering round the counthry with the childern again, like in the ould days before I married ye."

"Don't a day like this make you feel like you just couldn't stay home?"

"It does not," said O'Malley, filling the last of a row of quart jars with oil.

"Well, it does me. Aw, O'Malley, won't you buy a car? Pete's an awful good hand to pick them up cheap."

"I will not."

Mrs. O'Malley tossed her head. "All right, then, don't! I had cars before I ever seen you, and I can get them again."

O'Malley grinned. "Ye've got no money."

"I'll get one somehow. You wait and see."

All morning Mrs. O'Malley plied the occasional customers with questions: Where were they going? Where had they come from? How did you get to these here mammoth caves with all the statues in them down in New Mexico? How were the roads up to Oregon? How long did it take to drive to that place where the road went right through a big tree? Did they know anyone that would like to trade off a filling station somewhere else for this one? Did they know where you could pick up a used car with rubber in good shape for about twenty-five dollars, ten dollars down?

Toward noon a travel-worn automobile which bore old licenses from two states and old mud from twenty limped in on a flat tire like a cowed, weary thing.

A fat man with small, shifty blue eyes and white lashes and a soiled blond stubble like a layer of mold on his flabby jowls sat at the wheel with a querulous-voiced woman beside him. O'Malley took his stand at the pump, smiling.

"That's You, All Right." Mrs. O'Malley Was Plainly Impressed. "You're the First Famous Person I've Ever Seen Close Up Like This"

"Good morning, folks. How many?"

"Fill her up."

Mrs. O'Malley looked at the scabrous mud on the fenders, and the tumorous luggage, and the red lantern wired on the back, knowing them for the tattered standards of that nomadic tribe to which she had belonged until her marriage to O'Malley six months before, and vagrancy bubbled in her veins. These were her road fellows! She filled the rusty radiator with her red water can, then she went around and leaned on the door, smiling.

"You look like you'd been on the road a long time."

"I'll say!" said the woman fretfully. "I'm so sick of packing I'd like to die, but he"—she indicated her companion—"he don't care how mizzable I am."

She chewed gum hard and stared vacuously at nothing. Mrs. O'Malley was struck by something familiar in her face.

"Seems like I seen you somewhere. Did you ever stop here before?"

"I don't know. . . . Say, Herb, she wants to know if we ever bought gas here before."

"No, and I can prove it!" he denied vehemently. "It was somebody else. I just come through from Arizona."

"Then I must of met you at some auto camp. I've seen this lady some place."

A faint glimmer of pride lit the woman's dull eyes. "Oh, you must reco'nize me from my picture in the paper. It's been in pretty near every one in the country."

"What for?" asked Mrs. O'Malley eagerly.

"Oh, for being cured of chronic stomach trouble after three doctors had gave me up, by using Doctor Kirt's Vegetable Digestant. And I was relieved of untold agony in my liver," she recited in a high, flat voice, "and saved from the surgeon's knife after using two bottles of Benigna. I am Mrs. Cora Kaig, of Smelter Avenue, Omaha."

She took a sheaf of worn clippings from her purse and handed them over to Mrs. O'Malley.

"That's you, all right." Mrs. O'Malley was plainly impressed. "You're the first famous person I've ever seen close up like this."

"That ain't all," said Mrs. Kaig with pardonable pride. "I've been thrown on front porches and tossed on lawns all over the country."

"Good land!"

"Books of testimonials for Benigna, you know."

"Oh."

"You can keep one of those ads if you want to. I've got plenty more."

"Thanks. Bunny can put it with her movie stars."

"It's getting awful hard to get into the testimonials nowadays. I sent my picture to some of them bed people with a cash offer, but they never even answered."

"Oh, lay off bragging," said the celebrity's husband wearily. "I had my picture stuck up in post offices all over the U. S. A. once, and you don't hear me shouting about it."

He kicked the flat tire on the front wheel. Then he peered in at the door of the filling station with his pale, blinking eyes.

"I see you carry tires. Better give me a couple."

"Here's two Magnets I'll let you have for twenty-five dollars," said O'Malley, rolling them out.

"All right. Put them on."

"I'll do it," said Mrs. O'Malley. "He don't know how. He's never even had a car."

"I would have come down on thim tires if he'd said annything," O'Malley whispered as he bent over to watch the process. "He's a free spender."

Mrs. O'Malley stood up, and removing two or three bolts from her mouth, addressed the husband of Mrs. Cora Kaig.

"Hey, Mr. Kaig, how'd you like to trade in your car on a good filling station? Your wife's got to have a permanent address if she's going to get anywhere in this testimonial business. We'll make you a good price on this one."

O'Malley, who was pumping up the tires, raised a red, astonished face.

"Mind yer business, Millie. . . . This place ain't fer sale, mister."

The new tires having been put on, O'Malley adjusted his spectacles and added the amount of the sales on the back of an envelope.

"Comes to twinty-siven dollars and sixty-four cints."

"We'll call it twenty-eight," said Mr. Kaig handsomely. He took an indelible pencil from his pocket and wrote out a check. "I'll make this for thirty, and you can give me the change."

"I can't take checks, mister."

"Do you mean to say this ain't good?"

"I'm not saying is it good or not. I'm just saying I can't take it."

"I suppose you wouldn't take a check with J. P. Morgan's name on it!"

"Not if you wrote it."

"All right, I'll go to the bank myself and get the money. How far is it?"

"Two miles back to town."

Kaig climbed into his car, but O'Malley's hand darted past him and took out the key.

"This car don't go out of here till I get me money," he said grimly. "How do I know ye'll ever come back?"

"I'll leave my wife here. Get out, Cora."

"I won't!" demurred Cora, clinging to the seat. "Don't let him, mister, or he'll never come back."

"How do you expect me to bring the money if you won't leave me go after it?" Kaig demanded of O'Malley.

"Walk. Legs was invinted long before autymobiles," said O'Malley.

He put the key into his pocket, and, sitting down on the empty orange box, lit his pipe. Threats and persuasions left him unperturbed. Finally Kaig slouched out to the highway. Cora started to follow, but he ordered her back.

"You stay here and see those crooks don't steal anything out of the car," he said bitterly.

"Most likely he'll pick up a ride," said Mrs. O'Malley. "I'll just set here beside you till he gets back." She settled back against the cushion contentedly. "It certainly feels good to get into a car again, even if it's standing still. Seems like I can't stand it not to be going some place this kind of a day. . . . Have you ever been up in Oregon?"

"I don't know. I don't pay much attention to where we're at. Some places is hot and some is cold, and some is hilly and some is flat, and some has trees and some hasn't, but outside of that there ain't much difference in scenery."

In the midst of a yawn, Mrs. Kaig's lackluster eyes fell on Mrs. O'Malley's blouse and kindled with interest. "Say, that's a pretty waist!" she said enthusiastically. "I'd like to take the pattern off it. I just love to embroidery."

Mrs. O'Malley looked down at it. The neck and sleeves were trimmed generously with pink crochet, and across the billowing front the legend "I Love You" twined its way through a garland of pink and blue daisies.

"It really ain't a waist. It's a nightgown, but the other day I was in a hurry and I pulled my knickers on over it, and it looked so good that I've been wearing it that way ever since."

"You've ripped out some of the embroidery."

"Oh, there's where it used to say 'Joe,' but I ripped it out because Mr. O'Malley didn't like it. His name's Dan."

"Who's Joe?"

"Just a gentleman I used to be engaged to."

Two hours passed. O'Malley walked out to the highway, looked toward town with his hand screening his eyes, and came back shaking his head.

"He's had toime to get back with that money even if he walked both ways."

"But How Will Ye Get Home Again?"

Mrs. Kaig began to weep. "I knew that's what he'd do!"

"I ain't worrying," said O'Malley uncomfortably. "He wouldn't go off and lave ye."

"You don't know him like I do."

"He wouldn't go off and leave a car, anyway. Nobody'd be that crazy," said Mrs. O'Malley.

O'Malley brought a glass of water, but Mrs. Kaig slapped it away. "It's all your fault for making him walk!" Her wails increased in strength and velocity until finally she lay back and closed her eyes weakly. "Get my Hystericide," she ordered in a faint but determined voice.

The O'Malleys looked at each other helplessly. What in the world was a—well, whatever she was asking for?

"Where's it at?"

"In my medicine box, of course. Look for it."

They found something that looked as if it might be it in a box of pills and liquids, and administered it with quieting effect, though a later examination of the bottle disclosed that it was face lotion.

"Don't you feel like you could eat something now?" asked Mrs. O'Malley.

"Maybe I better."

"Do you know where he was going?"

"Down to Brawley in the Imperial Valley, where we was last winter. He's going to get a job packing

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The Expression of Bewilderment on Mr. Lamb's Face Increased. "What Do You Mean—Elephants?"

THE TWO MARTIMOS

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT WAS raining—gently, pervasively, economically—as if, having long since achieved utter saturation, it now contented itself merely to hold the dew point and make no gain. The road, a one-horse road, picked its way down a hill, really a mountainside; here and there it side-stepped with shuddering abruptness a fall into eternity; now and again an aged water bar would rise up and wipe the wishbone with an awful crunch that localized itself in the pit of the stomach. The ancient flivver, one of the original fifteen million, an indispensable part of the tackle for this trip, cost Oliver thirty-five dollars as is at the railhead, and was acquitting itself beautifully, having been brought up on this sort of thing. If one must have hothouse trout that rose wantonly for Coachman or Professor, it was necessary to suffer. It was required to penetrate beyond the uttermost limits of the week-end carriage trade. This was it. This thoroughfare, so-called, had been especially engineered for planetary transmissions. Anything more advanced in design left its engine pan and tie rods five miles back, and retreated on foot.

Eventually, with smoking reverse, the flivver reached the foot of the hill. It entered a sea of bean-soup mud, panting. Then the myopic headlamps, that waxed and waned like a firefly on a hot summer night, suddenly burst into an almost incinerating state of bedazzlement as the little high-vaulted eohippus unexpectedly climbed out of the mire onto a flat rock and halted trembling at the very brink of a nonfordable flood. It was a native creek, out of bounds. The top rail of the fence was just going under.

Inured as they were to week-end hardships, Armiston and his companion, Parr, the police deputy, settled themselves deeper in the soppy folds of their oozing horse blankets, prepared to watch out the night; they were sustained and soothed by a sort of hair-shirt ecstasy to be achieved only by chronic fishermen in the barbless-hook stage of the disease. The frugal Oliver turned off the ignition to save gas, and later he turned off the lights to save the battery. Still later, sometime after three in the morning, Parr aroused Oliver with a gentle nudge and muttered lugubriously that they were about to have company.

Without doubt, someone approached. Having heard that sound once, one could never mistake it. It was a patient tin lizzie methodically plowing through muck and mire with the perseverance of fate itself. The loose-jointed clangor came nearer, against the background of dripping leaves. Fortunately it came head-on, was not sliding down the greasy mountain road on its haunches to ram them in the small ribs. Listening, they pictured the struggles of the earnest creature. Now it raced breathlessly, with an unexpected easing of the load; then it would hang agonizingly on a dead center, and they held their breath to help it over. Then abruptly, as if some cosmic hand had snatched the coal sack of night from in front of their eyes, two unblinking headlights stared at them owllike from across the swollen creek. The last of the rail fence had disappeared by this time.

Oliver kicked on his own headlights by way of welcome to a fellow creature abroad in such weather. He prodded the rubber bulb under one elbow and evoked a certain damp halloo on his horn. In the radiance of their crossed headlamp beams, they watched the driver extricate his lank form from behind the wheel and step out with spineless ease.

"If I had children," said Oliver, "they'd join a circus and learn the back bend."

The fellow was coming across the creek, walking the submerged top rail of the fence.

He Examined the Mercator Projection on the Wall. Someone Had Already Drawn the Course of the Flight on It

"I'd rather do that than be President!" muttered Parr, but he knew the White House would be easier of attainment for him.

The equilibrist came up the bank. He politely illuminated his visage with a momentary spray of light from a torch. It was the usual hawklike visage of the indigenes.

"How'll you swap?" he demanded.

Oliver fairly shrieked his tickled ecstasy. "Even!"

"Get out of my car, then," said the man gruffly. "I'm the sheriff. You're obstructing the law."

It was amazing how these few simple words restored their drowned-out interest in life and living things. The sheriff helped them unload. He seemed to know by instinct where fishermen hide things. As a final, and what proved an unnecessary precaution, he prodded the excelsior cushions with a sharpened skewer, explaining that he wanted to be sure he wasn't getting anything that he didn't pay for. He shouldered their dunnage and walked it gracefully across the fence rail to the other shore.

"What worries me," said Parr, who knew this country and its illegible roads, "is how we're going to hit that blind turn on a night like this. You ought to have a traffic cop on that corner," he said to the sheriff.

"We've got one," responded the sheriff. "Listen."

They listened, but heard only the dismal drip of the rain. The sheriff unlimbered a villainous-looking revolver. He fired it above his head, and the explosion seemed almost to bring down the heavens on their heads. When the last reverberation had quenched itself they heard a dog barking a long way off.

"Turn sharp right when you get to that dog," said the sheriff. With a dexterous twist of the wrist he brought Oliver's thirty-five-dollar car to life, listening for a moment to its heartbeats; then with boneless ease he deposited himself behind the wheel and started up the hill without the usual formality of turning around. Probably, thought Oliver, that hill could not be taken except in reverse. Fascinated, they waited till his headlamps winked out behind the last turn.

"That's what I call efficiency," said Parr. "Glad he ain't after me."

"What do you suppose he is sheriff of around here?" speculated Oliver. The attenuation of population up here approached that of flies in a cathedral.

"Whatever it is, he knows his shrievalty," said Parr. "Did you notice how many useless questions he didn't ask?"

They looked wistfully at the submerged fence rail but kept to the road; the water came up to their armpits. The tin lizzie meekly awaited them, idling pensively. With the deputy directing traffic with a flash light, Oliver turned the creature around and they set out with light hearts toward the barking dog. It was four o'clock when they finally got to the faithful dog, and turned sharp right onto a harder road, into a deeper and darker woods. The dog continued to bark. They felt sorry for this, but there was no way to turn it off, and the dog undoubtedly derived solace from its own noise. The storm was suffering a change of heart, but so dark was the path through the woods that the wayfarers had no knowledge of it until, coming suddenly on a straightaway,

The Sheriff Asked, Addressing No One in Especial: "What's the First Thing You Look for When You Enter a House Without a Warrant?"

they were amazed to see the newly risen sun staring at them, in cool candor, down the long tunnel of trees. They were almost dry again at six o'clock, when they turned into a wood yard carpeted with chips, behind a cottage of rived shingles at the edge of a soapy-blue pond, from which shreds of mist arose languidly.

Nate Alden was in the act of decapitating a resigned hen at the wood block. His wife softly opened the kitchen door and let out, together with a dignified cat, a benumbing aroma of crisping bacon and coffee boiling over. This hair-trigger effect of inciting a ravenous man's hunger belt to riot could be timed perfectly when the wind was just right. Then, as you approached the end of the journey through the woods, every passing zephyr tore off a bulletin of your progress and sped it on ahead to listening ears.

Nate and his wife were, as always, scrubbed and pressed and darned with faded completeness. Nate shaved himself well up in under the heavy thatch of his hair so that one thought at first glance he wore a wig. The old guide and his wife must have known how distinguished was the clientele that wore a path to their humble door, but they never mentioned it, at least to the clientele itself. There were great men in the world outside who would have given their eyeteeth for the privilege of hanging an old suit on a peg in the attic. But the visiting list of this camp was closed. The rich and great of this earth are a clannish lot. When they find some simple pleasure exactly to their liking, they go to no end of pains to bottle it up, fence it in, to keep out the hoi polloi. This club, of which Parr and Armiston were members, owned everything up here, from the barking-dog corner on the south to the Gravel Meadow on the north; and, east and west, from the state line to Tunxis Stream. They preserved it. Even the jagged rocks that arose in the wheel track, to eviscerate any low-hung car of modern vintage that poked its nose in here, were part of the picture.

Nate's wife held open the kitchen door for them to enter, shaking her apron at imaginary flies. She told them they were going to get out of their wet clothes before they sat down to eat. She told them she had laid out their old clothes on the bed. Even with that vicious breakfast at large to taunt them, they meekly obeyed the mild, masterful woman. There was little talk over the meal, and that purely of a secondary nature. The rigid law of the logging camp, where deep-woods guides get their start in life, prescribes that a man address himself solely to his food and let his neighbor do likewise. It is a good law, and works out like the old axiom never to interrupt a dog with a bone, no matter how well you think you know the dog. The better part of an hour passed when Nate—with the same delicacy as a hostess in some marble palace might signal her guests—pushed back his chair and lifted the horns of his luxuriant mustaches. He neatly dusted off the nether side with his napkin.

"The pond's working," he remarked. He filled his pipe and lighted it with a spill. Oliver got up and staggered to the porch and fell into a hammock, sound asleep before his head touched the pillow. Parr's eyes fell shut. He reopened them with an effort.

"How long have you had traffic control down at the corner, Nate?" he asked languidly.

"Three weeks, Thursday," said Nate.

"It's a good dog," muttered Parr, nodding. "If there was some way to start and stop it, I might use it in town."

"He starts easy enough," said Nate.

"Who owns that dog, Nate?" asked the deputy.

The woodsman shook his head, troubled. It was incredible to him that any living thing, man or beast, could exist for twenty-four hours in these parts without his knowing its life history. There were fishes in the pond he had put there as spawn; there was a family of skunks in the woodpile that ate off the kitchen doorstep every morning; there was an old bear on Honey Ridge he gathered beechnuts for every fall. But in three weeks' time he had been unable to scrape acquaintance with that dog.

Nate's wife paused in lifting the stove lid, and they, husband and wife, regarded each other in surprise. Some vagrant zephyr of the morning was bringing a news bulletin to them from windward. Parr, the famous man hunter, who was deaf, dumb and blind up here away from his city streets and tenements and card index of wrongdoers, slumped in his hickory armchair, his chin on his breast. He was sound asleep. But when, immeasurable ages later—the table had been cleared and draped in fly netting in the interim—the kitchen screen door thumped softly and a strange step fell on the floor, the man hunter instantly opened his eyes, wide-awake for any emergency, like a wild animal that is never wholly off guard.

The tall sheriff entered. His ragged hat, rent either by time or the bullets of hostiles, brushed the apple hooks in the ceiling. He leaned against the slab mantel and whittled tobacco from a bone-dry disk of cut plug.

Parr, in consonance with the pantomimic implications of the scene, mutely proffered a cigar. But the sheriff declined it with a shake of the head, and ground his whittlings between two horny palms; he studied Parr with the air of a man who would eventually have something to say and was speculating on the best mode of approach. He winnowed the stuff with a stout puff, filled his pipe and lighted it; he hooked a kitchen chair with a prehensile boot toe, and sat down, riding the chair backward. Parr lit the rejected cigar for himself.

"Are you reneging on the swap?" he asked casually.

"No," said the sheriff. "Oh, no. That's a good car."

Nate said unexpectedly: "Always was, Adam. She biles a little easy, that's all."

The sheriff dismissed this constitutional failing with an airy wave of the hand. His boy, Seth—who, he suggested by modest inference, was something of a gyp with flivvers—could make it eat out of his hand. It appeared that the thirty-five-dollar creature Parr and Oliver had swapped to cross a stream, in defiance of the adage, was not unfavorably known in these parts, had indeed passed current through many reincarnations.

A pleasant stillness settled down. Nate arose and, with no sense of shame, permitted his wife to tie him in a checkered apron. He dried and polished the dishes while she did the washing. The sheriff asked, addressing no one in especial:

"What's the first thing you look for when you enter a house without a warrant?"

"Dog," said Parr sleepily.

"Dog goes with him!"

"Where?"

"Nobody knows, except the dog."

"Follow the dog," advised Parr.

"Can't—this dog," said the sheriff; he shook his head and almost smiled. Parr was asking himself just what type of moron would try to hide out up here in the woods—and when he went visiting, where would he go? There was no place to go, nothing but timber everywhere.

"Doesn't he plant anything for you to find?" he asked. "No? That's not artistic."

"My boy says I don't know what to look for," said the sheriff. "What do you look for, mister?"

"Laundry mark," said Parr.

The look of bewilderment that met this suggestion told him the geographical significance of clews. They didn't know what a laundry mark was. In his bailiwick a man could change his name, lose it—but a laundry mark had a way of sticking to him to the

(Continued on Page 64)

BACK BAY NIGHTS

By Bernard De Voto

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Jim's Jaw Was Firm. "I'm in the Clutch of Destiny. Life's Greatest Pleasure Comes to Me Tonight. I'm Going to Hit Hastings Farrand"

IT WAS, Theodore Harrod decided, only his sense of responsibility that kept him going. Badly out of condition, long since deprived of any pleasure in the wan gayeties of Boston social life, how else had he been able to keep it up for four years?

Anne Morrison's dancing was lumpier than usual. She was hefty—once you conceded the gold hair and the Social Register, she was undeniably hefty. She stumbled and his reflexes attended to his changing step and saying, "Sorry." Over her shoulder he yawned. What Boston needed was a reliable rest cure. Yes, it was his sense of responsibility, the old morale, *noblesse oblige*. The Harrods died game; they were the Old Guard, the last thin red line.

Someone tapped his shoulder—drowsily he recognized the chill, distinguished features of that Harvard patrician, Hastings Farrand—and relieved him of Anne. He staggered thankfully toward a wall. It must be two o'clock, and he could dimly remember sleeping sometime this fall. Early November probably; once the Yale game released the energies of Boston hostesses, sleep became only a memory, only a legend.

What did he care about the coming out of Marian Winant? Of the four Winant daughters, what was his interest in the youngest? That creamy and rotund infant's success had been assured fully two hours ago, when the stag line began filling up from other parties, but to the last of the Harrods that meant only that another deb, probably simple-minded, was launched on Boston. Lucilla Winant, now—he blinked awake. A long time ago someone had cut in on them. He must find Lucilla and finish the quarrel. Or tonight's installment of it. It was a serialized battle. Lucilla had fought with him over a period of four years, and on every conceivable pretext.

He yawned. Go finish this installment. Then, if no one suggested breakfast, he could get Anne home by four and be in Cambridge by 4:20. A perfectly celestial idea. He groaned, remembering another responsibility—his roommate. When he had last seen Jim Wick all the outward evidences suggested that this was going to be one of Jim's spacious evenings. He tapped a pocket. Yes, he had bail money.

He started in search of Jim but, on his way toward the door, saw the familiar swirling of a green skirt. Lucilla Winant slipped into his arms without missing a step. The life was getting her too. Deep circles ringed her eyes and she didn't even bother to turn her head when she yawned. She was skinnier than ever this year. You saw her collar bones—which was bad—and her shoulders weren't anything to boast about. The lights back of her drew a glint of red from her dark hair. That would have made up for the collar bones, if it hadn't also suggested her abominable temper.

What had this particular argument been about? Oh, yes, Lucilla's latest madness. She was now intending to attain self-expression by selling underwear.

She was yawning again.

"I still don't get it," he said. "There's piquancy in the idea of the Junior League selling step-ins to stenographers. But just why, Lucilla? What's the motive? Is it uplift? Is it social justice? Is it the foundations of society that absorb you, or society's foundation garments?"

Her boiling point was always low. Lucilla practically made rage a career. "I'm sorry, Ted, I've rather got out of the habit of asking you what I might do. While the prospect of signing Harrod to my personal checks attracted me, you must admit I was docile. That was while rhetoric and the South Seas still had me palpitant. Remember? Dock lights dying out to sea, the scent of frangipani and bougainvillea, and sinking Java Head at sunset. You were a sophomore, weren't you? And a professional that early. A sort of minor poet of Harvard loves."

He had to admit that Lucilla knew her infighting. She picked the undefended spot and smacked it plenty hard. He'd been daft about her, and she knew it. Yes, actually, he had once looked forward with equanimity, even eagerness, to marrying that disposition. And he had wanted to go to Tahiti. He still did. For one thing, there were no deb dances in Tahiti.

He sighed. He was sighing a lot these days. You ought to go into training for the Boston season. "Don't quibble," he said wearily. "I'm really curious about the underwear business. Do customers have to be introduced before they can buy brassières?"

Wrath had rouged Lucilla's cheeks—an improvement, since it helped to conceal the ravages of this light-hearted social life. Strangely enough, she became plaintive instead of abusive. "I've got to do something, Ted. Look at this." She shrugged a thin shoulder at the Hotel Monadnock's largest ballroom and the crush of what were probably gay revelers sipping life's cocktail. "How can you believe in evolution when you see these—these acrobatic fish? I've been out four years. Four years of it, Ted. This is Marian's party—my kid sister. I've got to do something."

He advanced promptly against the opening. "You always had to. There was the time when you took up settlement work. Body lice were going to be your perfect outlet of self-expression. Then there was the kennel. If an epidemic of distemper hadn't hit Cape Ann, you would unquestionably have found your art in Kerry Blues. There was the flying course that a callous family put a stop to. There was the little-theater career that was wrecked on the brutality of a director who thought you couldn't act. You're a case history, Lucilla. You're the Winants' problem child."

Someone from the stag line took her over. She glared back, her forehead creased on his behalf. He had managed to relieve Lucilla's weariness, if not his

own. She had left him near an alcove half filled with the Monadnock's potted shrubbery, where an empty chair was discernible. He stumbled to it, sank into cushions unbelievably deep, and closed his eyes. There were said to be Harvard men who found all this enthralling. They must be just down from school. They must be natives of interior America.

There was a glad cry at the entrance of the alcove. Shuddering, Ted opened his eyes and promptly shuddered again. This was his roommate, and Jim's spacious evening was obviously far along. Jim walked among the Monadnock's sylvan properties with a horrid vigor. The smile that lighted his tanned face was pleasure undiluted, joy forever exempted from fatigue. When Jim once fortified himself at a dance, he was a young god loosed in a springtime world.

Ted kicked a smaller chair in Jim's direction and exhaustedly gestured him toward it. A wave of the hand disdained it and Jim stood on squarely planted feet, exhibiting a benignant smile. "Back Bay nights!" he soliloquized loudly, melodiously, with the carefree articulation of the self-assured. "All the adventure, all the romance in the world! Anything may happen, Theodore—anything at all; we walk among the billion possibilities of chance. Here the roads of the world end and anything may pass by. Romance, adventure, battle, love, beauty, desperation—you find it all. Anything may happen."

"Anything," Ted sighed, "but sleep."

Jim's tan was invincible; so was his vitality. He had spent the summer taking a pack train through the Canadian Rockies. He had spent the autumn playing squash. And he had, tonight, acquired a lovely tightness. That was unquestionably the way to train for the season.

He shook his head in the most kindly way at Ted Harrod. "Depressed? You shouldn't shrink back from joy. Look what a deb dance does to me. It sets me free. It takes the repressed, timorous, conventional Harvard boy and it liberates his soul." Jim's arms made wide arcs, a soul being liberated. "I become a maker of destinies. I smooth out problems, I shatter difficulties, I rearrange the fragments of disappointed lives. I master other people's fates. I really live. That's a lot for a dance to do to a repressed, timorous ——"

Ted yawned from the heart. "I know. It simply makes a faun of you."

"Maybe you would at last find happiness if I began mastering your fate." Jim circumspectly moved his feet till he could tap Ted's shirt front. "Remember, Harrod, I'm loyal—I'm fiercely loyal."

So long as Jim was mastering fate there need be no apprehensions. If he stayed at that stage all evening no damage would be done. It was only when he became combative that he got difficult. There had been occasions. The memory of them prickled Ted's spine.

Another wanderer entered the oasis. This was Dewar Winant, of the class of '96. His manner suggested that he knew how unconventional, how essentially daring, his presence here was.

Ted scanned the face of Lucilla's father and perceived that the evening had all but sunk him too. He liked Dewar Winant, '96. The banker's occupation had never had his heart; he lived for an enormous collection of books on angling and for periodic escapes to trout streams. That was a trait that won the Harrod heart. And to have lived with Lucilla through her twenty-two years, to have withstood the caprices and vagaries of that temper—it was an appalling thought.

"Ah, Harrod!" He shook Ted's hand. "I've seen too little of you recently." He smiled at Jim and said, "Come to dinner soon, both of you;" then gratefully relaxed in the chair that Jim had scorned. He yawned and closed his eyes. He stretched his arms wide, gaping again till a stud came loose. He adjusted it, sighing. "Tell me," he said wistfully, "is it an acceptable party?"

"Marian has gone over like a service ace," Ted assured him. "She'll be this season's craze."

Jim Wick teetered on his toes. "You're mercurial, Harrod," he announced disapprovingly. "You're temperamental. No one can depend on your emotions."

He walked away, no doubt bound on the readjustment of some thwarted destiny. Mr. Winant's glance followed him with fraternal pride. "It's comforting to realize that whatever else changes in a dreary world, the honest drinker still goes on. . . . You promise me it's a satisfactory party, do you, Harrod?"

Ted rubbed his dimming eyes. "I grow too old for joy. But as parties go, this is a good one."

Mr. Winant's eyes were melancholy. "It will lead to the altar, but by no short cut. This is my fourth orgy and I've proved the point. No radiant romances ever come to my relief."

Ted's forehead expressing incomprehension, the banker explained: "The Winant girls marry in the end, but they never elope. Other fathers sometimes lose a daughter to a fierce young love that will not brook delay. Not me. Other girls sometimes flee at midnight to beat on a magistrate's door for very ecstasy of young romance. Not the Winant girls. They progress superbly from expense to expense, till

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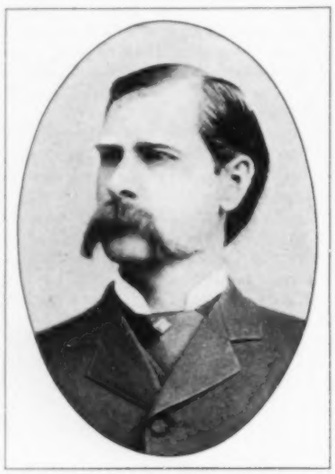
"It's Your Great Cause Now; I'm Putting it in Your Hands. Take Charge, Harrod. Carry On!"

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL

By Stuart N. Lake

LUCK of the trail brought Wyatt Earp into Wichita late in a May evening, on a spent and hungry cayuse. Upon crossing the toll bridge over the Arkansas River into the west end of Douglas Avenue, he turned his pony in at the first corral and took a room at an adjoining hotel.

Barring size—Wichita bragged of 1200 residents—the boom cow camp of '74 differed little from the Ellsworth of '73. A few frame houses were rising among the two-room soddies and in the commercial district six or seven brick buildings were under construction, but in the main the community sprawled in the dust and mud on her river bank as unattractively as any Kansas settlement of the decade. Her sidewalks of plank or of heel-tamped clay ran underneath the inevitable wooden awnings which stretched from the ludicrously false façades of stores, saloons and gambling houses to the roadside and shaded the rows of benches set out for loafers, while from post to post at the curb lines ran hitching rails for wagon teams and cow ponies.



Wyatt Earp. From a Photograph Taken in 1882

An hour in town sufficed to establish the fact of Wichita's restoration as the cowboy capital, as well as the certainty that the Texas trail drivers still followed their habitual procedure with regard to law and order—which was to ignore all rules laid down and to make war on all men selected to enforce them. As compared with other cattle-shipping centers he had known, Wyatt judged Wichita to be merely a larger pea in the Kansas pod, a cow camp with longer streets, a greater number of stores, saloons, gambling houses, hurdy-gurdies, or honky-tonks, a larger crowd of cowboys within her limits and, by these tokens, more trouble.

The second day after his arrival Marshal Smith took Wyatt in to meet Jim Hope, who was the mayor of Wichita.

"This is the young fellow I was telling you about," he said by way of introduction.

"Are you Wyatt Earp?" Hope asked.

"That's my name."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"You the fellow that run it over Ben Thompson in Ellsworth last summer?"

"I arrested him."

"How'd you like to be deputy marshal of Wichita? We pay $125 a month and supply guns and ammunition."

"How far can I go in making your ordinance against gun toting stick?"

"The limit," Mayor Hope replied.

"I'll take your job," Wyatt told him.

The New Deputy Gets Acquainted

WYATT'S appointment as a deputy marshal was openly resented in the talk of the cowboys who frequented the Wichita saloons, many of whom had witnessed the Ellsworth affair of the preceding summer, and threats of reprisals were employed repeatedly in efforts to bring about his dismissal. Mayor Hope stood by his appointment, however, and beyond a few arrests of routine nature, the early weeks of the cattle-shipping season passed uneventfully. The larger drives had not yet reached Wichita and the groups of cowboys already encamped on Cowskin Creek were disposed to await reënforcements before putting their threats into execution. Meanwhile, Wyatt found opportunity to get acquainted in the community.

While Wichita was speculating upon the possibilities latent in her new peace officer, he was making acquaintances. One of the first friendships he formed was with young Ed Doheny—that same Edward L. Doheny who eventually found enormous wealth in petroleum. Another was with Jim Hemingway, who was hauling buffalo bones from the erstwhile hunting range near the Indian Nations border and who in later life was to be United States senator from Indiana.

But of his new-found friends, the one with whom Wyatt spent a greater part of his time was a youth with whom duty threw him at hours when most law abiding citizens were asleep.

The cow camp's pioneer physician and surgeon was Dr. Andrew H. Fabrique, for some years its only man of medicine, and demands of a practice which ranged from gunshot wounds to obstetrics and back again with every round of the clock, with his patients well-scattered over several counties, drove him to extremities for insuring himself an occasional period of unbroken rest.

The Doctor's Aide

THERE was no assistant trained in medicine at hand, so Doctor Fabrique did the best he might, and hired one trained in the law. The employe, who has been hailed as Wichita's most famous briefless barrister, and who might have been President of the United States, had come into camp from Missouri and had hung his shingle over a door on Douglas Avenue. When Doctor Fabrique sought him as an assistant, he had yet to meet his first client.

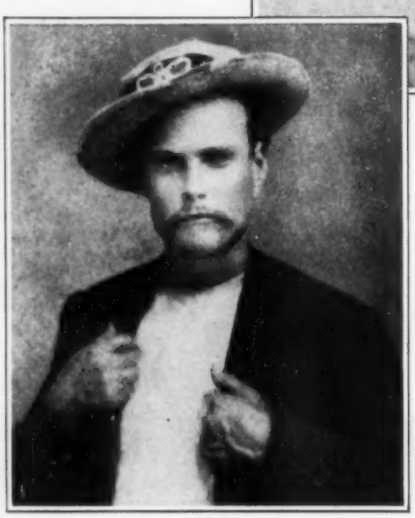
The attorney was to interview all persons who sought the physician's services while the doctor was asleep. By examining a caller's wounds or listening to a recital of symptoms the lawyer was to decide whether Doctor Fabrique should be aroused or allowed to rest undisturbed. The arrangement was in force at the time Wyatt Earp assumed his duties as deputy marshal. As Doctor Fabrique did all the surgery of public character, as Wyatt's prisoners were often in need of patching, and as most of them were arrested after nightfall, he and the lawyer soon became good friends. Clark was the young attorney's name—Champ Clark, he said.

The Texas trail herds awaiting shipment on the prairies south and west of the camp had been swollen by daily arrivals to total more than 200,000 head. The outfits camped on the Cowskin and other

The Toll Bridge Over the Arkansas River, Where Wyatt

Arkansas River tributaries could muster more than 1500 cowboys, among them riders for almost every cattle king in Texas, and of whom possibly one-half were under the leadership of professional fighting men—those six-gun killers hired by the feudal lords of the unfenced range for their incessant wars with Indians, rustlers and one another. As the throng of Texas men who hit town nightly was steadily reenforced by new arrivals, the temper of the roisterers moved as steadily toward open battle against Wichita.

Among the hired gunmen in the Cowskin camps were Neil Kane and John Good, who promptly renewed their alliance with Ben Thompson and George Peshaur. Around them gathered the old Ellsworth faction as rapidly as their outfits reached the terminus of the trail. That notorious quartet of gun-throwing brothers, Mannen, Gyp, Joe and Jim Clements, shared leadership with Thompson, Peshaur,



Lee Neuman, One of the Clements Crowd

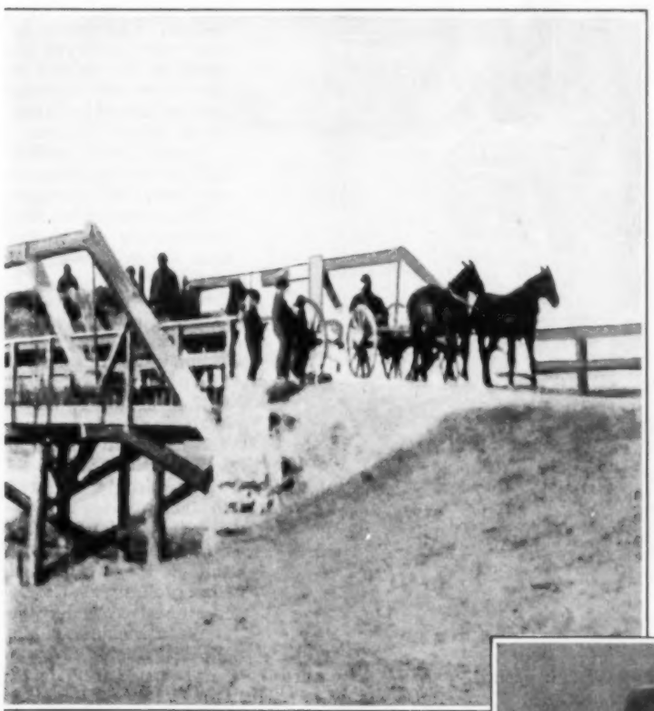
Kane and Good over a gang of Texas men that included Tom, Bud and Simp Dixon, Ham Anderson, Alec Barrickman, the Milligans, the Cunninghams, Billy Helfridge, Joe and Billy Collins, Brown Bowen and, for a time, John Wesley Hardin—who had opened the shooting season by killing a buffalo hunter who appeared on Douglas Avenue wearing a silk hat—every last one of them noted for six-shooter proficiency and almost every one of whom had his boots on at his end. With their clans in force, the cowboys warned Bill Smith that if he didn't get rid of his new deputy they'd do it for him. The marshal carried the threat to Mayor Hope.

"What do you want me to do about it, Wyatt?" the mayor inquired.

"Nothing," his deputy marshal replied. "They've sent word to me several times that if I didn't leave town they'd kill me. I'm staying in Wichita."

On a Saturday afternoon late in May a messenger dispatched by several Wichita merchants found Wyatt Earp on lower Douglas Avenue, keeping tab on the cowboys streaming into town for the big spree of the week. By custom and more or less common consent the Saturday carousals during cattle-shipping season were several shades wilder and more generally participated in than those enjoyed on other days.

"They want you up on Main Street," the messenger told Wyatt. "Shanghai Pierce is drunk and raising Cain. Bill Potts"—another deputy marshal—"can't handle him. Shang says he'll kill the first man who lays a hand on him."



Earp Turned Back Mannen Clements and His Followers

Shanghai Pierce—christened Abel, but better known to his friends as Colonel, or Shang—was no gun-fighting desperado, although a hundred of the six-shooter gentry on the Cowskin fed at his chuck wagons and five times that number would flock to his service upon word that Shanghai was in trouble. He was, however, possibly the most colorful character of all those romantic figures whom the Old West dubbed its cattle kings and, moreover, was the prime factor in whatever prosperity Wichita anticipated for the season of '74.

Sober, Abel Pierce was a jolly old Connecticut Yankee transmogrified into a Texas beef baron who, in personal appearance, mode of living and domain governed, came closer to regal estate than any of his fellow sovereigns who made the annual hegira up the Chisholm Trail. Six-feet-four he stood in his cowpuncher's boots, straight as an arrow with all his 220 pounds, a fine full-bearded figure of a man in all his cow-country regalia, by his jovial personality and never-failing generosity commanding a widespread loyalty and affection among cattlemen of the Southwest which no other man of his time approached.

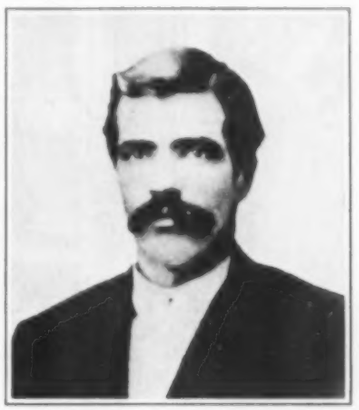
It was this same Shanghai Pierce who introduced the walking stick to Kansas, who tickled the risibilities of the young West with his offer to the financially embarrassed state of Nebraska of a $10,000 annual payment for the exclusive right to deal monte on railway trains within the state's borders, and who, when the Nebraska legislators expressed doubt over the wisdom of granting such a lucrative franchise to an individual, further convulsed an appreciative frontier by offering the same money for the exclusive privilege of dealing the game against only such passengers as professed to be clergymen or missionaries.

A Loud Speaker of the 70's

THIS second proffer meeting legislative rebuff, Shanghai played upon the mingled emotions of admirers and acquaintances by spending his $10,000 for a bronze statue of himself, clad in all the cowboy trappings which he loved—a statue forty feet high—which he had erected at his Rancho Grande headquarters down at Tres Palacios.

"The statue was natural as life," wrote Charlie Siringo, who rode with Shanghai's outfit in the early 70's, "and when I looked at it, in imagination I could hear Shanghai's voice, which could be heard for half a mile, even when he whispered."

In a season when efforts to attract the cattle-shipping trade had started with open bribes to ranch foremen and trail bosses, Shanghai Pierce's decision to drive to Wichita was the crowning glory of that cow camp's labors. Practically every cattle owner of importance would follow Shanghai's lead in such matters. Wherefore, upon his arrival in Wichita in May with the first of his drives, for a stay which would terminate in September, Shanghai received whatever keys there were to the community. If he was a redeemer for cash-shy cattle owners in South Texas, in Wichita he was nothing short of a business savior, and the town accordingly kotowed. Then Shanghai got drunk, and the entertainment committee of leading citizens put in a hurry call for their new deputy marshal.



Green River Tom Smith, Famous Frontier Peace Officer

When Wyatt turned from Douglas Avenue into Main Street, he saw Shanghai Pierce some one hundred feet away, sprawling on a chair in the middle of the walk outside of Billy Collins' saloon. At his right hip Shanghai wore the customary .45 in an open holster, and as he roared obscene defiance to anyone in Wichita who imagined that such-and-such shorthorn village could tell the best so-and-so cattleman in Texas where to head in, he kept his hand on the gun butt. Particularly when Bill Potts presumed to request that he take himself indoors did Shanghai ascend to such heights of noise and profanity that while he occupied the stage Main Street's Saturday afternoon trade was captivated to a standstill.

Pierce was too drunk to be deadly in a gun play; the menace of his gun was in the chance that some bystander might be injured by wild shooting. As Wyatt drew nearer he saw that as Shanghai slumped in the chair his gun was wedged beneath his thigh and held tightly in the holster by pressure of Shanghai's whole weight, against which he was tugging vainly.

With his fellow officer approaching, Potts grew bold enough to put a hand on the cowman's shoulder; a familiarity that Shanghai resented with a lurch that let his gun come free. Wyatt seized Pierce's gun arm at the wrist.

"Drop that gun," he ordered.

Deposing a Cattle King

SHANGHAI replied with an outburst of drunken abuse that changed to a roar of pain as Wyatt clamped the forearm back and down against the chair.

"Drop it," the marshal warned him, "or I'll break your arm."

The .45 fell to the walk. Wyatt picked it up and took it inside to the gun rack which Collins had for the convenience of customers. He then stepped back to the chair, where Shanghai was nursing an aching arm and cursing fluently.

"Get up and get inside," Wyatt directed.

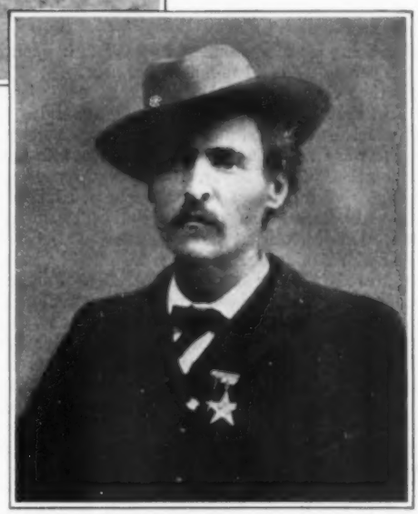
Shanghai employed some colorful language in refusing to obey.

"Hold the door open, Potts," Wyatt ordered, and as Potts obliged he seized the cattle king by the shirt collar with one hand, the belt with the other, yanked him from his seat and hurled him into a heap halfway down the bar.

"If Pierce has any friends in here," Wyatt remarked to Collins' customers as a body, "they'll ride herd on him till he gets sober. If I see him drunk on the street again today, I'll heave him into the calaboose, and he'll stay there till morning."

When Wyatt returned to lower Douglas Avenue, he dismissed the Pierce affair as a closed incident, overlooking the possibility that the Texas men might find in lese majesty their long-sought excuse for war. An hour later, moved by one of those intuitive impulses to which he always credited most of the decisive acts in his life, he returned to Main Street.

When he was directly opposite the entrance through which he had hurled the cattle king, Collins' double doors burst open and onto the walk surged a score of



Jim Courtright, Once Marshal of Ft. Worth

(Continued on Page 98)

STEP BROTHERS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Does Anybody Discover That I Ain't You, You is Suddenly Gwine to Become Ain't"

MR. ATLAS BRACK appeared to possess an unquenchable thirst. For the third time during the past half hour he had risen from his seat in the Jim Crow car, lurched to the water cooler and regaled himself with icy fluid.

A casual observer might have been unsuspicious, but one addicted to probing more deeply would have observed that the return trip brought Mr. Brack face to face with the dusky passengers. It was also rather evident that Mr. Brack scrutinized his fellow passengers with acute interest, as though he were planning to favor one of them with his company—and for no good reason.

As a matter of fact, there seemed to be no adequate reason for Atlas himself. He was a very large man—not unduly tall, but certainly possessed of tremendous heft. His broad shoulders swayed aggressively, and massive muscles bulged beneath the blue serge suit. In facial expression, Mr. Brack was distinctly forbidding. He had a low forehead, close-set eyes and a pugnacious jaw. A jagged scar on the left side of that jaw indicated that someone had once executed a defensive stroke both wisely and well. One or two of the passengers, gazing apprehensively upon Atlas and noticing his scar, wondered what had happened to the person who had inflicted that scar.

Further close observation would have disclosed the fact that Mr. Brack was traveling light. In the seat which he occupied alone there was no baggage, and this was strictly out of tune with the fact that, on crossing the Potomac River, Atlas had presented the conductor with a ticket to Birmingham, Alabama.

He had boarded the train in Newark, New Jersey. One section of his ticket had been detached between there and Washington. The second section had now disappeared into the conductor's wallet. Furthermore, one might have been intrigued by the state of Mr. Brack's exchequer, which, at the moment, consisted of precisely one dollar and eighty-two cents.

Three passengers had riveted the attention of the thirsty and pugilistic-appearing colored gentleman, but at the conclusion of his third trip along the aisle of the car, he focused his thoughts on the little man who sat alone, gazing raptly out on the Virginia countryside.

Johnny Wattles was, in appearance, the very antithesis of Mr. Brack. In the first place, he was very small and exceedingly slender, and he was many shades lighter in complexion. Also, where Atlas wore a serge suit which betrayed age by its shininess, Mr. Wattles was arrayed like a rosebush which has just been caressed by the first glories of spring. Johnny's raiment was regal: Suit of bisque, creased to razor edge; socks, handkerchief and tie in a checkered pattern of bisque and white, shoes of tan, hat of floppy straw with a light brown band, and a silk shirt of a tan shade so light that one might doubt whether it contained any color whatsoever. The ensemble betrayed affluence, position, discrimination and a firm belief in the future. Mr. Wattles' demeanor was that of a frail gentleman who has conquered life. And once, on returning from a pilgrimage to the water cooler, Atlas Brack distinctly saw Johnny Wattles purchase a bag of grapes from the news butch and pay for it with a dollar bill extracted from a stuffed wallet. A glimpse of Johnny's material wealth filled Atlas with enthusiasm and determination. Whereupon he once more journeyed the length of the car and on the return trip suddenly plunked himself in the seat beside Johnny Wattles.

Johnny jerked upright and cast an apprehensive eye upon the unprepossessing person at his side. Instinctively he shrank from the evil visage and warlike scar of Mr. Brack, for Johnny was a creature of rare delicacy and sensitiveness.

But when Atlas smiled his most engaging, if rather crooked, smile Johnny's heart warmed. Like most individuals who lack physical power, he was irresistibly attracted to those men who possessed it, and fairly reveled in their society, even though they frightened him. Johnny's pristine fear dissolved under the studied friendliness of Mr. Brack's smile.

And Atlas opened the conversation, "Goin' far?"

"Bumminham, Alabama," responded Johnny timidly.

"Well, I'll be dawg-gone'. So'm I."

"No."

"I sho is. An' Ise feelin' as lonely as a cat on a rainy night."

Johnny smiled wistfully. "Ise kind of solitary myse'f."

Atlas grinned again. "Mind if I sit here?"

"Delighted," responded Johnny, momentarily wondering what manner of shambles would occur if he happened to voice an objection. "I sho do crave sassiety."

"Me too." A brief pause; then: "My name is Atlas Brack."

"Mine is Johnny Wattles."

"Ever been South befo', Brother Wattles?"

"Nossuh. Have you?"

"This heah is my fust trip."

"On business?" asked Johnny politely.

"Goin' fo' my health," answered Atlas with amazing candor.

"Gosh, you look terrible healthy!"

"You cain't tell by looks," evaded Atlas. Then: "You got a job in Bumminham?"

Mr. Wattles puffed with pride. He liked the big, friendly Negro beside him, and was not unwilling to impress him.

"Yeh, I got me a swell job."

"Doin' what?"

"Teachin' dancin'."

An expression not unrelated to contempt crossed the face of Mr. Brack.

"Shuh, that ain't no kind of a job."

"No?" Johnny's smile was superior. "I guess any job is good which pays eighty dollars a week."

He announced the stipend pridefully, but with a ring of truth, and Atlas knew that his selection of a traveling companion had been most fortunate.

"Who gwine pay that much money fo' dancin' lessons?"

"Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Ever heah of them?"

"Have I? Boy, ain't they somethin'!" There was awe, admiration and vast respect in Mr. Brack's voice. "An' you is gwine work fo' them?"

"Tha's the one thing I ain't goin' to do nothin' else but."

"Golla, how lucky you is!"

The Gargantuan gentleman was so frankly envious that Johnny felt both comfortable and friendly. Also he betrayed a willingness to talk.

"It's thisaway," he explained: "Is a professional dancer. I has played vaudeville and cabaret shows, an' they say I is pretty good. So when Midnight decided that it was gwine use lots of ballet dancin' and chorus numbers in its new pitchers, they wanted a feller which could selek a bunch of girls an' train them in chorus routines. I was the one selectified an' they gimme a contrack at how much money I tol' you."

"An' all you got to do is teach a lot of good-lookin' gals how to dance?"

"Tha's all. Co'se it ain't easy."

"How come it ain't?"

"Chorus work is hard. An' these heah ain't trained gals which Midnight has got. Not only has they got to learn chorus work but also they will have to git the rundiments of tap dancin'."

"An' you know all that?"

"Big boy, Ise the feller what wrote the book about such."

Atlas was more impressed than he would have admitted. He asked a multitude of questions, and the more they conversed about Johnny's profession, the more convinced Atlas became that he, too, should have selected a similar lifework. Johnny knew his subject and delighted to discuss it. As the afternoon dragged away he regaled Atlas with the story of his life; his friendships and professional achievements. He explained to the eager listener the methods of instruction which were used and their application to the sound screen. By six o'clock Atlas was in possession of most of the major facts of Johnny's interesting existence. He felt as though he had known the slender young man for many years.

Mr. Wattles expanded under Atlas' studied praise. He even extracted from his suitcase the actual contract which Midnight had tendered him, and which he had accepted. There were the glamorous figures—eighty dollars a week for a minimum of six weeks, with privilege of renewal in six-week units. Johnny's work was specified: He was to select, train and direct chorus numbers for Midnight two-reelers. He himself was not obligated to perform, but should he wish to do so, it would be at a price to be agreed upon between the parties hereto.

"An' this party hereto," explained Johnny, "is ve'y willin' to ack. I can sing an' dance, an' does they use me, they'll have to pay fifty dollars a week extra."

"Sufferin' tripe!" ejaculated Atlas. "Tha's the most money I ever heard tell of."

"It's plenty. But these movin'-pitcher companies make lots too."

"I wisht I could do all what you can. I bet it's fun."

"An' hard work; don't forget that."

"Shucks! There ain't no hard work aroun' a heap of good-lookin' gals."

The train halted at a small station. The men alighted to stretch themselves and Johnny insisted that Atlas be his guest at an impromptu supper. From the colored lunch room he bought a stack of sandwiches, two complete pies and coffee in paper cups. A long night stretched ahead, a night of weariness and discomfort, and Johnny wished to be well fortified.

Throughout the afternoon Mr. Wattles had held the center of the stage. He had been talking on a subject with which he alone was familiar, the one thing in the world which could make him feel superior to the formidable Mr. Brack. He had even forgotten that Mr. Brack appeared enormously evil, and he was not rendered uncomfortable by Atlas' thoughts, in as much as he was not a mind reader.

As the train rattled off into the gathering gloom Mr. Brack commenced to think. His personal situation was desperate. In selecting Johnny as a companion, his original idea had been to garner a trifling amount of cash. But the conversation of the afternoon had aroused in his bosom an ambition to do something in a big way.

Atlas resented Johnny's smug satisfaction. He resented the idea that he himself possessed one dollar and eighty-two cents, whereas this little man, whom he could squash between two fingers, had in his shiny new suitcase a contract guaranteeing eighty dollars a week and promising to yield a possible hundred and thirty.

And for what? Picking out pretty girls and teaching them to dance! Atlas could dance; he was a hound at foxtrotting, and he could even clog a few steps in elephantine fashion. He had an idea that he would make a very excellent chorus instructor, never appreciating the intricacies of that sort of work.

A darkly sinister scheme took shape in the brain of Atlas Brack. It was a plan which promised great reward for Mr. Brack, albeit Johnny Wattles was not

(Continued on Page 121)

"I Crave to Maintain a Conversation With One Atlas Brack," He Announced

Customers' Man

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

III

SOMETHING I watched more closely than the ticker during my first weeks in Wall Street was the mail. Whether prices rose or fell mattered nothing to me.

I was wholly wrapped up in a gamble with life more fascinating than any mere speculation in wealth. Now that the thing was done I was ready to admit to myself that I had entered the business simply because it was an avenue that might lead me back into companionship with Charlotte Page.

In the office my sharp interest in the mail deliveries was accepted as the natural eagerness of a customers' man hopeful of a warm response to the announcement of a new business affiliation. In addition to the engraved cards, the firm had published an advertisement in the financial sections of the newspapers telling of my connection with it. I got a thrill out of my first orders, but I was sick with disappointment as day after day passed with no sign from Charlotte Page that she was interested or aware that I had gotten a job. I was afraid my card had not reached her, but willful pride kept me from sending another. Anyway, I told myself, I would become a rich man and make her sorry, so I buckled down to learn the business.

The firm of Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell, when I was introduced into it in the fall of 1926, was a small one, but it was tremendously alive. It was alive with the ambition of Frog Hamilton, and that ambition reckoned with nothing but the matter of getting rich. I do not pretend to understand Frog's psychology, but I know that nothing mattered with him beside his terrific appetite for what he defined as success. Success with Frog meant money. Commissions produced money. Therefore his life was reduced to a simple formula.

All he asked of us who worked with him was a steadily swelling flood of orders for him to execute on the floor of the Exchange. All he asked of himself was sufficient energy to keep going in the fierce activity of that temple called the New York Stock Exchange. As far as I could tell, Frog never troubled himself to acquire a profound understanding of mysterious economic currents or speculative magic. However, he could talk glibly enough to make you think the business future was an open book to him, and he was shrewd enough in his judgment of men to adopt for himself only the reasoned predictions of better, and richer, students.

My first morning began with a brief conversation with Frog. I had gone early and had ridden up to the office in an elevator that also bore a couple of iron-bound chests and their guardians. The financial district at the beginning and close of each business day reveals in such chests a tidal flow of treasure, to the commission houses in the morning and back to the safety-deposit vaults in the late afternoon. Each of those chests contains wealth in the form of securities. Sometimes it is wealth of such vast proportions as to stagger the imagination. Truly, it is paper, but enchanted paper with magnificent powers. I was gazing at the padlocked chest that had been pushed into the ninth-floor corridor after me, gazing with fascinated eyes, when Frog spoke to me.

"Like some of that, bo?" he said banteringly.

"A couple of grabs ought to be enough," I said.

"Give you two and you'd want six," he said. "We're all like that. Still, you'll get plenty if you work."

As we entered the door of the customers' room he raced past me into his own office and emerged in a minute rapidly shuffling in his bony hands a dozen or more letters. As I watched him a boy handed me a telegram. It was from Doc Henderson, offering congratulations and ending with instructions to buy three hundred Radio for his account at the opening.

"Hear anything from that announcement yet?" asked Frog.

I handed him Doc's telegram. He gave it a swift glance with his blue popeyes and nodded with satisfaction.

"Henderson's business," he said, "is worth getting. You'll get other responses to that announcement card, but you want to remember we are not depending on the friends you already have; we're counting on the friends you are going to make. A good customers' man is one who can bring back business from a picnic or a funeral. Hop to it, now."

"Congratulations to the Big Wall Street Man"

Other employes were arriving. There were not many, I discovered—two order clerks, four people in the cashier's cage, two stenographers and three other customers' men. Flicker Dayton and Jim Maxwell both performed the same duties as the customers' men, I learned. Counting myself, that made six customers' men. We were the salesmen of the organization.

Flicker Dayton introduced me to everyone, but he made something of a ceremony of my meeting with the cashier, a little fellow with a keen, straightforward manner, named O'Donnell.

"Marty," said Flicker, "I want you to meet the livewire Frog and I have been boasting about. When you hear him sing you'll think you're back in Ireland listening to barytone birds. The name is Mr. Robert Loomis."

Martin O'Donnell's gray eyes gleamed with something like amusement, but there was sincere friendliness in his handshake. Deeply etched lines ran from the corners of his eyes across his temples.

"I don't care how he sings," he said. "All I ask is for him to keep his accounts margined."

"It's your job to see that he does," said Flicker, and winked at me.

"Don't I know it?" Marty lifted his voice dolefully. "Well, you've got a society boy, a crack golfer, a tennis star and now a barytone. What next? I suppose you'll be going after something with sex appeal. Hey?"

Flicker betrayed annoyance by scowling, but in a flash he was smiling again. "Did you guess it, or did Frog tell you?" he asked.

"I heard you talking it over," said Marty soberly, "and I must say it's a queer way to recruit financial wizards." Then he stalked into his cage.

Flicker led me through the offices. There were two large chambers and five tiny, crowded rooms. The clerical force occupied one of the large ones. The other was the customers' room, with the quotation board covering one wall and about a score of inexpensive folding chairs arranged in two rows in front of it. There was a board boy to chalk up fresh prices as they came in over the tape. This youth, I learned, was almost as green as I. Indeed, the customers' room represented a recent expansion in the hopes of

Florida in the Winter Becomes Pediculous With Customers' Men

Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell. Each of the partners had a private office and the remaining two were shared by the four customers' men.

"Make yourself at home," said Flicker. "The market will open in fifteen minutes and I've got to get busy on the telephone. I'll talk with you again during the day. Just keep your ears and eyes open."

We had only two tickers in the office in those days, and a news ticker. I walked over to the glass dome on a pedestal placed conveniently near the board. I remember now that as I took hold of the tape that was being spewed from the machine I felt most important, but woefully ignorant. I scanned that tape as if I had been short fifty thousand shares of Worthington. What I read had little meaning.

"abcd, abcd, abcd, abcd, testing, testing, testing." The pompous, chesty little machine was silent for a while. Then it printed "five minutes to ten." There was another lull. A pair of large, muscular hands that had been darkly browned by exposure to the sun picked up the tape beside me. I looked up to see Henry Madison, one of the other customers' men. I suspected that he was the golfer. Overhead a clock whirred. It was ten o'clock.

"They're off!" shouted Madison. "The great five-hour horse race begins again. Oh, man, but I'm sleepy."

The ticker became frenzied, pouring out a flood of opening prices; but what was more interesting to me was a confidential boast made by Madison.

"I'm watching for Simmons," he said. "I played golf yesterday with a millionaire dub. He won't give me his business yet, but he said he would carry me for two hundred shares of Simmons."

"Who do you have to murder for him?" I asked playfully.

"Nobody. All I'm going to do is play golf with him now and then and try to show him how to get his score down to about one hundred and twenty. He shoots a snappy eighty on nine holes. I figure on holding Simmons for thirty points' rise. That'll give me a yard and a half for every stroke I reduce his score, without tainting my amateur standing."

I garnered a lot of information from Hank Madison during that day and in succeeding days. He did not explain any esoteric problems of Wall Street trading, but he did with extraordinary clarity reveal the mental processes of a type of customers' man. There was little pretense about him. He had the wrists and forearms of an iceman, and a gold tooth showed every time he opened his mouth.

"What do I know about this game down here?" he challenged me. "Next to nothing! When I shoot golf my timing is clocklike. But when I try to gamble in stocks I am just a bad guesser. My dad didn't belong to a country club. He was a mechanic and I was a caddie. Now I'm one of the leading golfers, and plenty rich men like to play with me. Some of them who won't give me all their business toss me an order now and then. Some, who know less about Wall Street than I do, give it all to me. I get by."

Once during that first morning Flicker Dayton came over to me with an assortment of papers clamped to a board. "In a couple of weeks, if you read this stuff faithfully," he said, "you'll be talking as dogmatically as an oracle. These are market reports, various gossip sheets and significant news bulletins that come in over the ticker. You will even find here a daily letter of advice from Clementine Pretlow."

"And who is Clementine?"

"My dear, but very young Mr. Loomis! She is the one and only astrologer. Inside a couple of weeks, when you are a full-fledged economist, you will know what every customers' man knows—some people won't trade unless the stars are right. Anyway, you read all this stuff, even Clementine, regularly, and then you won't ever have to confess to a customer that you don't know the answers."

"Answers?" My tone betrayed my utter lack of understanding.

"Sure," said Flicker, grinning broadly. "Answers. Your customers will ask you all sorts of fool questions. Never reveal that you think they are foolish if you want to keep their business. You will be called on to interpret anything and everything in terms of Wall Street prices. No matter what they ask you, be ready for them. If you don't know what to say, tell them you will get an opinion from the economist and then come to me; or else ask anybody that's around." Flicker grinned again.

"Are you serious?"

"Well, not entirely," he admitted. "But even if it sounds ridiculous, that is about the way the thing works. Later on, when you have a hundred or more accounts to look after, you will have some genuine duties to perform for them. You will have to watch closely any changes in the stocks held by your customers.

"Each will be interested in several, possibly a dozen or more. By that time you will know that WOR down here means something different from a radio station. You want to learn the abbreviations of the stock list. Try to memorize eight or ten new ones every day. It won't be confusing to you long."

"Well, suppose some of my customers are interested in coppers and coppers are ——"

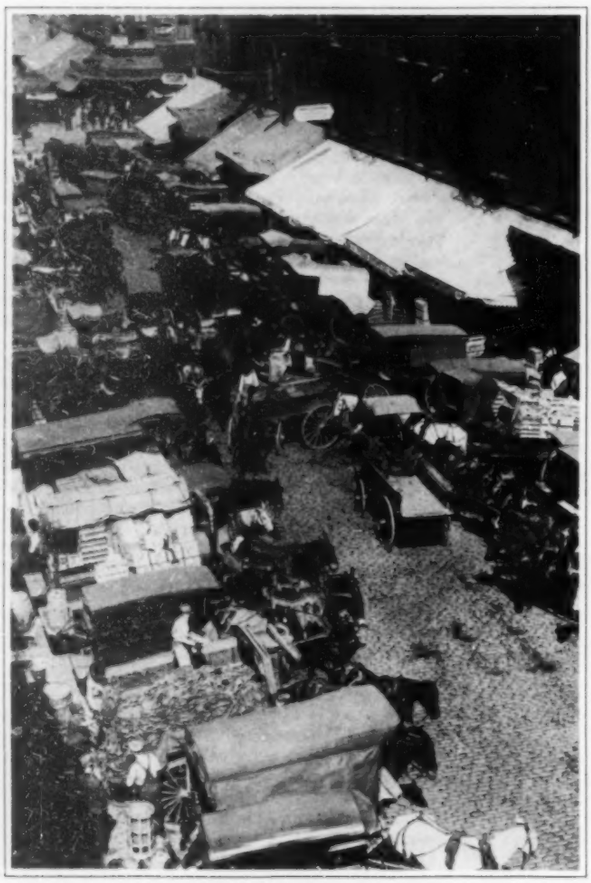
"I'm ahead of you. Coppers are strong at the opening. You flip through your index and note down all customers who hold copper stocks. Some may want to buy more; some may wish to grab a profit. If you don't telephone them they'll probably do nothing, but if you are right there at the end of a wire suggesting that they make up their minds you'll get an order four times out of five. Incidentally, you will be giving them service; and the house will be making commissions."

(Continued on Page 86)

"Loomis Speaking"

CHICAGO! ALL CHANGE!

By Will Payne



The South Water Street Wholesale Market, About 1900

FORTY years ago this summer a young man came to town on the Chicago and North Western Railroad looking for a job. He had the same name that I have; the town had the same name it has now; but in both cases it seems that everything except the names has changed out of all recognition.

Of the buildings which arrested that young man's admiring gaze in 1890, I can now identify just four—the Rookery, Home Insurance, Pullman and Auditorium. No doubt, other structures of that remote era remain, but of the drab, undistinguished sort that nobody looks at twice. The new Tacoma Building, first of all skyscrapers, was duly pointed out to visitors that summer, but they pulled it down last year. The Auditorium was span new then, mortar just drying, and regarded with justifiable civic pride as a masterpiece of architecture. But I see in this morning's newspaper that the masterpiece is in the hands of a receiver who is considering a proposal to set up a miniature golf course in the precincts once sacred to grand opera, grand society, and the annual charity ball. For a quarter, presumably, anybody can knock a golf ball through the box where Mrs. Potter Palmer used to reign over the local aristocracy.

Landmarks of Yesterday

THEY have changed the lake, which then came up to Michigan Avenue. They have changed the river. When the young man crossed it, coming from the old North Western Station—also vanished—it was a huge open sewer sending a sluggish, evil-looking and worse-smelling flood out into the lake, whence the city's drinking water came. It now carries a clear, pale-green flood of lake water backward to the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. South Water Street, along the river's southern bank, was then one of the sights of the city. If you could worm a way among the crates, barrels, boxes and bags that piled the sidewalks head-high, and avoid being run over by a dray, you might see a great part of the fruit, vegetables, poultry and fish that the city consumed, also step in them, slip upon them and fall over them. There was always a tangle of wagons on the rough cobblestones, and expert profanity by the drivers formed a continuous leitmotif to the trade in country produce. Now all that is a handsome double-decked boulevard and the finest buildings in the city are along the river where the shabbiest used to be.

A young man of refined taste might go into the old Exposition Building and hear Theodore Thomas' orchestra. If his tastes were not quite so refined, he could go a few rods farther to Leroy Payne's famous Palmer House Livery Stables and see Julius the Ghost Horse, a fierce, man-eating stallion that had been captured at hair-raising risks in the wilds of Indiana. But of neither structure does a trace remain today. For other amusements there was Kohl & Middleton's dime museum—a glaring canvas banner across the front showing the wild man of Borneo, a luckless damsel in the coils of a boa constrictor, and other exciting objects. On its site a vast motion-picture palace now rises.

But is everything really changed? Surely there must be stability somewhere. That word naturally suggests banks, the commercial symbol of stability. I hunt up the first edition of a manual called Chicago Securities. The thin volume has a venerable look now, but it was comparatively fresh from the press that summer forty years ago. It lists and describes the city's twenty-three banks. I turn to a contemporary bank list and find just one of those twenty-three names remaining—The First National. All the others have merged, hyphenated, failed or wound up. That old manual also lists and describes sixty-four important corporations whose stocks were traded in on the local security market.

I compare that local security list with one of today and find only a solitary stock with the same name—People's Gas Light and Coke Company. All the others have merged, retired, vanished.

The Passing of Prairie Avenue

SECURITIES naturally suggest security holders. I don't remember whether or not we had the term "multimillionaire" forty years ago, but we were proud of having the fact. Even a youthful newcomer from the West, hopeful of finding a job, but not so very sure of it, with his entire resources in one trousers pocket and plenty of room to spare, felt entitled to reflect a bit of the refulgence of Field, Armour, Pullman, Potter Palmer and their plutocratic compeers.

I hope young people today have higher and purer tastes, but forty years ago a very rich man was an object of as lively and natural curiosity as any animal in the zoo.

So our young man of 1890, having inspected the polar bears in Lincoln Park, set out for the closest practicable view of the city's nabobs. Prairie Avenue, he learned, was where they were to be found in greatest numbers. For years—before the rise of Lake Shore Drive—that name had the same significance in Chicago that Fifth Avenue had in New York. Of course, he could hardly expect to see the men themselves, but he could see where they lived, which was next thing to it.

Yesterday I visited Prairie Avenue again. It has the same name and is in the same place. Some of the great houses still stand there, but forlorn and aghast

PHOTOS, BY BROWN BROTHERS

The Lake Front From the Illinois Central Depot, in 1893

at the very edge of a vast Afro-American invasion that has swallowed miles of what we used to call exclusive territory. Walk south briskly a couple of minutes, still on Prairie Avenue, from where Field and Armour used to live, and you find large stone and brick dwellings on both sides of the street, but with signs in the windows such as Stage Dancing Taught, Piano Lessons, Spiritualist Adviser, Health School. Colored citizens rest on the stone steps; colored children play over the sidewalks.

You see also dilapidation, broken window panes, sagging veranda pillars, litter—all the ocular phenomena that often follow the invasion of a white man's district by colored people in a Northern city. I remember when P. D. Armour, considerably later than 1890, headed a delegation of indignant Prairie Avenue residents in protesting against an unconscionable proposal to cut down the elms along the curb in order to widen the street. In view of what has happened since then, elms seem a small matter.

The nabobs now live far to the north. But that is by no means the most significant change. That old edition of Chicago Securities names twenty-three banks and two hundred and four directors of the same. Now, in any American community, if you want to know who are the leading men of affairs, your shortest cut will probably be to consult the roster of bank directors.

PHOTO, FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Courthouse Square Just Before the Great Fire of 1871

A Prophecy Unfulfilled

THE chances are that you will find more of the outstanding business men there than in any other one spot, and it will be rather exceptional if a man outstands in any business line without getting on a bank board. It is nearer to a Who's-Whoest than anything else I can think of. Scanning that aged list of two hundred and four bank directors, I can count upon my fingers the family names that would be found in any Who's Who today. Of course, most of those directors of forty years ago would be dead now, but mainly their descendants have disappeared from public view too.

I recall an argument, probably not long after 1890, that ran as follows: "This town was made by self-made men. Practically everybody at the top of affairs here came up from the ranks on his own steam. That accounts for Chicago. But in the next generation it will be these men's sons and sons-in-law, who inherited their money, that are on top. They'll have less energy themselves and they will block the paths of men who have got energy and ability but no inherited money. Up to now Chicago has been the town of men with brains and drive but no fortune. Hereafter it will be the town of rich men's sons."

That has not happened. In 1890 many men still living had seen the city come up from a straggling, muddy village where a large parcel of lots comprising what is now some of the most valuable real estate in the world was once sold at auction—as I find from an old record—at an average of thirty-four dollars a lot. Not even the South African gold fields held out such gorgeous opportunities to get rich and to found fortunes that would last from generation to generation. Economically, there were all the makings of a hereditary aristocracy. But from the first it seems to have been an especially dynamic town, refusing to be harnessed, trampling over its own nabobs, demanding a brand-new set with every generation.

Thus, in running over a record of all bankers and brokers prior to 1890, I find very few names that Chicagoans would recognize today. One name gave me a transitory ancestral thrill. Seth Paine, it appears, organized the Bank of Chicago with a cash capital of $6000. Being ardently religious, he proposed to name his institution The Bank of God. When startled friends dissuaded him, he compromised on publishing, in connection with the bank, a periodical which he styled The Christian Banker. But when, after little more than a year, the bank was wound up, it redeemed its circulating notes at par, which was a quite notable feat in finance in those days. Evidently no relation of mine.

When the 400 Numbered 22

ALWAYS not only new buildings but new men. They used to come mainly by boat, landing about the foot of Wabash Avenue and tramping through the sand, carpet bag in hand, to Lake Street, where they would find a hotel or boarding house of what was called balloon construction, meaning a shack on improvised wooden foundations; the street itself a dust bed in dry weather and a mud wallow in wet, where humorous citizens stuck improvised signs such as No Bottom Here, Shortest Route to China. They pitched in and flourished or failed and passed away, mainly leaving nothing but a name in some aging chronicle.

In 1856, after Chicago had suffered the well-known afflictions of wildcat banks for nearly a score of years, twenty-two citizens, carefully selected for their preëminence, organized the Merchants Loan & Trust Co. under a special act of the legislature. They were the leaders of the leaders, but the list contains only two names that have any marked significance in financial or business affairs today. It must have been about the same time that somewhat the same men organized the City Railway. Those two concerns formed a sort of local Order of the Garter. If you owned stock in either your name went in the Social Register. If you owned stock in both there was a star after the name. But both have long since been merged out of all identity.

Our particular magnate of the 90's, who kept us in a state of excitement more than all the others put together, was Charles T. Yerkes, a notably handsome gentleman, and very suave when he chose. It would be impossible to say how many lead pencils I myself wore out trying to keep the public properly informed about Mr. Yerkes. But his empire has quite vanished. It was somewhat later than 1890 that I first met a square shouldered, square faced, thin mustached young man, with a dark and purposeful eye, who had been brought from Edison's shop in New Jersey to run the electric-light plant. He was Samuel Insull, who is pre-eminently the

PHOTO, BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

Chicago in 1897—at the Corner of State and Adams Streets, Looking North

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1930

Spending and Spending

EVER since business began to fall off more than a year ago great reliance has been placed upon public works as a method of maintaining employment. Increase in public construction on the part of the Federal Government, the states, counties and municipalities was an important item in President Hoover's plans for minimizing unemployment. The idea was accepted generally by the public and organized effort was directed to the stimulation of these improvements.

Public works are not paid for out of thin air. They cost very large sums and the money is provided by the taxpayer, first or last. Payment may be postponed a little while by the use of bonds. But bonds, as we all know, must pay interest, and that is where the taxpayer comes in. Also bonds have a way of maturing, and once again the taxpayer is called upon to step up to the captain's office. Public improvements promote employment, but the bill has to be met. This is nothing but simple arithmetic, but people have a way of forgetting the elementary lessons of life.

Of course, it is admitted by all that many public works are highly useful, indeed essential. But likewise it is just as self-evident that taxes can reach the point of the intolerable. This is a poor time to add to the burden of taxation; it is harder to bear when business profits are down. Besides, all authorities agree that one element in the agricultural depression is the severity with which taxes press upon landowner and farmer.

Newspapers are filled with articles on the mounting and extravagant cost of government in the cities. Counties are pressed to make ends meet, and the states are seething with dissatisfaction over the whole status of taxation. There is hardly a state in which commissions appointed by the legislatures are not trying to reform and reorganize the local tax systems. New York, commonly understood to be the richest state in the Union, has just taken on a new commission to find out what is wrong, although a previous commission issued dozens of volumes of statistics and recommendations only a few years ago.

It is hard to go to the right and the left at the same time, to eat one's cake and have it, to embark on great projects of expenditure without being forced to pay for them. There are types of public expenditures, like highways, which tend to pay for themselves in stimulated business or which can be more or less paid for by gasoline and other taxes upon the motorist. But there's the rub. Always there must be more taxes, always the increasingly difficult tax problem must be faced.

There should be reason in these matters. It is dangerous, in accomplishing one desirable end, to overlook all others. Here is a field in which real care is needed. In the zeal to make more jobs because of a temporary emergency, it is a mistake hastily and carelessly to put the seal of approval on too general a stimulation of public improvements. There are plenty of selfish interests only too eager to see this game overdone. If vigilance is relaxed in the desire to accomplish a single worthy aim, there are those in political and other activities quick to fatten thereby.

Private expenditures for improvements and repairs are another story; no matter how small the job, it helps. Prices are low, and it will pay not only to make necessary repairs but to anticipate improvements. It is hardly likely that we shall see in a good many years such a favorable time for building. The well-to-do, and especially the rich, owe it to the country that has prospered them to come out of their shell and to do everything that they can to alleviate unemployment by hiring as many men as they can possibly put to work on jobs that need to be done now or will need to be done during the coming year. Postponing repairs and building is postponing the return of prosperity. The money that we spend wisely as private citizens now will draw dividends in future prosperity. A part, at least, of that which we spend from the public treasuries will draw taxes.

The past of America belongs to the men who were not afraid to face the wilderness and to pioneer. The future will belong to the men who are not afraid to face present conditions and to push ahead. With high courage men have failed, but without it no man can be a leader. Cowards naturally drift to the rear.

National Leadership

IT SEEMS to be natural in a period of business uncertainty for people to demand that "something be done." There is a feeling that the supposed leaders of the nation have failed to come up to scratch and are not accomplishing all that they might in restoring normal conditions. Newspaper articles contain frantic and despairing requests for the addresses of real leaders who, like Moses, can be counted upon to guide their people out of difficulties. Sarcastic references are made to fair-weather leaders, to the men who were so active in promotions, consolidations, and the like, in giddier days. Why, it is asked, do these bold supermen keep so quiet now?

But, after all, the chief single leader of the nation, its supposed guide and its commander in chief in law and, for the most part, in fact, is no one industrialist or banker or group, but rather the President of the United States. Naturally, his qualities of leadership are questioned in times of economic disorganization. On the other hand, by a curious twist of the human mind, the President is the object of widespread expressions of condolence. In all walks of life, among people of every kind, the common saying is: "Hoover sure has had hard luck."

Now, as to whether these two attitudes are consistent or mutually destructive, we do not attempt to say. That there is some justice in each point of view appears probable. However fine and constructive may have been other features in Mr. Hoover's conduct of his office, it will be a long time before historians have ceased to debate the wisdom of his agreeing to or at least countenancing any farm relief or tariff legislation. On the other hand, he did inherit troubles, and acquired others through no conceivable fault of his own, which together have been enough to discourage the stoutest heart.

But our purpose in referring to this topic is to try to set, as far as possible, each of these attitudes in its proper place and relationship. To take up the second one first, it may be pointed out that practically all Presidents have had troubles galore. Name any recent President who has had no cross to bear. Was it Taft, Wilson, Harding? Many voices will answer Coolidge, but that is a total misconception. Did Mr. Coolidge inherit an atmosphere of utter sweetness, light, purity and trust? No. Old Man Trouble is the destined companion of Presidents, and a given incumbent of the office must stand or fall largely on how he bears his fate.

Mr. Coolidge is said to have remarked as he looked out of his office one day in the direction of Arlington, on the Virginia shore: "I understand that from this point Lincoln could see the Confederate flag when it flew over there. No President has had any trouble since then." This is perspective, and it is needed not only by the holder of the highest office in the land, whoever he may be at any given time, but by the whole people as well.

To no little extent Mr. Hoover will stand or fall—and this statement applies to leaders in other lines as well—by the spirit in which he bears temporary troubles. We do not mean to imply that economic storms should be or are being accepted fatalistically; everything possible must be done to check their violence, mitigate their distress and prevent their recurrence. But this cannot be accomplished by noise, gestures, excited action and sudden last-minute measures. Only patient, long-range work and planning are of value in this connection.

After all, the real test of leadership through the whole range, but especially in the President, must rest mainly on how much dignity, patience, courage and character such men display in adversity. We do not believe that leadership is bankrupt in America. Painful as the present recession in business may be, there is general confidence that it is no more than a temporary halt, a passing episode, in the forward progress of the country. If people had really lost confidence in their leader, they would not feel this way.

False Yardsticks

WE DEPRECATE the state of mind which can think of business conditions only by comparison with abnormal heights. Gather together all the unfavorable facts which come out of the past summer's quiet season, and even then the country is found to have done a good business as compared with any period of more than a few years ago. But production and consumption are not considered against the background of normal years; rather they are chalked down beside the swollen figures of a boom.

It is admitted, or should be admitted, that business has been wholly unsatisfactory in a number of directions. But it is unwise to count only misfortunes and to accept blessings without comment. Previous recessions have been almost completely forgotten. In scores of ways obvious to all, the people as a whole have been better off than during similar earlier experiences. Many kinds of calamity which marked other periods of price decline have been spared us. Many important lines of business have held their own or suffered only slightly. We have become a soft, spoiled nation if we cannot endure without squealing a temporary sobering process less drastic in many ways than the one of nine years ago. If only we compare ourselves with the peoples of other countries, or even with our own condition on many previous occasions, we shall have cause for optimism and not for pessimism.

WHY KEEP WAGES SECRET?

By George F. Johnson

WHEN I started business some forty years ago, everything in business was secret. I do not recall that any facts were too trivial to be left unguarded. The books were under lock and key, and not even junior partners always knew the profits.

Today every corporation that wants its stock honestly bought and sold by investors has to make a fairly full report, and some corporations make very full reports. But wage rates still remain secret. I do not know that any corporation has included in its annual report a fact which seems to me absolutely essential—the average annual earnings of the people who work for it. Why not report to the general public on how much the corporation is contributing to national prosperity through distributing earning power to wage earners? Investors also need to know that.

For years I have reported on wages to our workers just as I have reported to them on the state of business. During the deflation period after the war we made a horizontal wage cut of 20 per cent. This applied to officers, salaried men and wage earners alike. Everyone accepted it as necessary.

This was not a cut in relative purchasing power, for prices had already declined so that the new wages bought as much as the old. It was really an adjustment growing out of inflation. Today, however, conditions are different. There is no deflation to adjust. The country has been suffering from bad business due to many causes, but probably most of all to a diversion of credit through overspeculating.

Most people have had to revert to spending the dollar that they have instead of spending the dollar that they expect to get. And that, with low prices, is going to do everyone good. The country is in its best condition when everyone has to work for a living—employer and wage earner alike. We shall all be on surer ground when we spend what we have rather than what we expect to earn.

However, it has been the fashion since time immemorial to cut wages the moment that business becomes bad. I am not reading from a book. I am speaking from experience. When I started to work as a shoemaker in Massachusetts, we took for granted that we should be cut whenever our boss thought he could get other men to work for less money. If a rush of orders was on and the factories needed men, we were paid as much as three dollars a day—but never for long. The boss would put us on piece rates, and if a good man made decent wages, he cut the rates. It was taken for granted that a workman should never have more than enough to exist, and some of the hypocrites were very holy about the extravagance of workers when they had too much money. If business was slack, we had to work for six or eight dollars a week. These were the practices that brought the shoe unions into New England and eventually drove so much of the shoe trade out of that section, for the unions tried to do to the employers exactly what the employers formerly did to the men. Those were the good old times. A great part of American industry has shifted from that basis. It knows that men earning ten and fifteen dollars a

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"TUT, TUT, MY DEAR! I'M SAVING IT FOR A RAINY DAY!"

POST SCRIPTS

These Russian Films

PLEASE don't uplift me when I go
To see a moving-picture show.
I don't pay cash, or chisel passes,
To hear about the toiling masses.
I sort of think the world's O. K.
If there is something, as you say,
Rotten in Denmark—then just bury it.
Don't tell me of the proletariat,
Or Russian peasants buying tractors.
I want to watch the movie actors.
I want to see the villain get
His just deserts. The Soviet
Is something that I'd rather miss,
Of evenings, than the fade-out kiss!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

MR. BOOP: So you're having a family reunion?
MR. BEEP: Yes; all my sons happen to be broke.

FIRST LABORER *(going to work at dawn)*: Let's get some scrambled eggs.
SECOND DITTO: Where are we going to get high hats and evening clothes?

The Sum Total

IN CASTING up some old accounts
Of psychological amounts,
I find, my dear, you have a way
Of being far more good than gay:

And when I think you're most alive,
You're merely bland instead of blithe,
You have a cool and classic mind,
Less brave than bright, more keen than kind;

The values of your character
Merge in a grand, majestic blur
Of awesome traits—and yet, my dear,
It's what you're NOT which seems most clear.

—*Patience Eden.*

DRAWN BY HARRY B. HEINERT

"Gladys! I Forget to Feed the Canary!"

The Last of the Weakly Wage

A COMBINATION sandwich, please,
With lots of ham and lots of cheese,
And lots of butter, too, before
The wolf I'm keeping from the door
Gets in. And then an orangeade
To finish off. But I'm afraid
I may be ravenous again
Before that happy moment, when,
At twenty minutes after five
Or thereabouts, if I survive
That long, I can with reason hope
To get my salary envelope.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

The Nation's Songs

"WELL, I'll be perfek'ly frank with you. It don't look like we can use these numbers. Anyhow not the way they stand now. But seein' you're a friend of my pal Abe Goodman, an' ain't wise to this racket, I'll put you on to a few things.

"Now take that first number you played. Let's see—what d'ya call it? Here it is. . . . I've Got Somebody. Now, that isn't a bad little number. Tune isn't bad at all—sounds a little familiar, maybe, but I ain't sayin' anything about that, 'cause we all take somethin' here an' there without meanin' to—but the way I see it, your lyric ain't so hot.

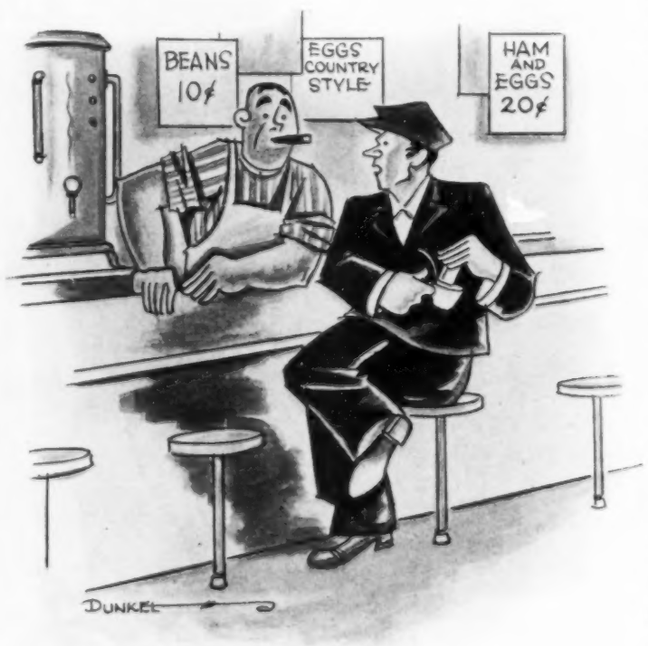
"First of all, you're tryin' to be clever. Now don't get me wrong! I don't mean you ain't clever. I mean the kind of number you're settin' out to write is all wrong. Ha-ha! No pun intended. You got the wrong slant for makin' money in the song business.

"Now, my advice to you—an' I wouldn't be bothered only you're a friend of my pal Abe Goodman—my advice is to lay off smart lyrics. They're all right in a show or a revue or somethin', but for pop songs you want to lay off it. Now, here's a tip a lot of guys would pay good money for. Get back to

(Continued on Page 77)

DRAWN BY MARGE

The Chorus Girl Gets Her Millionaire



DRAWN BY COURTNEY DUNKEL

"Do You Mind if I Dunk?"

Serve this soup and you have a luncheon!

Your choice

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A "VEGETABLE PLATTER" in this one soup! Did you ever hear of any other "platter" that contained fifteen different vegetables? And in Campbell's Vegetable Soup you get the full benefit of the valuable vegetable nutrients. As vegetables are often prepared, these nutrients are largely lost in the cooking-water which is thrown away. But they are retained in soup. So Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its extraordinary number and variety of vegetables, offers you one of the most tempting and healthful of luncheons. The nourishment that "takes you through" the afternoon, but does not make you drowsy. 12 cents a can.

I face the world
With strength of steel,
When I've had Campbell's
For my meal!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

CHAMP

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

"We Got to Manage Things So's You'll be at the Show Some Evenin' Soon. It'll be Great Stuff to Have You Introduced From the Audience Right After Linda Finishes That Sobby Number of Hers"

VIII

COLUMNISTS and special reporters—those who make of news a means of livelihood and a safeguard against the blank white paper by which they are faced each morning—gather their material among the white lights where interesting things are most apt to happen. When the habitués of the theatrical section agree that a thing is true, it is accepted almost as *prima facie* evidence.

Accordingly the romance of Linda Belledu and Eddie Riton must flourish in the white glare of the spotlight, or it must perish as just another transient press-agent yarn. In order that it might flourish, Eddie made it his business to spend a great deal of time with the girl. Afternoons they were seen together where the right sort of people would see them. Of course, Linda went several times to the gymnasium to watch her well-advertised sweetheart train. On these expeditions she looked on rapturously for the edification of various news writers and reporters.

"Maybe," a writer said dubiously, "this love affair is the bunk. It don't hit me as exactly the facts that a girl like this Belledu should fall for a kid like Riton. She's too gentle; too la-de-da, if you get me. A darn nice kid, understand, but all for art and gentility. Of course, we don't care whether it's on the level or not. We got just so much to write, an' folks love romance."

"Sure thing," a contemporary agreed. "She's a beautiful girl, and say what you please, this Riton is a beautiful man. His shoulders alone put him naturally in the lens of a camera. They make the ideal couple for us."

"They sure know where to be seen together! That's what makes me wonder if it ain't all built up. They're a little too perfect for us guys. If they wanted to bill an' coo, like lovers will, they'd manage to sneak away by themselves, wouldn't they?"

"Don't make me suspicious, will you?" the other yawned. "This hits me right where I like to be hit. The boss eats up whatever I write about 'em an' I don't have to be huntin' too hard for news. You know, a guy has really got to have a stand-by like them."

So what suspicion might have existed perished because, to all concerned, the fake was worth more than the genuine. To expose the thing meant one story for those with space to fill. To let it ride was beneficial to everyone in the business. The romance became the accepted thing along the White Way. Story after story appeared of the two innocents whose affection flourished where affection was long since supposed to have withered to dust.

The two became, after a fashion, the sweethearts of the nation. As such, they were excellent copy. Tommy watched all this with the eye of a hawk. His one great fear was that the personalities of the two would suddenly assert themselves and they would either break up or appear so bored by association with each other that his nice idea would founder on the rocks of common observation.

There was, however, no indication that this would happen. In truth, he discovered that the two were apt to get together without his arranging things for them. Once, when he dropped in to Linda's dressing room during a matinée, he found Eddie sitting there looking at pictures of the girl's home, where she had gone to school and the little white church where her art had first manifested itself in a choir. At this he was pleased.

"We got to manage things so's you'll be at the show some evenin' soon," he told the fighter. "It'll be great stuff to have you introduced from the audience right after Linda finishes that sobby number of hers about Dixie. Ellerson would do that. This show ain't goin' to run much longer. You can buy ducats for good seats at the drug stores right now. He'll be glad to build up Linda for her next appearance. I'll look into that."

It came to pass, as a result of Tommy's idea, that Eddie appeared at the theater duly dressed for the occasion, and when Linda had finished her song the male star of the play came to the footlights and, with a masterful little announcement about what happened backstage, pointed out the interest of all the world in the romance of fighter and dream actress.

"We who are behind the lights," he smiled, "have uppermost in our minds always the genuine entertainment of you who are before them. Though it is a little unusual, perhaps, we feit that you would enjoy meeting Eddie Riton, who is here tonight to hear his sweetheart sing. I'm going to ask him to stand up. Come on, Eddie, don't be bashful."

Eddie rose and smiled in all directions. The actor stepped to the wings and drew a blushing Linda to the footlights. The audience applauded as no audience ever before had applauded in that theater.

The next day Eddie watched the papers for mention of the incident and found it mixed into a story announcing that he was to battle Billy Walton at the Manazita Club within two weeks. This was the first he had heard of the match, but it did not particularly surprise him. Tommy was handling the business end of their arrangement, and with whatever Tommy did in the way of matches, Eddie was content.

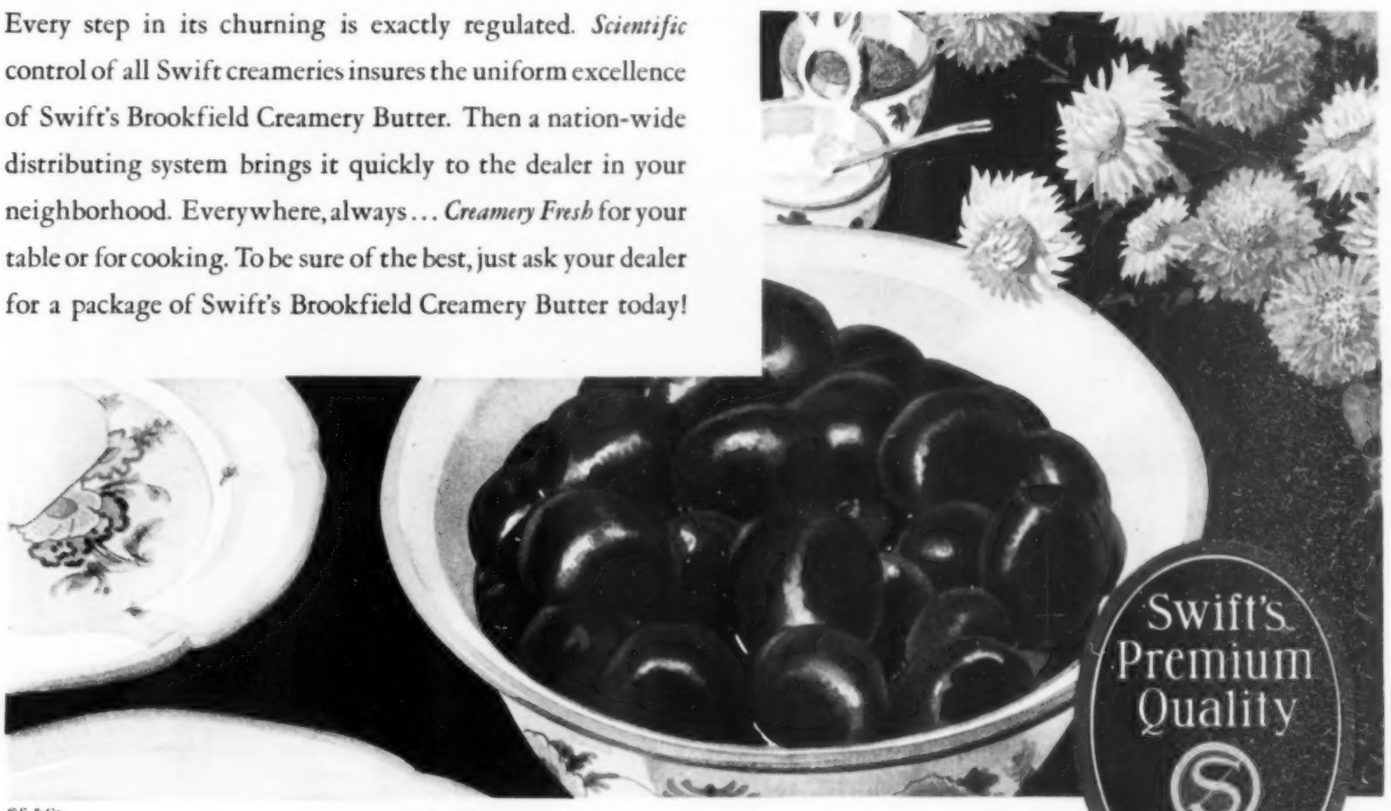
As was his habit, he cast back in his mind for the things which Walton had achieved in the ring. They were not notable. He was a sort of trial horse who depended upon considerable strength and inconsiderable intelligence to carry him through his contests. Eddie realized that he would have no trouble with the man. Flaker had beaten him easily, and so had Scripps. As a matter of fact, even Fetter had won a decision over Walton, and there were more defeats than victories on his somewhat long record.

There was nothing in the coming bout which caused him worry. He could beat Billy Walton easily, and he smiled at the prospect of another good purse with virtually no risk attached and not even a hard battle

(Continued on Page 30)

New-churned this dependable BUTTER

FROM spotless creameries in 24 states... always the same sweet butter, with the same *fresh* flavor you like so well! Every step in its churning is exactly regulated. *Scientific* control of all Swift creameries insures the uniform excellence of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter. Then a nation-wide distributing system brings it quickly to the dealer in your neighborhood. Everywhere, always... *Creamery Fresh* for your table or for cooking. To be sure of the best, just ask your dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter today!



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Swift's Brookfield Cheese has the distinctive mellow flavor produced by careful curing and blending. Like Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Butter, it is sold by dealers in your town or city.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS
BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 28)

in store. His mind went back to Oley Olson, then to Tommy, and he contrasted his present situation with what had been his lot under Olson's management.

The contrast, of course, was striking. Boxing at the Manazita Club, he was certain to collect ten to fifteen thousand dollars net to himself. In the old days this was to be considered as a tremendously important fight against a man certain to give him plenty of trouble and perhaps beat him. In the new order of things, he was being paid three times as much for one-tenth the work.

There was still another angle that pleased him: Linda always spoke, and sincerely, of his great strength and fine physique. She felt that he had actually won the Fetter bout in the manner the papers declared, and established a record for the quickest knock-out in the club's history. He sensed that this was a source of hazy pride to the girl, and feeling so, he was anxious that her fine opinion of him continue and expand. The more Fetters and Waltons he was able to box, the more apt was Linda to find in him increasing greatness.

During the afternoon workout he saw Tommy.

"What about this Billy Walton fight? Is that really comin' off?" he asked.

"Do the papers ever lie?" Tommy grinned. "Certainly it's comin' off. Why? Seared of Billy, are you?"

"Seared to death. He's a great fighter."

"He's been a fighter since Napoleon enlisted," Tommy grunted. "The best thing you can do, punk, is leave the matches to me. I won't even get you scratched up for the next six months."

"Don't get 'em too easy," Eddie suggested, honestly enough. "When a good man comes along I want to be right. That's the trouble with bowling over palookas, Tommy. A good man catches you off key."

"I'll have you in plenty shape for the good ones when they come along."

"Do I fight Walton just as I did Fetter?" Eddie queried casually.

"No. We want to see you work a bit this time, punk. Box him for three rounds, see? Step around him and show him up. Give the three-dollar boys a flash at some real speed in a heavyweight. You got plenty speed, you know. All your trouble comes from not knowin' what to do with it. If that skull of yourn wasn't a mausoleum, you'd be champ without me."

"I guess not," Eddie grinned. "Nobody ever was champ without you, were they?"

"That's all right, kid, but I guess you know which side your bread is frosted on."

"I'll go in and fight the way you want me to."

"Certainly! Why not? I'm the guy that knows, ain't I? With Fetter we made a tiger out of you, savvy? You charged out and belted him flat like a linoleum expert coverin' his own kitchen floor. That's fine. It showed you had the punch, see? But lots of wise guys will begin sayin' that you'd never get away with that if you tried it on a sharpshooter. A guy with a good straight right, they'll say, would shave your head in one wallop. We want to offset that. You got to show speed and style against Walton."

"That's good reasoning," Eddie admitted honestly.

"Everythin' I do is that."

"I guess that's right."

"It is."

"Then I box Walton for three rounds to start with and ——"

"Knock him stiffer'n a pawnbroker's interest in the fourth," Tommy finished. "No heavyweight'll ever be a drawin' card without he's got a wallop. Fast heavyweights that can box an' can't hit have been flops ever since Mendoza used to plow up the ground with the backs of fighters' heads. Fans like heavyweights because they knock each other dizzy, see? We build up your punch first. Now, to offset what I just been tellin' you, we'll build up your speed. That's the two things a champ has got to have—speed an' punch."

"And heart," Eddie snapped.

"That's what we leave as the unknown quantity for the boys to write about. We can't make you perfect, you know. Who'd pay dough to see a man fight a machine? There's got to be some chance for the other guy, ain't there?"

"You think of everything, Tommy."

"I don't do bad."

"I'll do just as you say in this Walton bout."

"Sure. You can't miss. After Walton, I'll dig up a couple more guys no older than the boy that bumped off General Custer, an' by that time you'll be ballyhooed right into a shot for the title."

"By the way, who's got the title? The idea is to find a champ, ain't it?"

(Continued on Page 106)

Betty Called Out and the Woman Stepped Unbelievingly Across the Porch. Eddie Stopped the Car and Betty Opened the Door, Leaped Out and Rushed Into Her Mother's Arms

From below freezing to almost boiling in 5 minutes!...
That's why only a *"double-range"* winter oil can protect your engine!

FREEZING WEATHER MEANS LUBRICATION DANGER!

Don't risk your engine this winter... change to "double-range" Mobiloil Arctic now!

Wherever winter brings cold, each Fall sees more thousands of motorists who say to their Mobiloil dealer—"Drain the crankcase—refill with Mobiloil Arctic. And while you are at it—flush out the gears, and put in Mobiloil 'CW.'"

Mobiloil Arctic sales have gone steadily up each year. This *double-range* winter oil out-sells every other winter oil—not only in America, but throughout the world.

In cold-weather countries where oils meet their severest test—in Iceland, Finland, Norway and Sweden—you will find Mobiloil Arctic overwhelmingly the most popular winter oil.

Why has such outstanding success come to Mobiloil? Because both Mobiloil Arctic and Mobiloil "CW" render a service that is unique in the whole field of lubrication!

Mobiloil Arctic gives your engine easy starting on coldest days. But unlike many of the so-called "winter oils" that may give easy starting, Mobiloil Arctic gives full lubrication at hot running temperatures.

In your gears Mobiloil "CW" gives smooth meshing on coldest days. It does not harden or separate out like ordinary greases. It clings to each gear tooth and cushions it from wear, yet shifts easily.

These unique Mobiloil winter lubricants are *made*, not found. Only the most exhaustive engine study, and the most modern oil-making equipment could have produced them.

If temperatures where you live go below 32° F. in winter, go to your Mobiloil dealer today. Let him give your engine and gears the complete protection which only these unique winter lubricants afford.

VACUUM OIL CO.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8.30, E. S. T., from WEAF, and 29 associated stations.

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

Mobiloil

ARCTIC *for your engine*

"CW" *for your gears*

EYES *and* POCKETBOOK- *both give thanks*

IT'S a glad feeling to realize, when the blue of this lovely Gold Seal Congoleum Rug smiles up at you, that it is "true-blue."

Yes, "true-blue." Beneath that surface is a floor-covering material built to stand the wear a rug must get in any room where there's a husky family around.

Frailty you will *not* find in Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs. But you *will* find beauty in rich array. Designs inspired by masterpieces of nature and art. Colors rich and vivid, yet artfully blended into an appealing pattern. But frailty—no. Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs, in spite of their low price, can be depended upon for long, long service.

Whatever part of the floor in any room needs covering, there is a Gold Seal Congoleum Rug just right for it. Room sizes up to 9 x 15 feet. smaller ones for special spots—and Congoleum By-the-Yard where rugs are not so suitable.

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Above: "ARCADIA"—One of the prettiest and most interesting designs you have ever seen—possessing the same quaint charm as the lovely Dresden china which inspired it. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 618*

"SPRING"—Graceful floral motifs, strewn over panels simulating the play of light and shadow. A restrained bit of modernism that is very delightful. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 613*

"MECCA"—A very distinctive design in which different Mohammedan Prayer Rugs are ingeniously combined to make a most artistic and pleasing effect. *Gold Seal Congoleum Rug No. 615*

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TO protect you against substitutes every Gold Seal Congoleum Rug carries the well-known Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back."

This Gold Seal is pasted right on the pattern. It is a guarantee that you are getting the original, easy-to-clean floor-covering . . . the *one and only* genuine Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs.

Ask for Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs by name. And make sure that you get them!

(Continued from Page 33)

It wasn't the banal happy ending that he specifically objected to; he didn't want any ending at all. That is, he admired stories that just suddenly stopped when it began to look as though the author might be getting somewhere. That was the way life was—abrupt, incomprehensible, unsatisfactory. Life did not fall into definite patterns that terminated always in situations that you could understand. Frank was a pretty reliable authority on life.

Together with a number of other young people who seemed to operate along the same basis of reasoning, Frank told off more than one writer who refused to recognize his conclusions on life. Barrie needn't think he was the only one. It happens, now, that the public demand for such stories, rightly or wrongly, has never been much of a problem for publishers; it followed then that not many of the writers responsible for them were able to make much money at it. Juggling these facts around in their own individual fashion, Frank and his friends soon worked it out quite clearly that a writer who had some difficulty in finding a public was a genuine artist, while the one who was successful obviously wasn't. And they didn't exclude Dickens either.

The Acrobatic Type

I believe that next to a good frying pan full of cold grease, Frank liked a few typographical eccentricities as well as anything else in his stories. Asterisks went big with him for a while, and then came novels with italicized paragraphs popping up every so often; these being without any apparent connection with the main discourse, but inserted generally as symbolism and designed as a kind of orchestration, to establish sympathetic moods as needed. The appearance of a writer who completely discarded quotation marks sent him home reeling with excitement; and when it came to poetry, all bets, you might say, were off.

Rimes, naturally, were out at the very beginning; rhythm, too, was for the foot-patting poets, like Kipling. What Frank looked for was a poet with boldness and originality. What he went for was one whose master hand turned out lines something like this:

reAl
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It was published in Frank's favorite magazines, which were the kind that you have to walk yourself half to death to find a bookshop which sold them. They generally lasted from two to six months, though in the latter case the October and November issues were combined. Financial troubles, I believe. Each had an astounding editorial board of about seventy-five people, averaging up about six and a third to the page, and the art consisted of three full-page reproductions of line drawings so simple in purpose and amateurish in execution that even Frank, quite secretly, was a little puzzled. One article in each boldly proved that H. L. Mencken was a reactionary and standpatter.

The first issue was usually printed on tolerable paper, and contained at least two defies and one manifesto concerning editorial policy—to wit, the board of editors catered to no tastes but their own and refused to take anything too seriously, so look out for high jinks as well as intellectual thunderbolts. The paper in the second number was a little inferior, and that of the succeeding pitifully thin copies looked as though the board members had contributed the paper in which they had brought the fish home.

One of these magazines—Frank's favorite, because it had courageously thrown off the shackles of capital letters completely—usually contained an essay on a Russian movie, or better still, on the perennially considered Cabinet of Doctor Caligari. This was as far as the editorial board cared to go in that direction, and Frank regarded even this with grave reservations. He very seriously questioned the propriety of its inclusion in a serious artistic publication.

He felt that it offered encouragement to a distinctly maleficent industry, and although at that time everybody connected with the movies was bursting with wealth and every palace jammed from floor to roof, Frank still thought something might be done about it. Mentioning them, he believed at first, was letting the bars down, but after reading an exceptionally turgid discourse on the latest film from Russia, in which he learned that a man went to sleep on a stove and was burned up, he was broad enough to admit that there might be something there after all. But he never saw the picture. He never saw any pictures but Chaplin's.

It was with great relief that he found that when he enjoyed Chaplin he was enjoying himself intelligently. He might very easily have been making a fool of himself. But Charlot, as occasionally he called him, he learned, was an authentic artist, as I believe the phrase had it, and a man could see him and laugh freely and be happy at the same time in the realization that he was not losing caste. In time, in fact, his reverence for Chaplin grew so strong that he began to wonder why Chaplin did not get out of such a low medium and into some art more reputable. He was never quite clear what Chaplin could do in any other field, but he still felt that such an artist did not belong in the movies.

Taking the Theater Raw

Frank's tastes in the legitimate theater were more clearly defined. Commercial productions, with their fine costumes, their ample stages and their skillful lighting, were out to begin with; they simply wouldn't do. Even when on occasion the play was one by a writer he respected, he was still adamant. It just couldn't be; either he had erred in his estimate of the fellow or else the manuscript had been emasculated to suit the tastes of a bourgeois public.

What Frank wanted here was a production in an entirely inadequate theater, one with a stage so small that four actors on at once constituted a serious traffic congestion. The acoustics should be pretty terrible, too, and the presence behind the footlights of anybody weighing more than a hundred and twenty-five pounds should make the boards squeak. Practically anything produced in a theater whose hard benches wore the end of one's spine down to a numb frazzle had that certain something which distinguished it from ordinary commercial drama.

If the theater had to be adequate, Frank had a few more stipulations. One of these was that the sets had to be peculiar, preferably with many modernistic angles and bare, ominous steps rising and descending all over the stage. If an orchestra consisting of traps, saxophone and piano played tinny jazz offstage during the more ghoulish incidents, all the better, for this likewise established a mood and orchestrated the action; it laughed gleefully at the trifling tragedies of pygmies. It was art.

As in most of Frank's tastes, the story enacted also had to be slightly incomprehensible, or at least illogical. Whatever it seemed to mean on the surface, it had to mean actually something entirely different. He had an almost pathological weakness for indirection, circuitousness and misguidance in his art. He doubted the value of almost anything he could readily understand. What he liked in his art was a fine big mess of murkiness.

He had, though, his lighter moments in the theater. He was always an early visitor to the more intimate little revues produced by the irrepressible younger members of the various drama guilds he held in esteem. These, now, were examples that the commercial producers of musical shows, with their rich velvet curtains and beautiful girls and expensive casts, might very well study to their advantage. They showed what a little intelligence, cast off even as casually as here, could do in the way of lighter entertainment. If anyone doubted the culture of these operas, then let him just notice the way Einstein's name cropped up in them every now and then, and very offhandedly too. In fact, there was a song about him in one of them, kidding the people who didn't understand his theory of relativity. Sung by six laughing, kicking chorus girls, it was quite a number.

Brains Versus Feet

These chorus girls, though, caused Frank a bit of secret and momentary concern. It did seem to him that the cause of art might have been just as well served by young ladies who were not so uncomely and dingy in appearance; he felt, too, in his heart of hearts, that a little more powder on their legs and arms could hardly detract from the sophistication of the exhibition. But, I must add, he was presently ashamed of himself for this disloyalty, and reflected that, for all their unattractiveness, they were probably pretty intelligent; not dumb-bells like ordinary commercial chorus girls, who very likely had little to commend them aside from their beauty. These were girls, he concluded, who could discuss Eugene O'Neill with a fellow.

Anyway, the emphasis in these shows was on sophisticated wit and intelligent humor. The general understanding was that they reeked with subtlety, and an audience had to be pretty keen and alert in order not to miss anything. The slightest nod might mean the loss of a dart or shaft that Whistler himself might have envied.

This situation always put a rather severe strain on Frank; he worried terribly lest some exceptionally sly one pass him, and to guard against such a calamity he generally laughed immoderately throughout the performance, at practically everything said and done on the stage. An actor had no more than to scratch his head to send Frank into appreciative guffaws. Thus, if the gesture did mean something, he had got it. He hadn't missed anything.

This state of affairs served occasionally to puzzle even the performers. Because in their usual audiences there were many, many Franks, of this sex or that, they found themselves drawing roars at the most unexpected and uncalculated moments. They nearly always concluded, however, that, even without trying, they were achieving subtlety, though what it was they could not say exactly, and from then on always paused at the moment, for the applause and laughter that neither the audience nor the performers quite understood.

Now, contrary to the usual apprehension, Frank and his co-thinkers held no especial brief for the foreign artist—that is, to the disparagement of the American. Naturally, one out of France started about one up on a local boy, and a Russian two up, but that simply went without saying. There was nothing personal in this. France and Russia just spewed geniuses, that's all.

The local boy, provided he could prove that nobody in particular cared for his work, and as result he was practically starving, received every consideration possible. As long as he had to mooch for his living, Frank and his friends treated him very handsomely. It was only when he began having his clothes made by a tailor that they took what is known as a run-out powder. Did Gorki have his smocks and pantaloons made by a tailor? Well, there you were.

Vive La France

It was only in the matter of the artist's audience that they felt compelled to draw strict nationalistic lines. The artist who sought an appreciative audience in America, they felt, was simply foolish. There was a little contradictory reasoning in this situation, in that when, somehow, one of their artists did find his audience here, Frank and his friends at the same moment discovered that he wasn't, after all, an artist, but a panderer to low tastes. That sounds, and is, a little bewildering, but I am happy to say that the boys never permitted a trifle like bewilderment to embarrass them.

They did have, though, a weakness for France. It might have been Russia, but Russia was a little cold and icy. But France! Sunny, intelligent, liberal, lubricated with the bottled laughter of peasant girls, France was the place. Hospitable to the artist, understanding of his aims, the very farmer in his fields would cut his throat gladly before he'd permit the least liberty taken with the least poet's least composition. There was a nation—France—that appreciated the artist.

How long Frank remained in this pleasantly tumultuous state of mind I don't know. Suddenly he was in it, and then, when I came across those two books the other evening, I realized that he was out of it, had been out of it a long time. Years had passed since last he grew pop-eyed over a neglected genius.

There is no moral to it. Today I feel no more sense of embarrassment over him than over the fact that I played hooky and lied about it when I was in grammar school. In one degree or another, either in this fashion of Frank's or some other, the thing seems to happen to young men of his age. Often they don't pass out of it; they remain a little adolescent all their lives and are as happy, no doubt, as any who, beginning to doubt the certainty of their judgments, gradually pass on into a kind of nebulous feeling about things.

Frank began to come out of it, I believe, as result of a very serious shock

(Continued on Page 138)

Wait a minute, mother!

Are you giving her all the extra "sunshine" that spoon will hold?

It's not cod-liver oil you are giving her, you know—not really. It's straight, strong bones, and sound even teeth, and rosy cheeks, and added protection from the winter ills you dread so much.

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SEE MEXICO NEXT!

(Continued from Page 11)

lettuce. He likes it there because it's close to the border."

"Well, eat these beans, dearie; then you can start out and catch up with him."

"Not much she can't!" roared O'Malley. "She stays right here till I get me money!"

But he had changed his mind by the end of a week.

"I'll take thim new tires off her car, and she can bate it down to Brawley as soon as she likes with all her pains and testhimonies," O'Malley said desperately to his wife. "It's Kaig's just deserts."

"She don't know how to drive."

"Pete can learn her."

He approached his stepson, who was milking a large black-and-white goat. "I'll finish Gambler while ye take this Kaig woman out and learn her to run her car. It's the only way we'll ever get rid of her."

"What if she can't learn? Mom never could."

"I could if they was any chance of me getting a car again," said Mrs. O'Malley with spirit.

She went to the tent and found Mrs. Kaig carefully transferring the pattern of the embroidered nightgown to a piece of unbleached muslin on the floor.

"Come on out, Mrs. Kaig. Pete's going to learn you to drive."

"I don't want to. It will hurt my neuritis."

"No more than that embroidery will." Mrs. O'Malley followed Mrs. Kaig's tracing fingers with her eyes. "Are you going to copy that 'I Love You' too?"

"I'm making it just like yours."

"Hmph! If I was you I'd mark it A. W. O. L. for that no-account man of yours."

"I'll thank you, Mrs. O'Malley, not to be calling my husband out of his name."

"Well, you better come out and take that driving lesson if you ever expect to catch up with him."

Mrs. Kaig sat beside Pete with her mouth hanging open and her pale, prominent eyes wandering listlessly here and there while he patiently demonstrated and explained time after time. His mother leaned over his shoulder from the back seat.

Day after day the lessons went on without result as far as Mrs. Kaig was concerned. Pete gave directions, his mother repeated them to her, but she could not, or would not, learn that you pressed down with your left foot, like this, at the same time you pulled back on this here knob.

"She'll never learn," said Pete wearily. "She's too darn dumb."

"Thin she'll have to walk," said O'Malley grimly.

"She says she can't," put in Mrs. O'Malley. "She has very close veins in her legs."

"Very close to what?"

"The skin, of course."

"She can stay till Friday, but that's the limit."

Mrs. O'Malley opened her mouth, then closed it suddenly.

"What was ye going to say?" asked O'Malley.

"Oh, nothing."

But an idea had germinated in Mrs. O'Malley's mind and, being uncrowded there, it grew rankly overnight. She sought out Mrs. Kaig the next morning after the children had gone to school and O'Malley was busy with a customer.

"Say, listen; how bad do you want to get down to Brawley?"

"Terrible bad. If Kaig moves on before I get there I'll never know where to look for him."

"Well, you say you can't walk, and I know you can't drive, and you ain't got a cent. I've got a proposition to put up to you. You owe us about as much as your car's worth. First, there's tires and gas, and now there's two weeks' board ——"

"I thought I was visiting."

Mrs. O'Malley shook her head. "It comes to about forty dollars, speaking rough, though not half as rough as O'Malley speaks about it. Now, here's the proposition: I'll drive you down there if you'll promise to give me the car and call it square."

"I should say not!"

"O'Malley says he's going to put you out Friday, and then where'll you be? You'll have to leave the car behind you, so you'll lose it anyhow."

"You don't know how to drive yourself."

"I do so. I picked it up while Pete's been trying to teach you. Come on out and I'll show you."

Mrs. Kaig wept, but Mrs. O'Malley was firm—walk, or hand over the car at Brawley. Finally Mrs. Kaig agreed.

"Now, they's just one thing more, Mrs. Kaig. This is a secret between we girls. It's all off if Mr. O'Malley finds out. I'm going to surprise him with my car when I get back. I'll tell him I'm going to c'lect from Kaig C. O. D. when I deliver you."

A few minutes later, O'Malley, seeing a car swing around the filling station with dash and aplomb, laid down his newspaper and prepared to wait on customers. Then he looked over the tops of his glasses to verify an incredible sight.

"Millie!" he said sternly. "Get out of that this minute, before ye smash something! Ye don't know how to drive."

"I do so. Watch me."

She backed into a tent, which crumpled into a heap.

"I pushed this handle the wrong way," she called airily. The car leaped forward, missing Gambler by an inch as the agile animal, with a startled bleat, leaped over the fence into the grain field next door. Then she drove out to the highway and spiraled back and forth, to the vituperative honking of a rapidly approaching bus. Then, describing a wide arc, she swung back to the filling station and killed her engine.

"Ain't that pretty good for the first time, O'Malley?"

He assented grudgingly.

"But I want to get in a lot of practice today before Pete gets home. I want to train it to back better."

"Not while I'm in it," said Mrs. Kaig, climbing out. "I've got to take some Hystericide and lay down."

"I'm going to drive her down to Brawley tomorrow," announced Mrs. O'Malley.

Joy and concern warred on O'Malley's weathered face. "I'd just love to see the black looks of Kaig when he sees her! But how will ye get home again?"

"She's promised to make him settle up what he owes us as soon as we get there," said Mrs. O'Malley evasively.

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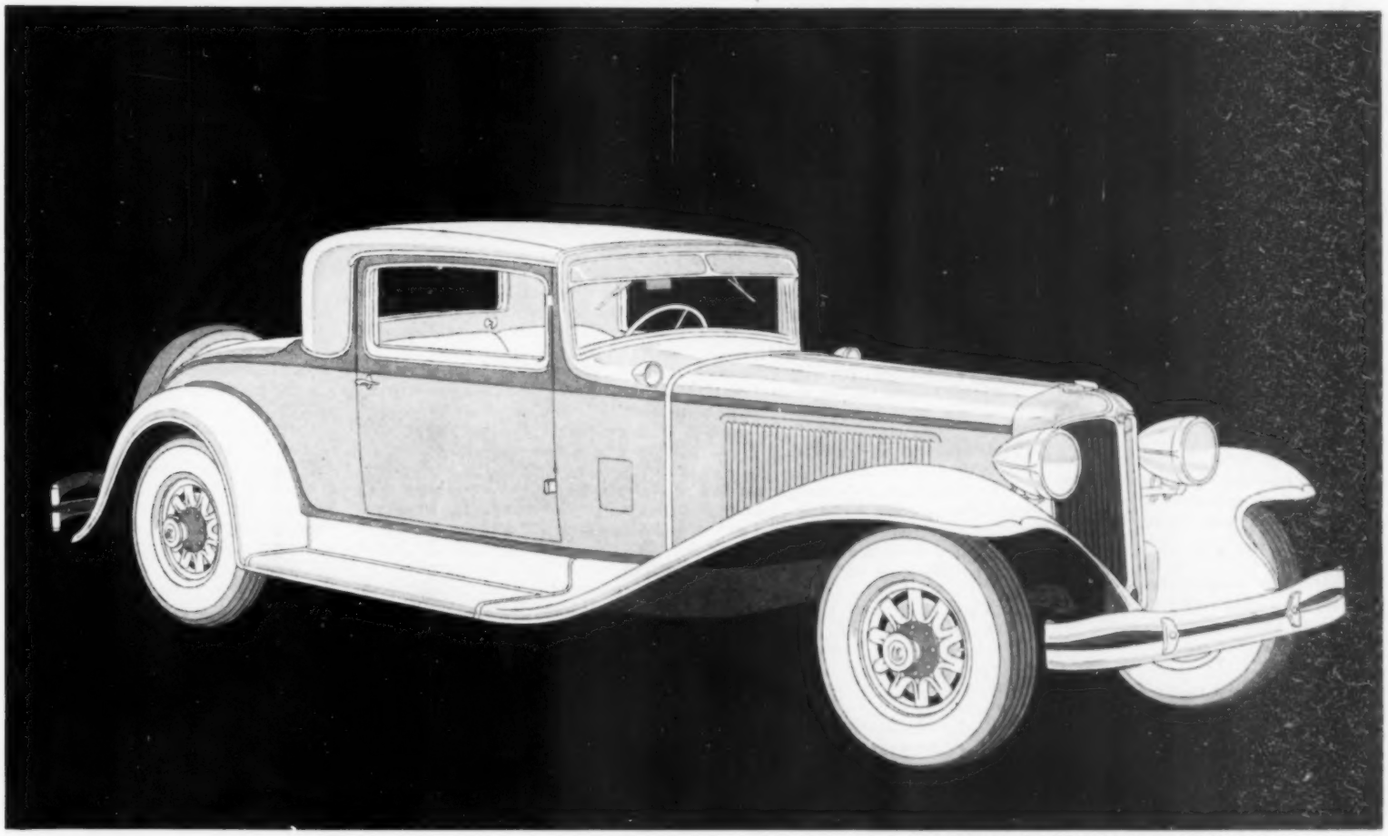
CHRYSLER
STRAIGHT EIGHTS



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"The race fer mayor's office ended last night. Judgin' by the size o' his campaign fund, the number o' babies he kissed an' the high price o' the cigars he gave away, Mort Pine ought to of won easy.

•

"The fact that he didn't, jest shows how times have changed. Women don't want their little darlings kissed on account o' germs. An' men hain't fooled by price.

•

"Joe Kite, who wuz elected, did no kissing. He gave away rocky fords, which ever'buddy knows cost five cents but are wuth more.

•

"The voters figgered that since he had enough sense to spend his own money sensibly, he could be entrusted with the taxes."

•

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th St., New York.

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(Continued from Page 36)

O'Malley nodded, well pleased. "And thin ye can come back on the bus."

II

IT WAS like old times the next morning, with Bunny and Buster stumbling against each other in the predawn murk as they helped to load the car, and Pete tinkering with the engine by the light of an extension lamp.

"It seems queer to be starting off without you and Gambler, Pete."

"I—I better stay and help dad. There's the goats and everything to take care of."

It began to grow lighter. The smell of coffee was so strong that it seemed to tincture the white fog like the pipe stains on O'Malley's white mustache.

"Golly, it's fun to be starting some place again!" said Mrs. O'Malley, filling a five-gallon can with extra gas.

O'Malley called her aside as she was ready to go. "If he won't pay up, take thim tires off the car and bring thim back with ye."

"I'll c'lect. Don't worry."

They started off with the two women in front and Bunny and Buster bouncing up and down happily on the mattress behind. Mrs. O'Malley stopped at a five-and-ten-cent store and bought two bérets—a blue one for Mrs. Kaig and a pink one for herself.

"I'll bet us girls is going to have a lot of fun on this trip," she remarked hopefully, waving her hand at a truck driver who was motioning her to her own side of the road.

They left Los Angeles and turned inland. After several hours they came to a large tent begirt with colored pennants and a general air of festivity.

"A circus—a circus!" yipped Buster.

"Funny place for it, way out here."

"Oh, mom, le's go!"

"I don't feel like we ought to spend the money," objected Mrs. O'Malley half-heartedly.

"Please, mom!"

The flags snapped maddeningly in the breeze. The car seemed to turn off the road of its own volition.

"It won't cost us anything to peek in," said Mrs. O'Malley, parking.

A man in a black-and-white-check suit and a green velours hat was approaching them smilingly. The two ladies hastily pushed their wind-blown locks up under their bérets.

"You're a little bit early, folks. How'd you like to climb in my car and look things over till lunchtime?"

As he opened the door with a hospitable gesture, Mrs. Kaig climbed into the front seat and the children scrambled into the back.

"How much will it cost?" asked Mrs. O'Malley, hanging back.

"Not a cent, and it puts you under no obligation, either."

She climbed over Mrs. Kaig and took the seat next to the pleasant stranger, who drove them around the rolling green fields, stopping now and then to point out a view, and talking briskly about climate, and how fast Los Angeles was growing, and how everybody ought to have a place with room for fruit and chickens. They agreed with vague politeness. He looked at his watch and, taking them back to a smaller tent, urged them to go in and eat as his guests.

"We got our lunch with us," said Mrs. O'Malley, "so if it's just the same to you, we'd ruther have you let us in here free instead." She stopped by the big tent.

"Certainly, ladies. Go in while there are plenty of good seats left."

"Don't we need a ticket or something?"

He handed them his card, and they shook hands and thanked him effusively.

"Wait for me when it's over," he said earnestly, "and don't go off with anybody else."

"Ain't it a lucky thing I bought these bérets this morning?" murmured Mrs. O'Malley as they picked out a bench in the front row of the empty tent. "Didn't I tell you we'd have some fun on this trip? Just think of him picking me out like that the first thing, and inviting me out to lunch, and everything."

Mrs. Kaig, who was dreamily drawing a cupid's bow on her loose lips, looked at her disaffectedly.

"You? He was nice to you on the count he thought you was my friend. I could have told him different! I was the one he helped out of the car first!"

"Sure you was!"

"This is an awful funny circus," observed Bunny. "It's only got one ring and there ain't any trapezes."

"Hush up. How much do you expect for nothing?"

"When we meet Kaig, don't let on about this fella, will you? He's awful jealous. But you can't say I encouraged him."

"Encouraged him! Why, if he saw you at all, he just thought you was my mother."

Buster pulled his mother's arm. "This tent don't smell like a circus, and it's awful still."

But the two ladies were busy with other concerns than pink lemonade and blood-sweating hippos.

"His name's Lamb," said Mrs. Kaig, putting his card into her purse.

"He gave that to me."

"Listen," whispered Buster. "I hear an elephant."

The benches filled very slowly. About thirty people, mostly elderly, were scattered here and there.

"Here comes Mr. Lamb. Move down and make room for him, Bunny."

But Mr. Lamb said he hadn't time to sit down. He just wanted to get their names and addresses. They answered simultaneously.

"One at a time, girls. Miss or Mrs.?"

"Mrs.," said Mrs. O'Malley, "but I've got modren views."

"Address?"

"Square Deal Filling Station, Saugus. Just act like you came for gas if you come out to see me, because Mr. O'Malley, he ain't modren at all."

"My name," interposed Mrs. Kaig, "is Mrs. Cora Kaig, and you better just give me your phone number, because I don't know my address yet."

Bunny pulled Mr. Lamb's sleeve, detaching one of the leather buttons.

"Mister, when will it begin?"

"Right away," he answered, searching diligently on his knees in the trampled grass for the lost button.

"Not many here," said Mrs. O'Malley.

"We'll start on time, anyway."

"How many elephants they got?" asked Buster.

The expression of bewilderment on Mr. Lamb's face increased. "What do you mean—elephants?"

"Why, haven't you got some elephants in your circus?"

"Don't try to be funny, little boy."

Bunny's suspicious gaze fixed itself upon a man who was starting in to make a speech. Two men were setting up a map behind him.

"Ain't this a circus?" she demanded.

"Circus? Hell, no. It's the opening of the Vale of Araby Tract, with the best chicken land in California. Plenty of water, no frost, excellent schools ——"

The ladies rose haughtily.

"All you wanted was to sell us a lot," said Mrs. O'Malley bitterly. "Ain't you ashamed, a great big man like you, to make two little childern think they was going to see a circus!"

He followed them out, protesting in a hoarse whisper, because the lecturer had already begun to illustrate on a blackboard the arithmetical progression of a dozen eggs, hatched and rehatched ad infinitum.

"If my husband just knew how you tried to flirt with me, you'd ——"

But the unhappy Mr. Lamb hustled them out and dropped the tent door behind them without ever hearing what Mr. Kaig would have done to him.

III

THEY were approaching Brawley the next day in the early February dusk. All around for miles lay level lettuce fields in long, straight rows with trickles of water between, like a carpet sprigged with green and crossed with lines of gray on a dark ground. Here and there a wide-hatted Mexican or a top-heavy Japanese woman bent over a short-handled hoe, chopping, chopping, like a mechanical toy.

As they drove down the main street a sense of misgiving weighed heavily in Mrs. O'Malley's stomach. She did not wish to meet Mr. Kaig. It seemed to her hardly likely that getting his wife back would compensate him for giving up his car, which she was determined to hold on to at any cost. She decided to leave Mrs. Kaig to defend the bargain as best she might.

"Well, here we are," she said lightly, stopping beside the plaza. "So long, Mrs. Kaig. I hope you find Kaig all right. We'll set your mattress and things right here on the grass."

"You'll do no such thing. I won't stir out of this car till we find him."

"Where's he at?" asked Mrs. O'Malley resignedly.

"If you hurry we can catch him at the packing house when he quits work. Go down this street and turn right."

Having found the packing house, they laid the mattress and various assorted goods on the crumpled lettuce leaves that strewed the platform along the side, but Mrs. Kaig refused to budge. So they waited quietly, at her direction, behind a refrigerator car, sticking their heads cautiously around the corner now and then to see if Kaig was coming. Presently a whistle blew and men in overalls began to straggle out by twos and threes. He was not among them.

"I'll bet he's seen us and sneaked out some other door," said Mrs. Kaig.

"Here he comes," whispered Bunny excitedly.

Mrs. Kaig got out of the car and hid behind a crate of lettuce. "Boo!" she cried as he came around the corner.

He stopped in his tracks. "Where the hell did you come from?"

"I brought her down," said Mrs. O'Malley.

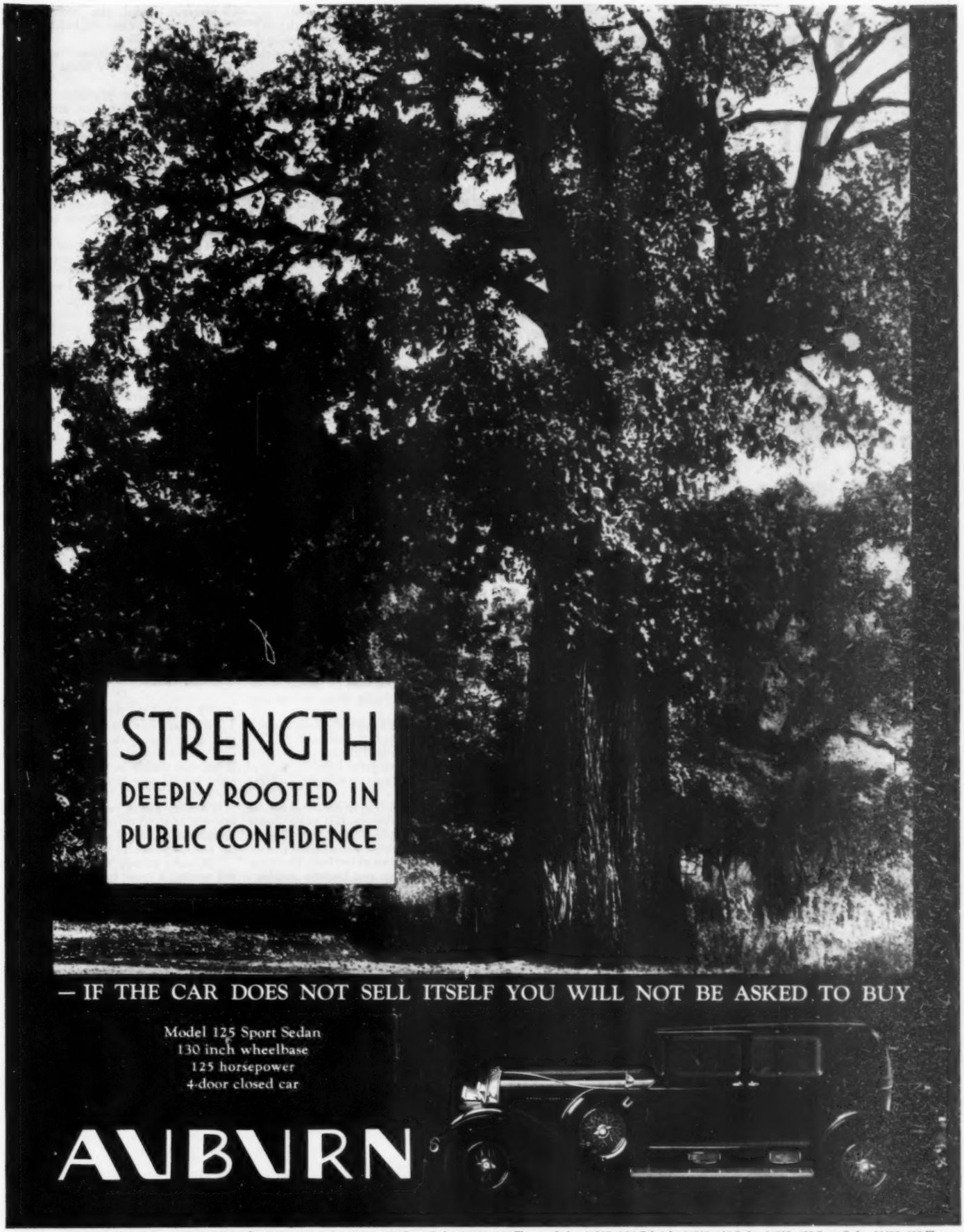
"You brought bad news."

"Ain't you glad to see me, Herb?"

"Do I act like it?"

Then his eye fell on the car, and his gloom lightened perceptibly.

"Much obliged to you, anyhow, lady, for bringing me my car," he said almost affably. "I was just wishing I could go over the border and get some beer." He looked at his wife. "You might as well come along, as long's you're here. Get out, folks. We're in a hurry." (Continued on Page 40)



6-85 Sedan $1095; 6-85 Sport Sedan $995; 6-85 Cabriolet $1095; 8-95 Sedan $1295; 8-95 Sport Sedan $1195; 8-95 Phaeton Sedan $1395; 8-95 Cabriolet $1295; 125 Sedan $1995; 125 Sport Sedan $1495; 125 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 125 Cabriolet $1595. Prices f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA. *Equipment other than standard, extra.*

Airmail postage has been reduced to 5 cents for the first ounce and 10 cents for each additional ounce. Use Airmail daily for quicker communication. The development of aviation is vital to American progress

You keep your money

until you've made this test

First try this revolutionary shaving cream at our expense. If it does not win you by its merits, it's our loss—not yours.

GENTLEMEN: The remarkable things men say about this shaving cream would sound almost unbelievable in print. So we say, "Take a free supply and try it. Then make up your mind. We know no fairer way to state our case."

Thus in a few short years Palmolive Shaving Cream has become the largest selling on the market.

We asked 1000 men

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed.

So we developed a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features distinctive to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now a test, please

Now we ask the courtesy of a test. For we have tried to please you. And we offer to convince you at our own expense. All you risk is a stamp—and a few days' shaves will do the rest. Will you mail the coupon now?

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-814, P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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.....

(Please print your name and address)

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company. 6226

(Continued from Page 38)

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" demanded Mrs. O'Malley, gripping the wheel firmly and kicking the starter. "This ain't your car any more."

"Is that so! Whose is it?"

"Mine."

"Like hell it is!"

"It is so. She promised to give it to me for driving her down here and for all the money you tried to beat us out of and two weeks' board."

"Oh, I never did, Herb! Don't believe a word she says."

In her anxiety, Mrs. O'Malley had flooded her carburetor, and the car would not start.

"Story-teller!" shrieked Bunny.

"C'mon, now, get out!" said Kaig menacingly.

"Try and put me out!"

"Go get a cop, Herb. I'll stay and watch them."

Herb disappeared on the run. Once more Mrs. O'Malley stepped on the starter, and the car lurched forward.

"Are we going to start home tonight, mom?" asked Bunny.

"You bet we are. But we better dodge around the back streets till we get out of town, in case he finds that cop."

They zigzagged along in the dusk past the ice plant and packing houses and Mexican shanties till they found themselves back on the highway once more. Just as Mrs. O'Malley relaxed with a sigh of relief, Buster poked her excitedly.

"Mom, they's a car following us."

"How d'you know?"

"It goes wherever we go. Look back."

Mrs. O'Malley went around the block. A car with a single bleary headlight followed.

"I sure do wish there was some other way to go home," she said anxiously.

"They're catching up with us, mom!"

They could hear the stentorian voice of Mr. Kaig ordering them to stop and surrender.

"See if there's anybody with them."

"No, it's just him and her."

"Then he didn't get no cop and we don't have to stop for him."

"They're almost up with us!" whimpered Bunny.

"Buster, climb over here and set on this gas throttle so it'll stay down hard!" commanded Mrs. O'Malley.

The car bounced ahead with a roar as he settled down at her feet. The light of the pursuing car became smaller, dimmer, like the eye of Polyphemus glaring after the fleeing sailors.

"This car's sure a lulu!" shrieked Mrs. O'Malley over her shoulder. "I'd just like to see them Kaigs get it away from me now."

Bunny spelled out a sign as they rushed by. "Mamma, mamma, we're going the wrong way! It says two miles to Mexico."

"Oh, my land! Well, we got to keep going anyhow. They'll catch us sure if we turn back."

Straight ahead the horizon yellowed against the moonlight like cream on a bowl of milk.

"That must be Mexicali," said Mrs. O'Malley. "They say them jails are awful."

The lights grew brighter. Some of them were red and blue and green. Strains from radios and mechanical pianos and saxophones flayed the mild, windless night. The spirits of the pursued rose. A hundred yards ahead athwart the highway was an open gate with guards on each side, and a laughing, loud-voiced crowd hurrying through in a steady stream to American soil.

"I always did want to see Mexico, anyhow, and now —— Can't you set harder on that gas, Buster?"

"I'm setting as hard as I can."

The car coughed, stopped, rolled a few feet, coughed, rolled and stopped within a hundred feet of the gate.

"I bet we're out of gas!" moaned Mrs. O'Malley. Over her shoulder she could see the one-eyed car bearing down on them malevolently.

"Hurry up, sister. The border's closing," called a man from the crowd.

"I can't. I'm out of gas."

"Come on, boys. Give the little car a hand."

Twenty men got behind it and shoved it over the border, and the guards, grinning, closed the heavy iron gates behind it.

On the other side, a one-eyed car pressed spitefully against the iron palings, and the disheveled Kaigs threatened and pleaded with the impassive guards.

"She stole our car!"

Mrs. O'Malley smiled into the black eyes of the Mexican. "Don't you believe him, captain. I never did."

He pushed Kaig back from the gate. "Border's closed. Get your papers and come back tomorrow morning."

IV

OUT behind the Square Deal Fi ling Station, a week later, O'Malley and Pete were painting a car with every evidence of haste. Its original color, still visible in spots, was uncertain, but its new color was indisputably red.

O'Malley stood back and squinted one eye at it, swelling with that pride indigenous to the chest of a man with his first secondhand car.

"It looks grand, Millie. Kaig himself wouldn't know it now."

Mrs. O'Malley, diligently but regretfully scraping from the windshield a colorful souvenir of Tijuana, grinned at Pete over his head.

"As quick as it's dry, O'Malley, I'll learn you to drive, and then we'll shut things up for a week and go some place."

He touched the wet paint with the end of his thumb. "Pretty near dry already. I bet I learn quick, Millie. I used to could make a hand car go like hell."

THIS IS THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS DEALING WITH ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION IN THE HOME

From GENERAL ELECTRIC *to American Mothers . . .*

TO American mothers who are bringing up clear-eyed, stout-hearted, tumbling future presidents, aged from one month to fifteen years, winter with its close confinement, its short, dark days and its complete lack of health-giving sunlight, presents a real problem—a real challenge to motherhood. No matter what other matters may occupy her mind, the chief concern of every mother is in answering this challenge of winter—in fighting off by every means in her power the many menaces of winter—and especially sun-starvation.

Most mothers know that the sun which shines on a winter day—even the clearest and brightest—contains only two per cent of the vital health-maintaining ultra-violet rays found in summer sunlight. Those highly beneficial rays which tan the skin, build up resistance to disease, promote nutrition, stimulate growth; which are essential in building strong bones and sound teeth and which liberate in young bodies that elusive, life-giving vitamin called Vitamin D—The Sunshine Vitamin. *This is the anti-rachitic vitamin; and during the prenatal and the early, growing years of life, it is a most essential element for building strong bones and for sound muscular development.*

Lucky for the future presidents of the United States, its industrial giants and its millions of other future leaders that science has discovered another sun—a sun that shines as brightly and effectively in winter as summer—that is richly endowed with health-maintaining ultra-violet—that shines in cloudy weather and in dark and murky cities—that shines in the play room, in the bedroom where the children dress, beside father's easy chair, as he reads about 'Ali Baba and The Forty Thieves,' that beams down upon the baby's crib and mother's chaise longue.

A sun, sponsored by the greatest name in electricity—General Electric—A sun which shines for three cents an hour . . . *That is safe as the real sun* and as effective . . . That operates without fuss, odor or noise.

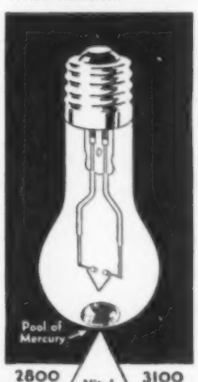
Many manufacturers, including General Electric, are offering standards and fixtures, using this new sun—the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp as their source of energy. Special standards or fixtures are necessary because the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp will not operate in the ordinary lamp socket. It is the last word in man made sunshine. At a touch of the finger, it offers, at a distance of three feet from the lamp, all the benefits and effectiveness of the BEST midsummer sunshine at mid-day.

Alert mothers will insist that the lamp they buy contains this G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp. They will be satisfied with nothing less than the best. They will not use it as a substitute for the service of a physician in the case of illness or disease, but they will employ it freely as an aid to glowing health, not only for the children but for all the family.

The G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is sold in accordance with the requirements of the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP DEPARTMENT
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Just as a radio tube can **ONLY** function properly in a set designed for its use, the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp **MUST** be used in special equipment to obtain ultra-violet radiation.



Sunlight, as the chart above indicates, is composed of electro-magnetic waves of varying lengths which science has classified as infra-red waves, visible light waves, and invisible ultra-violet. Recent scientific investigations, however, tend to show that one particular band in the ultra-violet range is of special importance in the maintenance of general health. This lies between 2800 and 3100 Angstrom units. It is within this desirable ultra-violet zone that the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp concentrates its ultra-violet effectiveness.

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP DEPARTMENT
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me, without obligation, full information about the General Electric Sunlight MAZDA Lamp.

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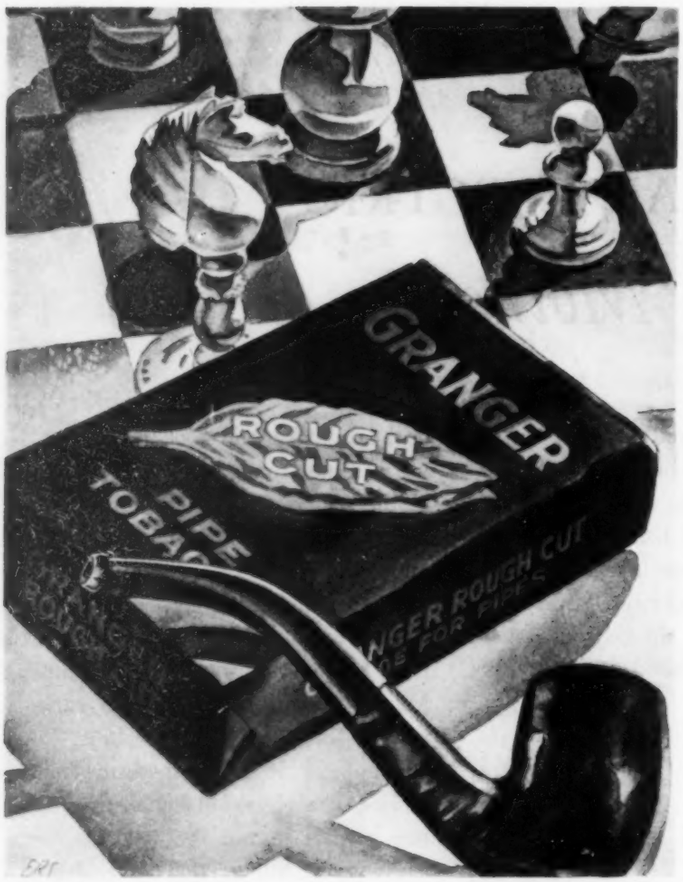
GENERAL ELECTRIC
SUNLIGHT MAZDA LAMP



It's your move, Mr. Smoker!

Does your pipe-stem clog? Does your pipe smoke hot? Does the taste fall short of that rich "pipey" fragrance that old pipe-smokers insist on? Then, Mr. Smoker, it's your move!

For these are facts: Granger is "Rough Cut"... big shaggy flakes that burn slower, smoke cooler, leave a pipe cleaner. *And* Granger is made by Wellman's Method—an old-time tobacco-maker's secret that would sweeten any man's smoke.

A cooler smoke, a drier, sweeter, cleaner pipe. Show us the smoker who can pass *that* by!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

... Pipe tobacco that *is* pipe tobacco

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

THE MARBLE LILY

(Continued from Page 7)

present. The truth was that, at fifty, I had begun to value tranquillity—wine to be drunk slowly, a cigar to linger over, ordered and musical voices. The house, at Newport, Frances lived in, was old; it belonged, built before 1800, to a second local manner. The first houses built there had steep-pitched roofs and small infrequent windows. The drawing-room that I occupied was small and filled with charm; its paneling had been painted a pleasant green; the hangings at the long windows—they went up, or down, in three sections—were bright coral; the furniture was French and ornamental. Outside, Mill Street ran steeply down to the harbor and the Saunderstown ferry; voices from the street sounded clearly—the cheerful argument of a girl with her young man who was a sailor; sailors in pairs, boatswains and petty officers went talkatively by; Negroes addressed one another politely.

Yes, I belonged to the past, I realized, and that part of me set up a dissent with what, optimistically, I referred to as my mind. I was, as much as anyone alive, rebellious against the tyranny of the past. Every new fact discovered by science gave me an increased feeling of freedom from old, dark superstitions and fears. I was in no manner attached to the Episcopalian ritual; what religion I had—originally Presbyterian—was in entire revolt against ceremonials and set calendars of faith. The Reformation was still active in me. The family, as an institution, I had come to believe, was one of the principal calamities of the age. At its best, and worst, it was a sentimental stronghold for a parental selfish indolence. My idea of morals was, among other things, my own. Newport, it was clear, after a brief glance at my mind, must have turned its back upon me, but something else in me, more than a mere burden of years, was deeply attached to Newport.

If This be Snobbishness

That, I believed, required investigation; it was possible I was a snob; and I promptly discovered that, to some degree, I was a snob. At least I had a taste for luxurious circumstances and society. That was, of course, ignominious. It turned out I was, after all, a superficial person. I was happier in Newport than I could ever be on any democratic beach of informal excursions. Well, I was! Nothing could be done about that. I liked better to sit in a graciously paneled drawing-room colored coral and green, with a highball in a tall crystal glass, than, for example, inhabit a hideously ugly room in depressing circumstances. I enjoyed the atmosphere—the perceptible air of superiority—that flowed about me. Since I had to have breakfast and lunch and dinner, I liked the breakfast Frances sent up to me; I enjoyed lunch on Bailey's Beach with broiled kidneys out of insulated containers, pale green, and very thin Lima beans, and ices. I was so trivial that it pleased me to dine very late with the greatest imaginable formality. Like a child, it made me happy to dress up. Fine linen and star rubies and silk gave me a corresponding feeling of extreme well-being. I didn't, at dinner, think of the thousands, the millions, of people who had little or nothing to eat. The inequality, the dreadful injustice, of life didn't bother me for a second. I wasn't even upset by the fact that I seldom sat by a Madame de Staël, or by a Lady Hamilton; I didn't mind the masculine conversation that, with coffee and brandy and cigars, followed upon dinner. The international yacht races, polo, the stock market, I thought were very simple and appropriate topics for men correspondingly simple. I didn't discuss any of those things. I listened very comfortably to them all and returned to a question of long interest—why was it impossible to write seriously about rich and fashionable people?

Newport—a Symbol

There were, I knew, people of the first importance who were indifferent, even satirical, about all I was considering. Men and women without a suspicion of snobbery. Well, I wondered about them. Did they like beauty—gardens and lawns that met the sea and paintings and Queen Anne chairs and incredibly lovely dresses? Did they, in their hearts, prefer a woman in an apron, her face beaded with the sweat of an honest domestic toil, to a woman who had spent most of her existence in preparation for a series of gala nights? There was certainly no good in my pretending that I did not prefer pearls to beads of sweat. There was, I am prepared to admit, something deeply wrong with my attitude. At least it was wrong if most that others insisted upon was right. I couldn't, the trouble was, be quite sure of them. In the terms of actual life Newport was the pleasantest place in existence—it had dignity, beauty and great luxury—and it was difficult for me to believe that great numbers of people—earnest people in the main—who had never seen Newport, regarded it, apparently, with either indifference or disdain.

I didn't, the truth was, completely believe them. I doubted the perfection of their detachment from material things. The social instinct, even a degree of snobbery, was normal in the normal individual. It existed in all phases of life; everyone, nearly, was trying to elevate himself from one plane of society to higher planes. Men and women alike. It was customary, in the United States, to take for granted that social ambition was a feminine quality. It was generally declared that the wives of honorably plain, hard-working men continually harassed them with schemes of trivial and inglorious social hopes and advancements. There was certainly little if any truth in that. No ingenuous feminine monopoly existed there. Yes, it was shared by men and women; in particular, children were saturated with it. The cruelest and most bitter snobs in existence were, without doubt, children.

I began, realizing so much, to feel better about myself. I had a deepened understanding of the singular power, the almost universal influence, of Newport. I knew, I thought, why so many people were disagreeable about it. Newport had dominated the American social consciousness for fifty years or more. It was, in a way, a symbol; it was a symbol and a pinnacle of recognition. It was not, evidently, celebrated for its intrinsic qualities, its great age and the beauty of its situation, the fineness of the houses and prospects. Practically nothing was known about the history of Newport. Almost no one cared about

(Continued on Page 44)

More than 4 million people have made *this* discovery

25¢ *is ample* to pay for tooth paste

More than four million critical people now use Listerine Tooth Paste, the quality dentifrice at 25¢. Many of them formerly paid from 35¢ to 60¢ for their dentifrice, in the belief that quality was only possible at such a price. Listerine Tooth Paste showed them the error of that.

If you haven't tried this remarkable, up-to-date tooth paste, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now.

Compare its quality with tooth pastes in the same price field and with those costing more than twice as much.

Compare its certain, pleasing results with those of any tooth paste at any price.

We would not dare to invite such comparisons unless certain Listerine Tooth Paste would show to advantage. You will find its merits instantly apparent.

White, Lustrous Teeth

We ask you to note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans the teeth; neutralizing decay-causing acids and removing stubborn tartar and discolorations with a minimum of brushing.

We ask you to witness the brilliant, natural luster it gives your teeth.

Observe also how sound and healthy it leaves the tooth structure after months—aye, years—of brushing. No fissures, cracks, imperfections, or soft spots to mar precious enamel.

Look for that wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself, and—

Pocket that $3 a year it saves you.

Reason for price of 25¢

In our position as a large manufacturer of toilet articles, we are enabled to buy in mass quantities—hence at lower prices. Our methods of production cut costs to the bone. Only because of these two economies (which we pass on to you) can we offer you such a dentifrice of such quality at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy a dress shirt with that $3 it saves

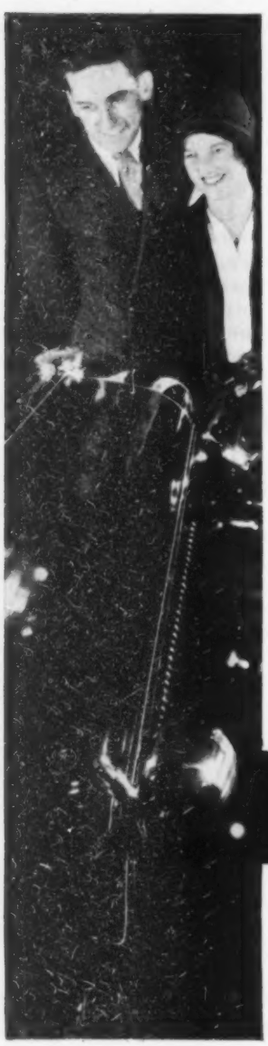
A dress shirt is one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC Tooth Brushes

DON'T LET BODY DEPRECIATION ROB YOU OF $50 TO $200

● Is it carelessness, or is it the cost of a professional waxing job that robs owners of $50—$200 on their trade-in? ● Think ahead to the time when you'll want to sell *your* car and you'll see why an occasional waxing is so important. Nobody pays full value for a shabby body. ● Have the job done outside, if you prefer. With this easy-flowing, quick-drying polish thousands of owners are doing it *themselves* with professional results. Thousands have started by sending for the 25c sample can offered free in this advertising. ● Remove stubborn dirt first, if necessary, with Johnson's Automobile Cleaner. Then simply apply wax with soft cloth and polish. The protective wax coating restores the lustre, saves half your washings. You'll drive your car longer, like it better, and get more for it. Send the coupon now for free trial can.



S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. SP 11, Racine, Wisconsin
Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can of Johnson's Wax to preserve and renew body finish.

Name_____

Address_____

(Continued from Page 42)

that. I had been surprised by the definite beauty of the house Christopher and Frances Wellman occupied. Coming from an old house, I had not expected to enter, at Newport, one of the same century. I was as ignorant as that. The narrow turning stairs with worn treads, the low ceilings and pleasant, irregular floors, the odd succession of rooms, were totally unexpected.

Frances, when she appeared, asked me what I had been thinking about, and I told her, a number of things. Her house principally. Frances, in order to confound all my reasoning, belonged neither to the tradition of a past nor to the present. She was as immediate as possible in her interests, and yet, not unlike myself, she had a great affection for Newport. She knew it intimately, while most of my knowledge was conjecture. It was, she asserted, far more ingratiating and important than Palm Beach, and in that speech she set herself on the side of a formal manner. She did not agree with my opinion that Palm Beach was, as a spectacle, notably lovely. Instead she took me to Mrs. Minot's garden, trusting to its effect upon me. I made no admission to her then, but I realized that, for me, the beauty of a temperate climate would always be preferable to any tropics. It was probable Frances was right, that Newport was still more impressive than Palm Beach.

It irresistibly appealed to an enormous part of the human imagination, to what, everyone agreed, were the most elevated sentiments and what, less admirable, was hidden in the hearts of nearly all men.

The First Families of Newport

Its history I made it my affair to become sufficiently familiar with: In 1639, escaping to a more solid rock of Puritanism than a rebellious Portsmouth offered, William Coddington, a man of position, and eight other families settled Newport. Twenty-four years later Charles II gave to a John Clarke, of Newport, a charter for the government of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations. The dignity of Newport was as old as itself. During the English and French wars great shipping interests rose and made fortunes, among others, for the Wantons and the Ayraults, the Freebodys and the Malbones. This commerce, largely with the East, brought with it rich and desirable Jews—the Lopez brothers and Rivera and Myer Pollock. Peter Harrison designed a synagogue for them; their burying ground occupied land where Touro Street met Jew Alley; Jew Alley, then, reached only to Bowery Street, but impressive change overtook it—it became Bellevue Avenue.

After 1800 the social tradition of Newport began to form new backgrounds; the planters of South Carolina, of Alabama and Louisiana, escaping from the summer heat and fevers of the cotton kingdom, built the colonnaded houses of the early wooden age; the rich and select families of New York gave it their complete approval. That, as I have indicated, was a simple, a moral and devout, society. It was, then, not merely part, a fragment, of summer divided among various plans and places; it embraced the whole season—the drive by carriage from New Orleans, for example, was no minor undertaking. Newport, among other departed elegancies, was enveloped in leisure. Letters and preserved comments make that clear. Thomas Hunter, writing to his brother Charles, in 1833, made the momentous announcement that George Engs had bought the old church lot near the Jews' cemetery; he was rich, Thomas added, and had a pretty daughter. Charles Hunter wrote to his mother two years later that, approaching Newport by ship, he made a great noise with a single gun and anchored directly opposite his house. Later, at Doctor Mann's, he found Mrs. Mann sitting up over her patchwork. He had a cup of tea with the Lawrences; called at Captain Turner's—it was now half-past eight—he heard that Mrs. Hunt and her daughter were at Dillons'; then, after stopping at the Townsends', Charles went to bed. The next morning he visited the Point, where his Uncle Thomas, at what he took to be an undue praise of the state of Vermont, asserted that he had rather be hung in Newport than die a natural death in Vermont.

Social Notes of 1837

In 1836 Charles Hunter wrote that Mr. Hall had bought a farm and intended to live there. Newport, he said, would be crowded; already, in June, all the houses were engaged. A new street had been cut from Bull's Lane to Jew Street a short distance below the ropewalk. In July he was in Newport, staying at Mrs. Mumford's, where there were present forty people. May Hunter's engagement to Edward Pierse of the British Navy was published in Old Trinity Church. Charles noted the fact that he spoke to everyone in Newport, including fishermen—if he was certain they owned a freehold! Mr. Dickerson went up the river in a cutter to observe a possible site for the navy yard. Newport, he was convinced, had taken a new start—eleven whaling ships were owned locally, houses scarce, rents high. It was impossible to get a good house for less than two or three hundred dollars. Arriving in Newport on Saturday—this was 1837—Charles found there was no boat to New York until Monday.

On Monday no sailing took place, none occurred on Tuesday, and so he remained for a Washington ball, Wednesday. For that ceremonious occasion there were twenty-nine subscribers and but twenty-three or four ladies, including two Dutch ladies from somewhere on the Point. Captain Shubrick was the head manager. Charles Hunter danced with a Mrs. Totten; he bowed, handed her out, and then asked one of the managers for an introduction. She was, he thought, the belle, well dressed and all nice. He then attended Miss Catalina Totten, who if not so blue would be a very nice girl. She was extremely handsome, graceful and danced well, but she was too strictly kept, too shy of men, to be absolutely agreeable. That, he hoped, would wear off. At any rate, he danced with her and with her sister three times. The ball kept up until half-past four, and it was his opinion that the Tottens—including a Mrs. J. Totten—danced every time. Thursday there was no boat; he was now highly anxious to get off; Friday the boat failed to appear.

The rents continued to rise; they had in a short while increased more than 100 per cent. Mr. Dillon was forced to pay three hundred and forty dollars for Doctor Salter's house. It had, however, been repaired. Van Zandt demanded five hundred for his, and Charles Turner thought he'd get it. Mr. Townsend was offered eighteen

(Continued on Page 46)

Never before has a 2-ton truck been sold at this *low price* $895 AT THE FACTORY

. . . nor has a seventy (70) horsepower engine ever before been available in a truck of such low price.

THE great surplus six-cylinder power of Studebaker trucks—heavy duty frame—Timken full-floating rear axle—four speed transmission—dual rear wheels—four wheel brakes, and other quality features combine to yield low operating expense. Loads, roads and speeds which put other trucks in the shop leave these sturdy, powerful Studebakers fresh and ready for more. They are built to be worthy of the Studebaker name and of 78 years of Studebaker quality traditions.

1-½ TON	BODIES	2 TON
130" chassis $695	Cabs and all Standard bodies available with both 1-½ and 2 ton chassis including panel, screen, express, stake, canopy, grain, cattle bodies.	148" chassis $895
160" chassis $775		160" chassis $945
Dual rear wheels and auxiliary springs optional at extra cost.		Dual rear wheels standard Auxiliary springs optional at extra cost.

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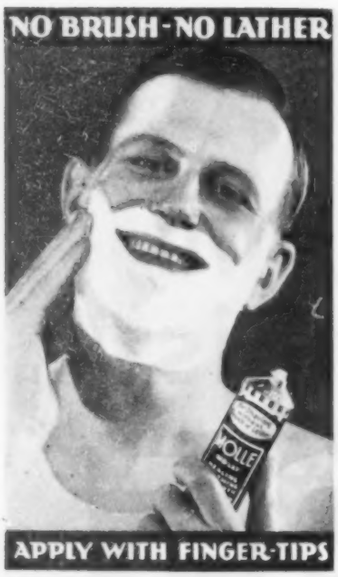

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Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube to us and we will refund your purchase price.

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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

(Continued from Page 44)

hundred dollars a year, and board for his family, for his dwelling, but refused to consider it. He had recently fallen heir to a fortune of eight or ten thousand dollars. Two years later still Charles wrote that he had just landed at Newport from the steamboat Lexington at half-past six, morning. The boat was crowded and dirty; many of the passengers had no bed; he managed to secure a mattress and a single sheet, but no pillow, and arranged them on part of a table laid upon two stools. Mrs. Commodore Perry, with her daughter and a niece from New York, came on board from the railroad at Stonington. At eleven o'clock Charles went down to the *grande ville;* he saw old Mr. Beckman, Alfred's father; Mitchell, the meal man, and old Sanford with his cart and lamb. He stopped at the Goulds', played a game of billiards with Lloyd Minturn and had a cream at Vose's cottage, a pretty place nearly opposite Whitfield's. He was measured for a pair of boots, met Mrs. Wheaton and her daughter Ann and sailed on the fastest boat in Newport, built by Mr. Goddard.

A Growing Town

Doctor Dunn had a small party with a number of strangers present; there was a picnic in carriages to the Glen got up by Mrs. Prime, of New York. He walked with the Perry girls and later of the evening, in a light moonlight, accompanied Mrs. Totten and nine young ladies down to the beach at Armstrong's. The sea was calm and the air delightful.

In 1840 Charles was staying at the Mumfords'. He was glad to see Candace—who was looking very beautiful—and found Niobe at the Stewarts'. Thomas Hunter, again in Newport after an absence of seven years, had difficulty in discovering a room. It was early daylight and he was forced to walk about the town. The first person he met familiar to him was Springer, the church-bell ringer. Charley's breakfast tables were crowded; the Barker family occupied one entire side and opposite them was a long line of Middletons. A Mrs. Goodwin received him with marked enthusiasm and immediately presented her eldest daughter. Her mother took her to be beautiful, and beautiful she might have been, Thomas thought, in Brazil, where light ringlets and fair complexions were rarer ornaments than here. Old Faisneau, the barber, had moved to New Bedford; a melancholy son, George, shaved his father's few remaining customers. Wanton House was turned into a dry-goods store. John Barker was where Thomas had left him seven years ago—leaning in his seedy coat and antediluvian hat against his counter. New shops, new signs, new faces met him everywhere. The dry-goods shops and shoe stores were flourishing, the stores for the sale of wines and liquors seemed musky and gloomy, their keepers were out at elbows. In 1842 the temperance movement was omnipotent.

Most of the old congregation of Trinity Church were either scattered or dead. Peggy he noticed there, dozing, warm in the face from the sweet influences of a good dinner. She attended Old Trinity, not from agreement with the reverend captain but because it was the place where her ancestors had worshiped. She did not, in actuality, approve of Mr. Vinton's doctrines, and when he began his sermon she drew her veil across her face. Mrs. Perry, on whose door the minister had put his trap-plate, at once joined the Newport-Charitable-Dorcal-Mutual-Improving-Juvenile Tract Society.

The simplicity of Bailey's Beach, the primitive wooden rows of bathhouses, owned a deliberate snobbery, an air of superiority to the need of any improvement, all its own. Every effort to make the bathhouses a general convenience, even the water cooler, different and better, was calmly resisted. The individuals in charge asserted that, if change were allowed, there would soon be a band on the beach and other comparable nuisances. A simple tent provided for the needs of odd gentlemen without individual accommodations. It was very difficult to get a bathhouse at all; they went largely by tradition from year to year, for years. Some families had two or even three of them. I used Christopher Wellman's or one of a number Hermann Oelrichs possessed. The buildings as a whole, with a wide long porch overlooking the beach, were dark in color and somber, unimpressive, in appearance; on the sand there were a great many chairs of a plain sort, a flight of sun umbrellas, and, at the extreme right, tents inhabited mostly by nursemaids with a taste for wading, and the brown and confident, the physically splendid children of the rich.

At six in the evening, when Bailey's Beach closed officially for the day, a small army of attendants—young men in oddities of beach dress—suddenly appeared and, in no time at all, disposed of the chairs and umbrellas; they literally dragged the umbrellas from their resting places and hurled the chairs with a temporary oblivion. The air was full of chairs and the long heavy umbrellas. I always had a horror of being caught in that tempest and, perhaps, violently flung into the dark spaces under the porch with the furniture. Aside from that, the beach, morning and afternoon, was tranquil.

Life on Bailey's Select Beach

Games of ball, naturally, were prohibited and voices were almost never raised. Old women, relentlessly dressed and painted, glittering with jewels, or with no jewels at all, sat in the commonplace chairs with parasols carefully elevated over their elaborate clothes and carefully prepared faces. Old men, walking very carefully, sitting down gingerly, joined the old women with an urban flattery, an utmost polite attention. Their voices were thin and futile against the constant deep sound of the ocean. Lunches, at the appropriate hour, progressed luxuriously; backgammon boards appeared; men the color of bronze from idleness in the sun, women wrapped in brilliant cloaks—they were forbidden, at Bailey's Beach, to exist casually in their bathing suits—played backgammon pleasantly while the long afternoon vanished.

A concrete wall and platform reached across the front of a file of bathhouses; and there, on concrete or on rubber mattresses, the young people of Newport vigorously reclined. Even when they were relaxed, I thought, their bodies were rebellious with suspended, suppressed activity. They smoked, exposed their shoulders and legs in contempt of any rules to the contrary, and talked in a curious, an enigmatic and stereotyped, way. Certain phrases ran through all their words. But I promise you, they repeated in every other sentence. They seemed to me to be far more candid, if they were at the same time generally more dissatisfied, than the younger world when I was young. They hid very little, physical or mental. I had an impression of a hardness the result, in effect, of substituting the head for the heart. I had, actually, no idea of what their sense of values was; I was, beyond fifty, too far away from them to find out. They were pleasant to me, polite and patient.

The Young Idea

They had read, I at least discovered, almost nothing; the books I had liked they regarded with an inattentive scorn; their minds were occupied by actualities—flying and racing, a life of excitement and sensations. They were, at once, mature and immature, possessing an amazing knowledge of the surface of things together with a helpless ignorance in the face of reality. That they hid from themselves, too, by an armor of arrogance, and were very humorous, very impatient, with what they didn't know. It was, I supposed, a society too new to be distinguished; in an early, a primitive, state of evolution. Personally, I liked that in them; I didn't, I had long ago found out, appreciate intellectual youth; especially I disliked æsthetic youth. The variety at Bailey's Beach pleased me infinitely better. It was more important for the young to have fine bodies and a limited understanding than knowledge and impotent bodies. I couldn't, I didn't have to, predict what the future of that young Newport would be, but I knew accurately enough that the older—but not old—individuals were looking forward to precisely nothing. They had, unfortunately, fallen between two civilizations—the Newport of tradition, and a very different, perhaps a more rational, era. I was listened to, by them, attentively, and sharply answered. They, too, knew only a little, but a vague dissatisfaction inhabited them at their deficiencies. An admirable curiosity was general. There were, of course, exceptions to that. Frances Wellman was an exception—a woman whose smartness, in a social sense, did nothing to dull her brains. Men, now and again, had delicate informed minds; they knew music and were devoted to both the visible and intangible forms of beauty, but they were aside, different, from their existence. Their superiority inevitably brought them no corresponding contentment or adequate attachments.

Well, I sat on Bailey's select beach, mostly in the afternoons, with a pleasant and restful feeling of uselessness. It was all, on the beach, very simple, unremarkable; I realized with difficulty how desirable, in a social sense, it was. The requirements for entrance there were rigid as possible. No one was present by accident. I saw a number of people who did not show, on the exterior, their right to such privilege; some of them, it seemed to me, were completely unentrancing; but, since they were on Bailey's Beach, of course I was wrong. Many of them, I am certain, glancing at me with a momentary attention, wondered who I was and why I was there. They all, generally, knew a great deal about one another; they saw one another, the same people, continually at the same places, occupied with the same ornamental pursuits. I hated horses and never went to horse shows; I had—and then purely by accident—seen only one game of polo in my life. I was not familiar with yachts and it was more than probable I never would be.

(Continued on Page 49)

"Modern store equipment

INCREASED MY VOLUME IMMEDIATELY"

"AS merchant to merchant let me tell you how modern store planning and equipment—*and by that I mean Grand Rapids Store Equipment*—increased my volume immediately.

"Before the equipment was installed, Grand Rapids planning engineers completely re-planned my store. Waste areas were eliminated. Floor space was figured on *a profit per square foot basis.* Departments were laid out in relation to one another *and to sales.* The flow of traffic through the store was scientifically regulated. Aisles were made wider. More and better displays of merchandise were provided for. So compact were these that a greater forward stock of merchandise could be carried.

"The result has been nothing short of phenomenal. Our old store now has a new, modern atmosphere—so inviting that people can't resist coming in 'just to look around.' And when they come to 'look around'—*they buy!* Customers that we lost, because we were old-fashioned, have returned. New customers are coming to us in increasing numbers. Can't you easily understand why *modern store equipment increased my sales volume immediately?*"

An unusual case? Not at all. Our files contain hundreds of letters from merchants, large and small, whose experiences parallel this one. Our booklet, "Evidence," contains facsimiles of some of these. We will gladly mail a copy on request.

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"The increase in our hosiery department over a period of 30 months paid for this improvement."

"Our volume has already shown material increase over that of the corresponding period a year ago, of 14¼%."

"Since remodeling our store, eleven months ago, our sales have increased 59%."

"In spite of poor business conditions, we increased our volume 40% the first year and decreased our stock at least 33⅓%."

"We noticed the difference immediately after the new fixtures were installed. We show a very substantial increase every month."

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"In three months time the sales volume has just exactly tripled and the turnover is really surprising."

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YOU'LL see them on cold winter days — cars trailing a white cloud behind them, or parked at the curb and spurting it into the air. "Steamers" — their radiators empty, or *frozen!* Don't run that risk with *your* car — it's too costly, and too easy to avoid. This winter, protect your car, once and for all, with Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze.

One shot—one single supply of Eveready Prestone stands guard over your car every minute of the season. No need to worry about evaporation, no constant testing to reassure yourself, no frequent refilling to make up for the daily loss. Eveready Prestone is odorless and either hot or cold it cannot affect the finish of your car. With Eveready Prestone there is no grief of *any* kind.

Eveready Prestone minds its own business, which is to be on the job and give complete protection every minute. For your own peace-of-mind, safeguard that valuable investment — your car — with the same anti-freeze that the Byrd Antarctic Expedition used. They radioed from Antarctica: "Eveready Prestone meets all manufacturer's claims. . . ."

Scientific research has now developed Eveready Prestone to a point where it offers even greater satisfaction than that which more than a million motorists enjoyed last year. The new Eveready Prestone is green in color, so that it can be readily identified.

Eveready Prestone is economical, because one filling lasts all winter. It is undiluted — a can of *concentrated safety.* Compared with other anti-freezes, a considerably smaller quantity is required. For those who live in the South and other moderate climates, it is available in small-sized cans.

Avoid that frenzied last-minute rush at a cold snap. Go to your dealer or garage-man today. Have him prepare your car for winter, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight. Do it today — Eveready Prestone is always in tune with the temperature.

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2. Does not boil off.
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9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

(Continued from Page 46)

My life had been very difficult—a necessity to labor at the most difficult, the most hopeless, accomplishment in existence with no proper preparation. It was so enormously hard for me to write, after I had begun at a comparatively late age, that I had seen practically nothing outside the immediate necessities of my occupation. Now, however, after fifty, I was seeing Newport, I was sitting on Bailey's Beach; I knew Palm Beach fairly well. That was a very entertaining reflection. I was, the busiest mortal imaginable, for the moment, part of a determined idleness. I had entered an existence where I must be weighed either mechanically—after all, I had written Java Head and Quiet Cities—or by an entirely alien standard. I could never, of course, become a part of the life then around me, of Bailey's Beach. I didn't want to, actually. It would need too much time, too much effort.

That, naturally, was why I especially liked it—it was a luxurious and diverting spectacle. I missed all the repetition, the stupidity inseparable from every fixed group and manner of life. In a very few days I would be back again occupied with the difficulties of composition, the repetition, the stupidities, of my own existence around me once more. I went, thinking of so much, into the ocean, but I came out immediately; the select sea before me, with a casual impertinence, was full of weed. No bathing, no swimming, was possible. I stood on the sand, covered with a bright red seaweed, gazing with indignation at the water. Annoyance filled me. Here, at Bailey's Beach, the ocean wasn't fit to be in. It was time, however, to leave. Where was I going? To see Hermann Oelrichs. The army of attendants was about to descend on the chairs and sun umbrellas, and, before that assault, I hurried to Hermann's bathhouse. There was an insufficient pan of fresh water on the floor. The bench that formed the only seat was too narrow and too low.

A Party at the Clambake

Very much later, long after a serious dinner addressed, with Mrs. Thayer, to Republican Party politics and the silver of Paul Revere, I went to the O'Donnell ball at the Clambake Club. The Clambake Club, like Bailey's Beach, was simple to the point of affectation; the road that led up to it was perhaps the worst road in America. I stood at the door, waiting for Christopher Wellman to park his automobile, and watched the elaborate cars with their elaborate loads lurch and slide through a wet, sandy way without bottom. There was a great deal of music in the ballroom, it was filled with dancers; a room with tables, a room without tables, the porch and a large marquee, for supper, were all more crowded than not. The lighting was very engaging—banks of blue lights faced the club from a short distance, not unlike luminous forget-me-nots; and on the other side of the clubhouse, where rocks immediately met the sea, there were white flood lights. Fog had again moved inland, and there was, apparently, nothing beyond the rocks but a formless gray space except a narrow and arbitrary band of illuminated waves; suddenly the waves appeared out of nothingness and dramatically broke on the black rocks. It was very effective, very handsome, and I stayed a long while at the porch rail above the sea. There were round tables in the marquee, and I sat at one for most of the night; I sat and thought about entertainments. They seemed to me, candidly, to cost a great deal more, to be infinitely more trouble, than they were worth.

Mr. O'Donnell, when I arrived, spoke to me about the number of people who had come without the formality of invitations. They had just come. He was—very reasonably, I considered—annoyed by them, but there was nothing to be done. All the advantage lay with the confident and the unbidden. Mrs. O'Donnell, dancing with her attention upon everything but her own immediate pleasure, resembled all correct hostesses. Beyond a certain satisfaction at the spectacle and success of her party, I seriously doubted if she was enjoying it. It was, in the manner of such occasions, a good party, but I reflected that a succession of them would be pretty awful. It was so large that people separated into individual absorbed groups; private conversation, together with a total indifference to any surroundings, was in progress everywhere. Everyone, more or less, took the music, the marquee, the supper, for granted; they were not extravagantly excited by the entertainment. It was, they all seemed to think, their due.

The Treadmill of Entertainment

That interested me; it was not an ideal attitude in the face of so luxurious a provision. Gratefulness was not conspicuous. Yet, its cost, the infinity of pains that had gone into it, far outweighed the measure of its appreciation. The management of a theater, for example, was at least paid an admission. The fundamental difficulty was inescapable and plain—no one could say, two weeks or a month in advance, how he would feel about a party. Especially at the end of the season. It was difficult to go to bed at five or six, seven or eight, in the morning, morning after morning, and be engaged and charming at midnight. Champagne almost corrected this, but not quite. It was impossible to dance night after night, season after season, and retain an utterly fresh and appreciative enthusiasm. Here, then, was the trouble—you went to the repetition of balls, weary and critical before you arrived. No amount of banked lights like forget-me-nots could entrance you.

Entertainment in the United States, I concluded, had become a greater nuisance than pleasure. It was, everyone agreed, necessary; in a certain position you had a given number of parties, dinners and balls throughout the year. You had to do it no matter how you felt about it and no matter how everybody else felt about it. You invited people you liked and wanted to see, people you didn't like and never had to see at all, and people totally indifferent to you, people you didn't even know. If you were Mrs. O'Donnell you danced with a great number of men who could not, in any circumstance, interest you. It made me shudder to think of the banalities addressed to Mr. O'Donnell through the entire night. There were, I had no doubt, people who liked to give large balls, but I never saw a man or woman who was so engaged without a set countenance and a mechanical, a stereotyped, air.

The truth was that parties, in Newport, at Palm Beach, anywhere, were mostly dull. Stupid. Only rarely, by mistake, was a party actually gay and fetching. Then, almost invariably, it was a small party, or a small part of a large party. I went home comparatively early from the Clambake Club and missed, in consequence, a very amusing time that, including a number of early morning visits, ended at Bailey's Beach. Gayety could not be commanded or coerced. It made its appearance independently at the proper moments and in the appropriate people. Yes, parties were a nuisance. The spirit of hospitality, of an actual happy geniality, had left them. After all, pleasure consisted in doing what you liked with the people you wanted to do it with. It must, too, all be spontaneous. For the first time I realized how much champagne was drunk on account of weariness or a surrounding stupidity. A great number of people drank because they were tired or bored. At least in the United States. Prohibition had overtaken them not because of any sin inseparable from champagne but because the drinking had been so utterly ignorant—the habits of the frontier carried into drawing-rooms and marquees. This, however, was not evident, except by accident, anywhere in Newport.

Its tradition, founded in the days of Charles and Thomas Hunter, was all opposed to inebriety; women then, remember, no more than delicately sipped a little Madeira wine. Whisky was wholly confined to masculine society. Nobody with the slightest pretension to gentility touched gin. Good heavens, no! It was the drink of sailors. There was, too, at Newport, I was glad to see, a rapidly diminishing interest in cocktails—perhaps the most dreadful drink ever invented. Before dinner a footman passed about with a silver tray of cocktails; everyone, more or less, took one. Quite as often a cocktail glass of tomato juice was preferred. The majority of cocktails, too, were worse than necessary. Without exception they were not cold enough, and the proportions of a Martini cocktail never quite the same. Too much gin or too much vermuth. Never the correct combination of French and Italian vermuth. Never the last squeeze of a fresh lemon peel. I vainly hoped that a fine sherry and bitters would make its appearance.

The Passing of Politeness

The butlers, I supposed, bought all the whiskies and wines and liquors, and some of it, I was forced to admit, was very odd. Either the pantry had its own superior supply or a correctness of taste had departed from that region. It seemed to me that, in spite of so much apparent proof to the contrary, all drinking was coming to be regarded with increasing indifference. Because of the stupid manner, the dull British tradition, in which it had been pursued. Where I was concerned I liked the labels on bottles more than their contents. I liked the thought of drinking better by far than I did the thing itself.

That, as well, then, together with the endless succession of big parties, was a failure. I wondered what, in the way of polite pleasure, remained. There wasn't, as a matter of fact, too much politeness in the present varieties. It was even deserting Newport. A great deal, in place of a simple and cordial recognition of benefits, was taken for granted. Newport was aware of that; it was making, in its own dignified and futile manner, a last protest.

I was, unavoidably, delayed reaching Oliver Harriman's for lunch, and Mr. Harriman himself met me at the door and cheerfully admitted they hadn't

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BOSTONIANS
FINE FOOTWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN

waited for me. That, I thought, was so reasonable, the courtesy of the Harrimans was so exact, I was glad to take my place at the table, simultaneous with the appearance of soft-shelled crabs, secure in the realization that no one had been delayed but me. On another occasion I heard Mrs. Harriman instruct her butler to wait fifteen minutes and no longer for a woman who was late. She was very clear on that subject—her social demands were hardly less than the great amount she was prepared to concede. I sat looking at Mr. and Mrs. Harriman in their drawing-room and realized that, probably, never again would I see people who so beautifully contained all that was admirable in the traditions of Newport. They were the final argument for it. They were, even now, almost unique; and, of course, there would be no more like them in the future. The future might be an enormous improvement upon the past and present, but it couldn't create those especial Harrimans again; it would, among other melancholy facts, lose sight of the necessity for them.

They were part of a greater leisure than the world would ever see again, created by a set of values no longer understood. They were, fortunately for them, the result of privilege, living, in the most charming material circumstances imaginable, at a time and in a society when obligations of conduct were still rigid. As a result of this their manners were elevated to a manner in the absolute, yes, in the grand, sense. Together, hiding from curiosity and the public all that was private to them, they presented an unassailable dignity in the face of luxury and of fate. My feeling about them, I discovered, was no longer even personal—they had become a symbol for the Newport I was endeavoring to comprehend. There, in two superlatively engaging figures, stood all that Newport was. I didn't, it might be, agree with anything they thought; I knew that Oliver Harriman must find a great many of my opinions objectionable; lacking, perhaps, in what he would consider the necessities of sheer breeding; in other words, the obligations of a class; but it wasn't possible, when I was with him, to produce objectionable opinions. I kept them to myself and thought how fortunate, how secure, he was. I appreciated this because never in my life had I been mentally, physically or spiritually secure.

In the Grand Manner

That was the especial benefit of his qualities, the supporting certainty of Newport. That, as well, was the secret of Mrs. Harriman's perfected attitude of outward calm. She knew—more than what to expect—what to demand. She had inherited from the French salons of the eighteenth century a brilliant feminine imperialism. I sat, at lunch, beside Mrs. Lee; Bolling Lee, who, luckily for him, had married her, was opposite to us. Bolling Lee was, as usual, highly amusing, and it occurred to me that he was a far more engaging companion than his celebrated grandfather, the general, could ever have been. Naturally, I would have given a great deal to have known Robert E. Lee, but the conviction persisted that I was better off, in the way of a pleasant lunch, with his grandson.

I went, that night, to a large and elaborate dinner in an elaborate tremendous house, and, going out to the dining room, I was suddenly struck by the great number of servants, of footmen in satin short clothes, gathered about the chairs. There was, it seemed to me, a small army of them; when the momentary confusion of getting seated was over, they moved with a smooth precision in the execution of their duties of service. A large flock of men, young and personable and strong, in the formal clothes of the past, moving silently about with a multiplicity of plates and food. There were others—no mean number—in the kitchen and pantries; men and women were scattered all over the house; and I wondered about that and Newport and the future. The house, the dinner, could not have been managed with less; that was clear to me. I had, where footmen were concerned, no socialistic tendencies; if a man wanted to be a footman, that was the thing for him to be; only it was my profound conviction that that occupation would soon generally cease to exist. More than that, I was convinced that the era of tremendous houses was fast coming to an end. When that happened, all the social existence Newport was founded on must collapse.

The Old Order Changeth

The economic changes, except in particular artificial cases, were not favorable to great houses and great estates. The existence that had made them desirable was comparatively limited in movement—it was a long drive behind even the best horses from New Orleans to Newport—and now all life was highly mobile. The only attachment notable at present was to variety. Older people still, naturally, enjoyed wide holdings of land, dwellings of marble, but the young were mostly no more than perfunctory about them. The young, honestly, preferred Long Island to Newport; there were, as well, immense houses on Long Island; but they resembled pleasure palaces more than they did the historic places of Newport; they were famous for their swimming pools and tennis houses rather than for any dignity of tradition. The old order—and not slowly—was going; the troops of servants in white and silver, or lemon yellow and black, were already almost a curiosity. I knew, slightly, a house at Newport, on Ochre Point, that held in absolute perfection the Victorian grandeur which, in not more than fifty years, was as ancient and lost as Babylon. The chambers were enormous, the ceilings like distant and gilded skies. I was led through a hall, reaching to incredible marble and onyx distances, to a library where, announcing me, the voice of an old butler sounded like the echo from a vault. All my attention was absorbed by an incredible stone fireplace brought from a feudal century in Europe and built into the smooth alabaster taste of a hideous and ormolu age.

Sitting quietly, quiet and small and very old, Mrs. Vanderbilt spoke in a faint and considerate voice. Would I have tea and did I like the sandwiches beside us? I wouldn't, I told her, and I did. Where, she went on, her voice scarcely audible among the immensities of her surroundings, did I stay when I happened to be in America? I almost replied at home, but, realizing she had taken me to be English, I made an inexact and polite reply. No power on earth, when she was dead, would keep from destruction the melancholy extravagance of that mansion on Ochre Point; no power could save that side of Newport from the assault, or indifference, of later and simpler conceptions.

(Continued on Page 52)

"Debber agaid –for be!"

"THE dext tibe I take theb yougsters skatig, you cad bed your had I'll hab clodes that will keep be warb!"—says Julius Q. Snifflin.

Wise resolution! *Very* wise, indeed! —It's a lot easier to slip on cold-proof clothing than to shake off the grippe —particularly when these things are fitted with Talon Slide Fasteners.

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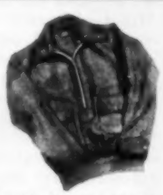

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Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

LEWIS AYRES

and LOLA D'AVRIL in

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

As clearly as anything can be shown in picture, *"All Quiet on the Western Front"* reveals the thoughts, reactions and wonderment of the youths torn from the schoolroom and thrust into the battle line. They had little idea of the cause and cared less. They didn't know where they were going or what they were going to do. They thought nothing of death until the big guns began to speak and they saw their comrades falling around them. And then they changed unspeakably. See this greatest picture of all time and learn that war is just what Gen. Sherman called it—"hell."

MY AMBITION IS TO HAVE FIFTY MILLION AMERICANS SEE "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" BECAUSE IF THEY DO THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER WAR

Just look at this cast in Universal's picture, *"The Boudoir Diplomat,"* directed by Mal St. Clair. The entire list is "starry" and is composed of BETTY COMPSON, IAN KEITH, MARY DUNCAN, JEANETTE LOFF, LAWRENCE GRANT and LIONEL BELMORE.

In the language of the moving-picture colony, UNIVERSAL'S production of *"A Lady Surrenders"* is "the class." The cast is likewise and consists of CONRAD NAGEL, GENEVIEVE TOBIN, BASIL RATHBONE, ROSE HOBART and others. This is the screen version of John Erskine's modern drama "Sincerity."

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(Continued from Page 50)

Part, at least, of the spirit of Newport resembled the architecture of The Breakers. A great deal of the formality was, obviously, nonsense, hollow. Values, morals and manners changed. My mind returned to all the solemn butlers, the mechanical footmen, I had seen. Not long ago—it was just before a dinner that I was attending was announced—I walked farther along a porch than guests commonly went, and found myself opposite a long dining-room window. The table was elaborately set, with silver and rare china, massed with flowers, for, perhaps, thirty people. The doors to the drawing-room were still closed, and a footman, his coat off and sleeves rolled up over his arms, was sitting in a chair with his legs thrust easily out before him, conversing with the first butler I had ever observed in a natural and relaxed state—he was a very fat butler indeed, and, without dress coat and waistcoat, his suspenders showed themselves to reach over an incredible expanse. The footman, his hands caught behind his head, laughed; and, leaning a heavy palm on the table, the butler exhibited traces of a smile. A maid, very trim in a ruffled apron, appeared, and the younger of the two men, the one less burdened with responsibility, directed a good-natured slap at her. That, I saw, fell short of its object; the butler glanced toward the window and I hurriedly moved away. It all, I believed, meant something very definite and important. I couldn't think what.

Dwelling in Marble Halls

The marble dwellings, however, were not all inhabited by appropriate figures of the past. Hermann Oelrichs had one, and, squarely in the middle of a great reception room, rococo in ornament with a bank of silver organ pipes at one end, he kept standing a ridiculously small ping-pong table. A vividly green and close carpet of grass swept out to meet the rocks and ocean; there was a fountain with sprays that Hermann liked to turn on and off, and a wide porch completely modern in all it held. Bright colors, chairs that defeated conventionality, engaging bottles, silver and crystal, salvers of sandwiches. The conversation was not conspicuously Victorian—it was sharp, with a certainty of its own, a touch of fretfulness. Cole Porter sat with one knee loosely hung over the other, comfortable in attitude and, I thought, ironical, detached, in mind. Who else was there I had no chance to discover, for I went up to Hermann's library for cigars and a conversation without the restraints of even that candid assembly.

The books there were selected with a great discrimination; they were, in every case, interesting. Hermann, it was clear, wasn't a collector of surfaces; nothing was present from mere report; none stood on a shelf in the interest of effect. I saw twenty, thirty, books I should have liked to read. Hermann had read them all; he knew most by page and line; his restless mind went through them like a kind of insatiable intellectual fire. His humor—and this was very uncommon—I thought, was a scholar's humor. A comparatively young man seldom regarded endless material possessions with the attitude of a scholar. I was curious to see what this superiority had brought him; I soon learned—it had served to isolate him from all the easy pleasures of what, I supposed, could still be called a class; the especial benefits of his possessions went down like leaden soldiers before his preference for the sharp edges of mental and even scientific actualities.

Hermann Oelrichs, like Oliver Harriman, became an abstraction for me; I wasn't, personally, engaged with him at all; he was another phase, another result, in a way, of Newport. He was, by long association, part of Newport; what he said about the absurdities of his house was, at bottom, affectionate. I was certain that the great, solemn chambers, the decoration in a florid French manner, had for him simple and ameliorating and deep-seated memories.

At the same time, he was, individually, fundamentally rebellious against the restrictions of any inherited stupidity or ignorance. He wanted, more than anything else, a clear intellectual horizon, a dwelling place, both here and in heaven, of an utter relieving simplicity. He had reached a state of thorough exasperation at a life decorated with wax flowers.

There was nothing, of course, to prevent his leaving an artificial and unsatisfactory existence, beyond the realization that what he'd find, probably, would be no better than all he had left. It was not easy to set aside the heavy benefits of possession. I continued to think of him impersonally, a social abstraction, and I sat in his library listening carefully to every word of his rapid and humorous account of small difficulties and great boredoms. Like Frances Wellman, he was not characteristic of his associations or age. He was too intelligent for that; what he said was largely an arraignment and a prophecy. It showed beyond any doubt that, finally, society was a failure; it was a failure because it depended, like democracy, upon the suppression of all its elements into a state of blank conventionality. It was a dull round of similar ideas and similar artificial people and actions. There wasn't, as I had discovered, even the excuse of amusement.

Between the Past and the Present

Hermann, like myself, unfortunately, belonged both to the past and the present; we couldn't submit ourselves to the first and we were late for the second. We had been born at a wrong time. A hundred years ago, or a hundred years ahead of the present, would have been better. At the end of the eighteenth century leisure was possible with dignity; a hundred years from now would, probably, see a number of things more decently managed. Ignorance was being slowly destroyed, the tyranny of conventions upset. Most of what I had learned in school, no more than forty years ago, was now found to be inaccurate, if not wholly false. Physics had progressed, astronomy was different, nothing I had been taught about history was valid. It was the same with morals, and, consequently, with the structure of society. The same things, even what was admirable in the past, were no longer admired.

I admired Newport, but it was necessary to admit that, in a traditional sense, its end was not far off. If it had to be different it would, instead, come to an end. I was, for that reason, glad to see it before the calamity, or improvement, of change had occurred. It was, as I have admitted, a state of being where I was happy. A charming spectacle. The different elements of human society, there, were welded into a pleasant, a harmonious, luxury. I liked the ridiculous mansions that fronted on the sea, the façades of 1870.

I descended with Hermann Oelrichs to his porch; it was long past seven; the light on the lawn, on the sea beyond, had a darkening transparency. The grass was green black; the still sea was lavender. She must go home, Frances said; there was no need for me to hurry; I stopped to see Leonard Thomas—Leonard and Marie. She was, as usual, gay; as usual, Leonard was grave. He was older than Hermann, as old, perhaps, as myself; like me, his interests were serious. He was engaged by the historic forms of sacred music. He wrote it and knew its instruments by individual notes. At the same time, golf entertained him. I don't think Marie played golf; if she did, it would be inattentively. Her principal talent and engagement, almost, was to see through sham; she saw through it with triumphant and loud announcements of that embarrassing fact. Well, Leonard and Marie were part of Newport, yet Leonard's main concern was with Gregorian music and Marie was totally foreign to all merely conventional and pretentious things. The elements of Newport, it was evident, were different from the society and conceptions they together formed.

Farewell to Newport

They were different, in all cases, privately; whatever, personally, they were, what actually they thought, had not reached the point of coloring their observable acts and allegiances; they all contributed their parts to the complete and inseeure being of Newport.

They were, too, individually unequal in other ways—some families had been rich, consequential, for three, or four, or even five, generations; some had been poor, inconspicuous, only yesterday. There was, naturally, no possibility of an aristocracy by birth. Men with very little money, too, made up, for its good, the Newport scene, but they depended, for their setting, upon the fortunes of others, American fortunes very much the result of trade. The sources of money were no longer as important as the forms of entertainment it was turned into. I returned, at last, to the Wellmans' house and went up to my old room with its low ceiling and worn random boards in the floor. My clothes were laid out on the bed; a bath had been drawn; I dressed slowly, with a highball convenient on a maple chest of drawers.

It was Sunday, after the first of September, and a great many people were leaving on the boat for New York that night. For that reason dinner had been set at eight sharp. I sat beside Mrs. Minot—I knew it was Mrs. Minot because I could see the name on her place card—and said that Frances had taken me through her house and garden. She was, I discovered, a woman of great candor; Mrs. Minot had not been born to endure the superficialities of individual vanity. A woman with an extraordinary energy of life. Mrs. Bingham—it was her dinner—was engagingly tranquil. I liked them both enormously; I saw them for, perhaps, three hours, and then, saying nothing worth their slightest attention, conventional and uninteresting, I left. Newport had given me great pleasure; it had proved to me that I was, in part, a snob; yet I left it possessed by an intangible discontent; I carried away a feeling of emptiness—all I had experienced and seen was politer than real; I had missed there the evidences of understanding, the simplicity of heart, that alone gave to life its supreme dignity.

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BACK BAY NIGHTS

(Continued from Page 15)

at last they marry before crowds in a perfect furor of disbursements." He sighed. "See me later. I've hidden away a brandy that's far too fine for the uncultivated."

"Can you make anything of this underwear shop?" Ted inquired.

Mr. Winant gently moaned. "Lucilla's current aberration? A wee place off Boylston Street, decorated according to *l'art moderne*, stocked with fragile importations for the discriminating trade. Can't you see a sign swinging in the wind—Lucilla Winant; Drawers? Life is all dog days to Lucilla. Her temperature is always a hundred and one. Why has Harvard never snatched her from a father's care?"

He made a little melancholy salute and moved on. A pathetic figure, Ted decided, a sportsman constantly dreaming of trout streams and constantly forced back from dreams to the self-expressions of Lucilla. But weren't they all pathetic figures—pretending that loss of sleep constituted a good time? Back Bay nights! Well, boots and saddles! Let the Harrods ride forth once more.

He'd brought Anne Morrison to these obsequies; it was his responsibility to see to it that she thought she was enjoying herself. He went in search of her. She wasn't on the floor, but after a while he saw her earnestly talking with Hastings Farrand. Ted had understood that that once fervent romance had ended long ago. He had thought that even Anne, whose nervous system was indistinguishable from the society page, must in time get fed up with the correctness of Hastings Farrand. Farrand wasn't so much a person as a set of regulations. He was the complete Harvard man, the epitome of Beacon Hill. He was a Copley portrait a bronze on a New England village green.

At the moment, that distinguished face showed agitation. Ted was startled. Hastings Farrand betraying so bourgeois an emotion as agitation was as unexpected as—as Lucilla agreeing with someone.

He caught Anne's eye and she came toward him, Farrand watching her intently, even uneasily.

"Do you need food?" Ted inquired. "Would a smothered steak help you get through the night? A short drink, perhaps? What's the matter with Farrand? Did some low fellow ask him for a match?"

Anne shook her head. "Let's dance."

She was preoccupied, and her dancing hadn't improved. Halfway down the floor she said, "We're going to Manchester for breakfast—that sylvan place in the fields. Betty Warren just told me. I couldn't ask the chauffeur to stay up all night; you'll have to get your car."

Ted suppressed a sharp cry of pain. Back to Cambridge by 4:20—that had been his innocent vision. "Do we have to?"

"Don't we?" Anne's question was in good faith. "We always do," she pointed out reasonably. "People have to eat breakfast."

Oh, Lord! That was Anne—there was a pattern laid out, and a girl of the period followed it in utter faith. And as she talked about it his expert eye could discern the inroads this faith was making on her. There were wrinkles at her eyes and her hand shook and, in spite of make-up, her face was pale. Actually pale!

"Suppose it was put on a professional basis," he protested, not hoping to convert her. "If you were offered a fee, would you drive out to Manchester after a night spent seeing a frail young deb into the world? . . . Oh, don't struggle with the idea, Anne." He lifted a hand. "I submit to the iron hand of amenity. I'll telephone for the coupé." Her dancing had been getting steadily worse. He said fretfully, "If you slept sometimes, you'd dance less like a steeplechase."

Anne stopped. "Let's default it," she said, and began to limp toward the sidelines. "I'm sorry, Ted. My fault. My horse refused a jump yesterday and I wasn't on my game. I've got about three and a half knees."

She grabbed at them, and he said soothingly, "Never mind, Anne. I believe you." But she was only adjusting her stockings. It was typical of Anne to insist on laboring through a party the day after a major accident. The angel Gabriel would be out of luck if Anne heard that the younger set was doing something else on Judgment Day.

Well, that was gallantry, that was the sporting spirit. Who said that sleep was essential to the maintenance of human life?

"I'll have the car sent out," he said, heroically resigned. "Rest your knees, child; tomorrow there'll be another horse. And here comes Plymouth Rock to bolster up your sense of caste."

Farrand was unwontedly pale. No, that was merely the distinguishing anæmia of the aristocratic life. Ted went out and after wandering through corridors found a telephone and called the garage in Cambridge. Coming slowly back, he saw that the party gave no sign of abating. They never abated.

In the corridor he found a window sill that no one was occupying, where it might be possible to doze till the coupé came. But no. Swift heels approached, and Lucilla, in a spectacular rage, shook him by the shoulder.

"You've got to do something," she commanded him. "He can't make a prize fight of my sister's dance. I should think you'd have some sense of decency, Ted."

The clarion call of responsibility! He rallied. "Jim? Has pugilism come over him?" Lucilla nodded, tapping a gold kid toe. "Who's the sacrifice?"

"Hastings Farrand. I was dancing with Jim, and he saw Hastings talking to your flame. He said something about being loyal, and decided it was time to beat him up. I hung on till the music stopped, but I don't know what's happening. It's"—Lucilla began to explode—"it's perfectly disgusting, this Harvard brawling!"

"No precedent for it whatever," Ted agreed. "There's a party and a Harvard man takes a drink. The boor!"

"Is making speeches all you do? Don't you ever try action? Do something."

"Go read Jim an etiquette book, maybe? You see, angel of peace, it's nearly always Farrand. It's an obsession. Jim has lived next to him all his life, and the strain is naturally enormous. There comes a stage where it can't be borne any longer and Jim starts out after Hastings. So far he's mostly been diverted."

"Well, go divert him again."

Her eyes positively snapped. After all, green was her color; and after all, there was something to be said for collar bones and thin shoulders. At least she wasn't hefty. But that disposition, that outrageous temper! "Listen," he said violently, "am I the miscreant? Is it me who's menacing the chaste features of the Minute Man?"

"You talk a lot," Lucilla informed him. "Don't you ever do things?"

"Come on." He seized her arm, without reference to civility, and hurried her toward the ballroom. Jim was not visible, but they saw Hastings Farrand and Anne, still talking vehemently, in a deserted corner. "The selectman's nose is still unmarred," he pointed out.

Lucilla, passing the absorbed pair, said to Farrand, "Isn't it time we were getting off to Manchester?"

Farrand didn't hear her, but Ted grunted. "I didn't realize that this expedition was to protect your escort. Never let him hear about your shop. Sell one union suit to a plebeian, and no candlelight ever again will throw the shadow of that profile on your dinner table."

"Are you afraid he'll win Anne's heart?" Lucilla asked. "Is it possible any line could compete with breezes out of the Orient at dawn? The reliable old touch about the waves breaking in phosphorescence on a midnight beach is probably still getting over with her. The horsy crowd isn't very quick-witted, do you think?"

Only the respect due a ballroom saved her. Otherwise he would certainly have taken her by those scrawny shoulders and—and shaken the very devil out of her. A thought of glamour and fascination—to shake Lucilla, hard.

"Lucilla," he said, "I'm groggy. I'm out on my feet, sacrificed before my prime to the cupidity of hostesses. I won't fight with you. You're a preposterous adolescent who should have been walloped more when you were finding self-expression in screaming from your crib. I hope to heaven Farrand marries you to his code of the best behavior. God knows, a touch of iron would do a lot for you." He paused. The lights of the room had found fine auburn in her hair. He added, marveling: "Why don't you concentrate on the high lights in your hair, Lucilla? I fell in love with them once."

"Maybe you would again, you mean? I'm sorry, Ted; no glamour. The great superiority the talkies have over Harvard is their silent passages."

His hands ached for her shoulders. But he plunged forward, having seen Jim Wick moving through a crowd across the room. There was something purposeful and methodical in that movement. Jim was searching out his prey. As he came closer, Ted could see the expression of dauntless resolution that would overcome all odds. He pulled Jim to an open space and found that Lucilla had tagged along.

"It's time to go home," he told Jim. "The entertainment no longer amuses you."

Jim's jaw was firm. "I'm in the clutch of destiny. Life's greatest pleasure comes to me tonight. I'm going to hit Hastings Farrand."

"You're not," Ted argued. "Don't be a reformer, Jim. It's an odious way of life, and so open to misunderstanding."

Jim's uplifted forefinger made soothing, explanatory motions. "Destiny is using me, Theodore, and the great

(Continued on Page 57)

Use that last ounce of power

In the fast and furious battle for baskets, no college cage star feels safe to extend himself unless he is wearing an approved athletic supporter. A violent leap, swerve or lunge may expose him, he knows, to a crippling wrench or strain if the muscles and delicate cords of back, abdomen and groin are left unguarded.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

(Continued from Page 55)

dream of my life has been to hit Hastings Farrand. You wouldn't have Jim Wick false to his dreams? And I'm only being loyal. Hastings Farrand is in love with Lucilla, the cad!"

"Everyone is in love with Lucilla, except you and me and her family. But Farrand isn't. He's only taking her to Manchester for breakfast."

Jim turned to Lucilla: "How can he go to Manchester after I've hit him? He'll be a prospect for imported pajamas and lace-trimmed sheets."

Lucilla stamped one foot, then the other. She seized Jim's elbow with both hands and pulled him toward the door. "Jim Wick ——" she began.

Ted turned away. Lucilla had taken charge and was quite competent to quell any ambition. This was one more frustration to the great dream of Jim Wick's life. As for himself, if the Manchester ordeal had to be gone through he was going to get it started. He didn't see Anne on the floor or in any alcove. But suddenly Hastings Farrand came toward him with a hand raised in admonition. It was at once apparent that something dreadful had happened. Farrand's face was ghastly pale and he was trembling.

"It's all right, Farrand," Ted said. "Jim Wick has been steered away from you."

Farrand made a gesture of distaste. "Is that bruiser talking about me again?" He hesitated and the fingers of one hand snapped involuntarily. He coughed, shook himself and plunged: "Listen, Harrod; this is more your kind of predicament than mine. What does one do? I've just received a telephone call. My roommate, Fraser Lewis, is in jail. He wants me to bail him out."

The first ray of pleasure that the evening had produced warmed Ted's soul. Jim Wick, after all, was right; on these Back Bay nights anything could happen.

He studied the shock and horror of that chill face. The spectacle of Hastings Farrand, watched by the outraged ghosts of ten generations, bearing his aloof fastidiousness into the Charles Street jail and putting down bail money for an incarcerated roommate—ah, life was very beautiful and pleasure was possible on this earth.

"D and D, I suppose," he said happily. "That's fifty dollars bail."

The catastrophe had, beyond possibility, made the Farrand voice still frostier. "The bail is five hundred dollars. How does one raise five hundred dollars at this hour?"

Five hundred! That meant that some Boston policeman with a long memory and an aversion to Harvard boys had cruelly alleged that Fraser Lewis had been driving while intoxicated. "It's a traditional Harvard dilemma. One levies on one's acquaintances. Unless there's some night club that knows and trusts you?" Farrand repudiated the suggestion. Ted produced a pocketbook and thumbed through it. "Here's the fifty I carry for Jim's bail. Here's thirty-five, thirty-seven more. Eighty-seven dollars, Farrand. Just circulate about and raise the rest. You don't have to confine your efforts to those you'd dine with. Everyone recognizes the obligation. And be sure to make the sergeant understand he mustn't presume on the informal acquaintance."

Farrand's trembling fingers received the bills. Without a nod or any other acknowledgment, he turned away. Ted saw him approach a group of noisy youths. Jim Wick was right. Anything could happen.

Well, bite on the bullet. He went in search of Anne, but she was not discoverable in the ballroom or its anterooms. No darkened corner of the corridor held her sleeping form. But as he passed a coat room Jim Wick splendidly emerged. Dewar Winant, '96, at his side. Ted released a sigh of deep relief, for Jim was wearing overcoat and silk hat and scarf, and a gold-headed stick was impeccably tucked under his arm. His face was somber.

"I don't know what has happened," Mr. Winant said, "but Mr. Wick is taking the only possible course."

"I'm going home, Theodore," Jim said with quiet dignity. "I have been grievously offended. Grievously." Eyes closed, he sought to name the exact degree of the offense. "Yes, grievously."

"I wouldn't stand it for a minute," Ted approved. "You're incontestably right. I'd leave them in their folly. But who offended you?"

"Lucilla."

"Ah!" Mr. Winant made regretful gestures. "Can it be that you aren't *simpatico* with panties?"

Between Ted and Mr. Winant, Jim stalked to the elevator, then out across the Monadnock's vast lobby. He was saddened but resigned. "There will be other nights in the Back Bay. In some other dawning I'll hit Hastings Farrand."

"You wouldn't want to add to his sorrow tonight," Ted said. "He's gone to bail his roommate out of jail."

"Fraser Lewis?" Jim blinked. The evening's weight was beginning to settle on him. "Lewis will hit him first. Life is like that."

A taxi had stopped at the curb in answer to the doorman's whistle. Jim looked at it, then at the doorman's fantastic uniform. "Two taxis," he ordered. The doorman gaped and Jim's cane tapped the curb. "Two taxis!"

"Two taxis, Jim?" Apprehensively Ted stepped between him and the uniform.

"Two, of course," Mr. Winant said. "One for escort. Have you no appreciation of human worth, Harrod?"

The second taxi drew up. Jim issued instructions to the first driver: "Proceed to Harvard Square, keeping exactly twenty-five feet ahead of our bumper." The cane tapped impatiently. "Empty, of course." He arranged himself in the second car. "Harvard Square, following your accomplice at a respectful speed." He shouted: "Here passes Jim Wick!" and the procession moved away. It halted at another shout. A gleaming silk hat came through the window. "I remain loyal," Jim announced. The cars slid on into the night.

Back in the lobby, Ted clutched the arm of Dewar Winant. "Did you mention brandy? It has saved lives."

Mr. Winant nodded. He took two glasses from a tray that a passing waiter carried, threw their contents through a window and refilled them from a flask. Truly it was a superior, a superb brandy. Warmth crept along the tired muscles of Ted Harrod's body with infinite solace. It suggested that courage and responsibility might win in the end, that beyond Manchester might lie Cambridge and a quiet bed and hours of sleep.

The party was, incredibly, breaking up. Elevators kept jarring to a stop and discharging gaudily colored cloaks and silk hats. From the dimness where they stood Mr. Winant moodily watched the departures. "Marian was borne away from her own party a few minutes ago," he said. "But in a crowd, hopelessly caught in the group spirit. There'll be no wild driving to wake a magistrate and implore him to waive the five days' notice of intention."

He refilled his glass. "Four daughters with not one trait in common except unswerving fidelity to the convention of church weddings!" The night had gone hard with Dewar Winant, and a cumulative sense of injustice at last broke out. "A justice of the peace at Gloucester with a state-wide notoriety for marrying anyone who will pay the price and no questions asked. The palatial Winant summer home at Cape Ann, a perfect retreat from the world, a place where young love can get away from it all. At hardly an hour's drive from any Boston dance. A caretaker, an ocean, and the winds of the world. Why does no Winant daughter follow the dictates of her heart?"

"Pitiful!" Ted said. "Simply heartbreaking! And disgraceful." He held out his glass. "Something of the old spirit is gone; it may be forever."

"There was an elopement from the Broadhurst ball in Jamaica Plain last week," Mr. Winant said indignantly. "It did not include Marian or Lucilla. Isn't it possible to believe in contagion?"

Ted had raised his glass. He set it down, untouched, in an ash tray. "Excuse me," he said. He had seen something very queer across the lobby.

He made all haste getting there. But a midnight-blue opera cloak came in between, and a girl—some girl—was talking to him: "Anne Morrison said to tell you she wouldn't wait any longer for you Ted. Are you tight? She said to go on and pick her up at Manchester. She said she was going on with somebody else. She'd been crying. You ought to have more consideration."

"Somebody probably bumped into her knees. Sorry. I'm in a hurry."

He brushed past the blue cape and almost ran to the elevators. But the person he had seen had got away. He rushed on outdoors to the curb. He had been right. It was Fraser Lewis.

"Hey!" he shouted. Lewis stepped back from the sedan he had been entering. "You're not out already? I thought you were in jail."

Lewis looked startled. "Me? In jail? Don't be silly, Harrod. I've been here for an hour. We came on from a dance in Brookline. I'm with Betty Foster."

That settled it. Betty Foster precluded the idea of intoxication—any kind of intoxication. Ted went slowly back into the lobby, thinking intensely.

He got his coat and hat, and found the key to his car at the desk. The coupé was parked across the street. He drove it to the Monadnock's canopy and shook his head at the doorman. He sat there, weighing the evidence.

It was inconceivable that Hastings Farrand could lie. Yet he had lied, with a success hardly to be overpraised. He had lied eighty-seven dollars away from T. Harrod. But why? There could be no doubt whatever about his agitation. The sight of Farrand so shaken from the glacial calm of his ideal that his cheeks turned pale and his fingers snapped and his wrists trembled—that wasn't so commonplace that one could be mistaken about it. What had destroyed the Farrand self-control?

It seemed obvious enough. Whenever he'd seen Farrand tonight he had been talking with Anne. Whenever he'd seen Anne, after he'd once delivered her to the Monadnock, she had been

(Continued on Page 60)

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•

Number of cars	15
Number of tires	62
Average car mileage	30,112
Total tire miles	1,866,944
Original tires in service at end of tour	32
Number of tires never off the rim	15
No. of blow-outs	NONE
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(Continued from Page 57)

talking with Farrand. They'd talked a lot. With wholly uncharacteristic vehemence and gesturing. They weren't gesturing people. Anne had got progressively more nervous all evening long. He had attributed it to mere exhaustion. What a naive idea—that anything social could exhaust Anne!

Clearly, he would not find Anne at Manchester. At this moment she and Farrand were in swift flight across the Massachusetts countryside, seeking a county clerk, a magistrate, who could be roused from slumber. Ted Harrod lay back against the cushion and for the first time tonight found honest mirth. The old spirit was not dead! Once more there was wild midnight driving and the haste of young love that would not brook delay. It had passed Dewar Winant by, according to precedent, but beyond all credence, beyond all likelihood and fitness, it had fixed on Hastings Farrand. Oh, without any question whatever, Jim Wick was right. Back Bay nights! Anything might happen.

Someone came down the dim shadows of the canopy, into the lights at its end. They evoked glinting ambiguities in dark hair. "Have you seen Hastings?" Lucilla asked.

She was wrapped in a wholly absurd, infinitely fascinating cloak. Green velvet curved low over her gold slippers and underlay vast gold embroideries till a white fur collar rose high above Lucilla's chin. Extravagant flora and fauna in gold brocade wandered all over Lucilla. There was a sort of splendid cabbage on one shoulder and an ibis, or a crane, or perhaps a flamingo, stood on tall legs at the hem and raised a long beak toward the other. . . . Slenderness had its merits. She was slimly disarming; she looked fragile, frail, yielding.

She brought a long yawn to an end. "Stop staring at me! I'm not playing charades. Where's Hastings?"

He sighed. But if they were going to fight some more his knowledge gave him an advantage. "He said he had to go bail Fraser Lewis out of jail."

"Nonsense!" Lucilla said sharply. "Fraser has been here for hours."

"I know. I didn't know it when I gave Farrand eighty-seven dollars." He opened the door and said hospitably, "Do come in, Lucilla. I'll take you to Manchester. Your escort is detained while he elopes with Anne Morrison."

"What!" She clutched the edge of the door. Her face was utter disbelief.

"You frightened him," Ted considerately explained. "He took alarm at the thought of your new trade. You can see how impossible lingerie is as a career. The best people simply drop you flat."

Dazed, she came into the car and sat down beside him. He put it in motion down the street and headed it toward the bridge. How far was it to Manchester?

"How do you know?" Lucilla demanded. She had slumped deep into the upholstery. There was a glimmer of white at his shoulder; the dash light found reflections in gold brocade. She sighed, yawned, sighed again, stretched slim arms. "I'm sunk. I'm simply frayed. . . . How do you know?"

"Why else would he raise five hundred dollars at a dance? Why else would he shake and tremble like any plebeian with the ague? Why else would a nervous system as normal as Anne's get jittery and drive her into all sorts of neurotic behavior? It used to be a crush. Tonight it simply swept all hateful barriers away and sent them off hunting a compliant magistrate. There's one at Gloucester. If you wanted to keep Farrand's adoration, you shouldn't have suggested selling chemises. . . . Oh, stop yawning, Lucilla!" He slapped the steering wheel. "I've got to drive this car and I haven't slept since Thanksgiving. You wanted Manchester and I'll get it for you. Sleep no longer attracts me, but yawning's contagious."

She yawned. She screwed the window shut and lay back in the seat, stretching her arms wide. "If you go fast," she said through another yawn, "maybe I can pick up a little sleep on the way. Oh, Ted, I'm simply yelling with fatigue."

He depressed the accelerator. Once past Everett, there would be little traffic and no speed cops. . . . Lucilla's presence beside him in the car was a sharp irritation: he was certainly going to have rich cause for anger before this drive was ended. It was funny the gift she had for throwing such a poised and self-controlled young man as T. Harrod into perfect frenzies of rage. Simply, Lucilla was born to make him mad. She was one of these tropical plants—luxuriously good-looking but covered with spines that secreted irritants.

"I understand," he said. "That's the reaction. It shows how your soul yearned for Farrand. Of course you're fatigued."

She yawned again. "You ought to know. It's Anne he's stealing away."

After nosing through vast factory districts, the car hummed down a straight stretch of concrete, across salt marshes odorous of the sea. Their lights made a fleeing beam, a shifting radiance. The engine was a faintly perceptible rhythm, a sort of sweet monotony eloquent of power. The speed exhilarated him. It would have been glorious if he had felt fresh, if that marvelous cloak had wrapped anyone but Lucilla. He tasted the flavor of speed and quiet and darkness, then recalled himself to Lucilla's irritations. It was essential to correct her ideas. Everything about her needed correction.

"Get this," he said stormily: "I'm not in love with Anne Morrison."

"No? What gives you such abominable moods, then? Thwarted art, perhaps?" She uttered a pleasurable gurgle, a skillful blend of malice and delight. "Do you mean to say that that ingrate didn't appreciate the beaches and the frangipani and the perfumed breeze? How grossly underbred of her, Ted! The girl must have no spiritual life at all. Just horses."

The speedometer, long stationary at sixty-five, crept higher as the car shot down a slope. If he dropped the wheel now there would be two unidentified bodies in the field tomorrow. That didn't seem an excessive price to pay for the ecstasy of shaking her. "Oh, do shut up, Lucilla!" he implored her. That signified a sort of helpless exhaustion. It must mean that he was worn completely out. When he couldn't answer, when he had to employ crudities, he had lost his grip.

"You certainly must have fumbled somewhere." The gold slippers stretched another inch or two under the dash. "I'm so sleepy! . . . Did you take care to get all the settings right, Ted? Did you take her out on a high cliff in the moon above the Atlantic? That was the time that"—the words were mangled by another yawn—"that simply—had me—gasping. I was helpless. I was absolutely swooning. Maybe"—she finished earnestly—"maybe you should have specified horses in the South Seas. Some natures find them inseparable from romance. Though I would have bet on the cliff."

"You might give her lessons in melting tenderness," he said. His hands were clenched on the wheel; he wondered how people ground their teeth.

"I do make love nicely," Lucilla admitted. "I studied under T. Harrod, you know. But I lack that native eloquence, that high, impassioned fervency that the moon ought to bring out on cliffs above the sea."

He kicked open the muffler in desperation, and the throbbing of eight cylinders filled the coupé. There was, happily, that way of shutting up Lucilla. The car roared down the perfect road, which had now left the towns behind and curved among the widely spaced estates of the North Shore. Immense trees drooped their bare branches into the fleeting light; stone walls made crazy angles of shadow; the stonework of bridges leaped into radiance and fell behind. This headlong flight would have been gorgeous if Lucilla could have been gagged.

For several minutes he held the coupé to that rushing speed, his eyes intent on the shadows that leaped away, the muffler wide open. They passed Salem and angled through deep woods in the direction of Beverly Farms. At last he closed the muffler and the car fled silently, with a purr of tires and the crackle of wind at the cowl. Lucilla, amazingly, had nothing to say in the darkness. After a while he glanced at her. Her face was not visible; only the rich whiteness of her collar. A curve slid her against his shoulder. She didn't recoil. She stayed there, solid and relaxed. The child was asleep!

He reduced the coupé's speed. It swam silently over another five miles of wooded countryside; then he stopped it. A road led off to the right here, and a clump of tall trees made a design against the stars. He wanted to look at Lucilla. He could see only the outline of her head against the white fur. Her hair was indistinguishable, a mere blackness—not that marvelous ambiguity of browns and reds and copper. He mused. Unquestionably, Lucilla was decorative. Handsomely designed, with a fine economy of line and flesh, distractingly slender, and, in that gorgeous green and white and gold, feloniously lovely.

He was suddenly furious. What right had she to jeer at that evening on the cliff? Couldn't the little fool recognize sincerity when she saw it? He had been crazy about her, mad, simply punch-drunk. . . . She had an appalling endowment of malice. She could get under the skin of a bronze statue. As for him, T. Harrod, she simply made him sweat antagonism. She always had. She always would.

Up the road, on the rise of the next hill, headlights appeared. They came nearer rapidly, then slowed as the coupé's lights picked out a taxicab. It crept by very slowly, as if someone was scrutinizing the coupé. Fifty yards farther on, it swung in a circle and started back. Ted knew; his intuitions were working soundly. He was prepared when the taxi drew up across from him, and was already screwing the window open. He snapped on his spotlight, focusing it on the taxi.

Nothing appeared in it except blank windows, but an infinitely sad voice inquired, "Have you seen my other taxi, Harrod?"

Ted yelled, "Get back to Cambridge, you incredible ass! Jim, stop being

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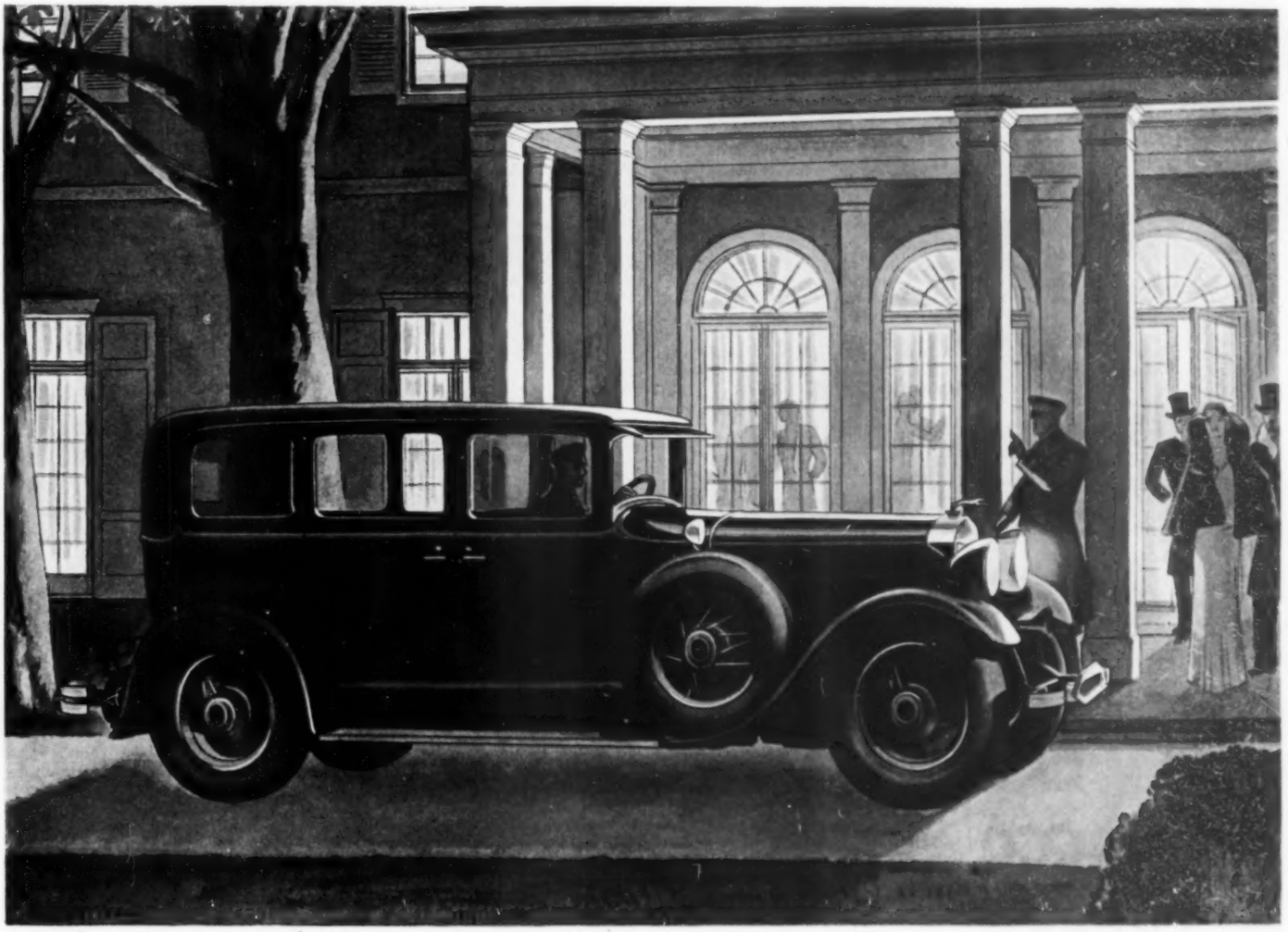
THE LINCOLN



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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 60)

juvenile! I can't take care of you all your life! Go home to bed!"

Lucilla stirred jerkily and sat up, rubbing her eyes.

The voice from the dark window moaned a bit. It held the full measure of the world's grief. It was hopeless, despairing, damned.

"How can I go home? I've lost a taxi." But then a faint warmth came to it, as of the earliest beginning of hope: "Have you seen Hastings Farrand?"

"Of course not!" Ted shouted. This was the last, the climactic incident of an incredibly awful night. Jim Wick, lit, combative, irresponsible, not safely home in bed but wandering in a taxi all over the Eastern Seaboard.

The voice said sternly to the driver, "On into the night, fellow." The taxi began to rumble. And then, suddenly, Jim appeared in the window. The top of the silk hat was gone. The bosom of the gleaming shirt was partly ripped away. There were dark blotches on what was left of it. The lovely overcoat had lost an arm, and the scarf was gone. One side of Jim's face was puffy. There was a vivid stain on his forehead.

"I have!" he yelled triumphantly.

The taxi swung in a circle and went on. After a stunned moment, Ted started the engine, preparing to follow it. But Lucilla said sharply "Stop!" and reaching over turned off the switch.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded furiously.

"Are you thinking of following Jim Wick?"

"He's jingled and turned loose on a world that's powerless to defend itself. Of course I'm going to follow him. I've got to put him away."

"You do not!" Lucilla contradicted him sharply. "Why do you always have such idiotic ideas?"

"And what about Farrand?" he argued. "There's been a fight. This Beacon Hill elopement was interrupted. There's no telling how drastically."

"Is that a great hope for you?" She had all the friendly concern of a hornet. "Do you think you can snatch Anne from the very jaws of matrimony?"

A sort of iridescence came before his eyes. One minute portion of his mind was clear and calm. It watched flame break out and spread all over the rest of him. It foresaw that this fire would burn just so far and then things would happen, and after four years of bitter frustration he would grab Lucilla and shake her hard.

"I can't be bothered with your delusions," he said. "You've got the most outrageous temper any female ever had. You're the world's champion irritant. You're the most preposterously aberrant wench in Boston."

Lucilla swarmed eagerly to arms. She had a well-tested principle—the best defense was an attack. "You've never appealed to me yourself as one of the better-finished specimens of the human race. All your life you've mistaken the gift of gab for a simply irresistible personal charm."

He gave her about twenty seconds more. "If talk is any defense against what passes as your misunderstood aspirations, I'm glad I've got the gift."

"It's a pretty poor profession," she said. She held her poise, carefully picking her darts. "It helps fill out the dull hours, but it doesn't get any spectacular results. It doesn't even successfully capture the horsy nature, does it? You mustn't get the idea that Anne can be permanently saved from Hastings. She'll end by joining me in a far from exclusive organization of those who have been temporarily stunned by your conversation but have recovered their reason."

Time! The vast weight of inhibition slipped away. He reached out, seized the thin shoulders and began to shake her. That clear fraction of his mind saw the whole gorgeous spectacle. He was shaking Lucilla at last—shaking her hard. It repaid many things; it made a lot of the past tolerable. It was a soul-stirring experience, a true intoxication. It was glorious. It was a fulfillment of long-repressed desires.

But—but he wasn't shaking Lucilla any longer! Quite beyond his volition, his hands had reached past those shoulders, the brocaded beak of the ibis had scratched his chin, and Lucilla was not at arm's length, being gloriously shaken. She was much closer—she was in his arms.

What a thing to happen—what a sheer, stark, incredible absurdity! It was simply not to be believed. The clear portion of his mind grew swiftly smaller. But there was another, still more staggering discovery. He had kissed Lucilla. He was kissing her again. Lucilla wasn't objecting; she wasn't saying a word. She was actively coöperating. This was wholly unreasonable. It was beyond belief.

She took her lips away later and whispered, "Ted, is this what's been wrong with us?"

Everything was a great deal clearer by now. "It seems to be," he said. "You make me so frightfully mad. It must be."

"You simply infuriate me. This has to be the answer."

Unquestionably it was. Once one got the perspective, the whole course of things ceased to be obscure. It simply struck you in the face. Why, even tonight—a year ago—two years ago! That was the whole truth about Lucilla and Theodore Harrod.

After a space he said into the dark hair, "The truth simply shouts at you. There's been just one trouble about this four years' war."

"Yes?" she said.

"It has merely been illicit. It's never had legal sanction. It's outside the law."

"Ted!" The fur collar flattened against his shoulder. "Don't yield to your old weakness. Don't just describe it. Do something."

"Jim Wick himself has no more decisive nature than your fiancé. Look!"

In turning the coupé after the taxi he had swung the lights full on a sign that pointed up the side road. Its legend read: Cape Ann.

"You should pay more attention to the conversation of your father," he said.

"It's sometimes very charming," she admitted. "What about Cape Ann?"

"There's a magistrate at Gloucester who specializes in being roused from slumber. There's the palatial Winan summer place farther up the cape."

He roused the engine again and turned the car up the side road. Lucilla's hands fastened tightly on his arm.

"I think you have gorgeous ideas," she said. She brushed her cheek against his shoulder and yawned. "Oh, Ted, years and years of uninterrupted battling, and nobody to call time on us."

He drove on. Once you achieved the proper point of view, everything was clear.

This was so utterly logical, so completely what should have been intended, that only formidable stupidity could have failed to perceive it. . . . And so, from the deb dance of Marian Winant, to which he had taken the forthright conventions of Anne Morrison, he was—at last—eloping with Lucilla.

He stopped the car with a sudden jolt. He groaned. "I'm an incredible fool, Lucilla. I'm God's bungler. I'm a hopeless ass."

"What's the matter?"

"I contributed my last cent of cash to the wedding of Hastings Farrand."

"Oh, Ted!" Her voice was stricken. "Maybe I have ——"

She fumbled in her coat, exploring its cuffs and inner pocket, then in her dress. "Not a cent!" she lamented. "Are we utterly broke? I'm going to howl."

He would bring this off if he had to commit burglarious entrance, if he had to hold up a car, if he had to assault a belated wayfarer—but there was a sudden snarling down the road behind them, the raucous grinding of a horn. A tired, familiar taxi panted up beside their window. Jim leaned out.

"I want to say ——" Jim's voice was now badly blurred. All the ventures of the night, all the swift fluctuations of chance, Jim Wick had borne with gallant fortitude. But now he was a tiring warrior, a man whom life had done in. "I feel a conviction. I feel I'm about to succumb. Sleep or alcoholic excess. But I want to say, Harrod, I'm loyal. I'm fiercely loyal."

In the faint light his head rolled drowsily, but a smile of utter triumph widened his mouth. "Life's greatest pleasure came to me tonight. I hit Hastings Farrand."

Jim paused. He seemed about to slip into oblivion. With a stern effort, he recalled himself. "The vulgarian took my other taxi and I can't find it. I can't find it anywhere, Harrod. But not till I'd rolled him. Not till I'd done my work. It's your great cause now; I'm putting it in your hands. Take charge, Harrod. Carry on!"

He thrust something into Ted's hand, and waving the driver on, slid back into the taxi. It moved away. Ted held the gift under the hooded dash light. It was a handful of bank bills.

"We have five hundred dollars," he announced.

A gold kid slipper pressed the starter. "Next stop Gloucester," Lucilla said.

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THE TWO MARTIMOS

(Continued from Page 13)

end. Most men, though they didn't suspect it, were allotted only one to a lifetime. There were men in the big house up the river because they forgot this trifle.

"If he is a crook, or an actor," said the man hunter with a vague smile, "look for his press notices. That's one thing he never destroys. Get hold of his coat. Look for newspaper clippings of his past triumphs. They'll be there." Parr smoked for a time, his two companions waiting silently on his thoughts. "I doubt if he is a crook," he said. "When a crook hides out, it is always in a town—the bigger the town the better. Most of them steam for New York. Is there any man, beast or flivver within twenty miles in any direction that you don't know personally, sheriff?"

"I don't calculate there should be," said the sheriff.

Parr chuckled. "This is a grand country for a stranger to stake himself out in, with a dog to keep off marauders!" he exclaimed. "It sounds interesting!" Parr checked himself abruptly. "Of course you understand I am not practicing. I'm out of my jurisdiction. I'm up here fishing ——"

"The pond's working," put in Nate. "There ain't no fishing." He turned a face full of secret understanding on the sheriff. The sheriff then said what he had come to say.

"If you'll look him over I'll drive him out in the yard at four o'clock this afternoon."

He got up and knocked out his pipe and departed without another word. They heard him wind up the flivver. It started with uncontrollable vehemence, but it knuckled down meekly enough when the sheriff got in and let in the clutch. Parr wandered languidly into the kitchen and watched with sleepy fascination the long curlicues of potato peelings that wound out of Nate's wife's fingers into a dish pan. He was irresistibly drawn to the horsehair sofa—which no well-dressed kitchen should be without—and when he awoke, hours later, the late resigned hen was coming out of the oven and the dinner bell was ringing.

At four in the afternoon the man hunter stretched himself at full length behind the break of a knoll that rose at so advantageous a spot in the depth of the woods that the log shack at the barking-dog corner lay, a mile away, in a notch in the tree tops. That notch ranged the target perfectly, like a gun sight, and Parr, as he focused his telescope, decided that man had somewhat aided Nature.

The sheriff lay alongside, holding a watch; and when the second hand touched the top of its circle, at the hour of four, he looked up expectantly. As if in response, three quick gunshots sounded from a remote point in the forest, a point that Parr roughly estimated to be about one hundred and fifty degrees from where they lay, using the barking-dog cabin as the center of a hypothetical circle. The shots echoed through the leafy stillness. Parr cocked an ear. The faithful dog was barking. The first few bars were ferocious. But shortly it settled down to a monotonous "Ow, ow," that might keep up for hours.

Parr, at the telescope, saw the cabin door, that swung on a harness holdback, slowly open. The mysterious gentleman in residence stepped out into the yard, without haste or alarm. He had been interrupted in the act of shaving himself. He had shaved the left side of his face, and as he paused for a moment, he applied a lather brush. He locked the door with a key. He moved without haste across a little back yard that contained the inevitable woodpile, and sat down behind a clump of junipers at the edge of the woods. At an alarm he could step into the brush and be lost. He listened, looking up at the sky; and so significant was that gesture that Parr, too, took his eye from the telescope and looked up. The sheriff did likewise.

The wary occupant of the shack being satisfied, for the moment, with the six points of the compass—including the Aztec up and down—and his dog now having settled down to a mere unemotional repetition, he resumed shaving. He was a young man, of military erectness, and very obviously not a man of the woods.

After a while a third person joined the watching pair at the break of the hill. It was the sheriff's son, Seth, who had fired the shots. He was as tall as his father, and almost an exact duplicate, except that he hadn't begun to shave yet.

"Can you get Oliver?" asked Parr.

"He's down in the swamp for a mess of bullfrogs," said the boy. "I guess I can toll him out."

A quarter of an hour passed. Then Oliver came cautiously crawling up the bank. Parr passed him the telescope. The dog's "Ow, ow" was still metronomic in its iteration. But the wind was changing, and the sound dimmed. The man had finished shaving. But he did not relinquish his hiding place. He spelled himself with a song in pantomime. He swayed from side to side. It was unmistakably tango time. Oliver could count the syncopated beat with its characteristic pause. Odd, he thought, that the Spaniards never get far away from that idiom in their everyday music. Oliver put down the telescope, with that peculiar look of bewilderment of one whose mind leaps fantastically ahead of his perceptions. When he rolled over on his back, and studied the sky, from horizon to horizon, the sheriff nodded, almost imperceptibly, and winked at his son. Oliver took up the telescope again.

"Who is he?" said Parr, in the peculiar hypnotic tone he used on occasion.

"If he's got two fingers off his left hand, I'll tell you."

"He had," said Parr.

Oliver put aside the glass. "What's the latitude and longitude of this place?" he asked. Without waiting for an answer he said, "I'd like to see a map."

Seth said: "I've got one in the car. I'll fetch it."

Oliver smiled. "No, son," he said. "Not a road map. I want a Mercator projection."

The boy arose. "That's what I've got," he said. "I'll get it."

The sheriff pulled grass, his hatchet face utterly blank. Oliver said slowly: "Wait a minute, son. Are we anywhere near the great-circle track between Le Bourget and Roosevelt Field?"

"It lies about five degrees south of us, sir," responded the sheriff's son. His eyes fell before the stare of Deputy Parr.

Parr said to the sheriff, with an odd smile, "I don't see as you need any outside help, sheriff."

The sheriff maintained his poker face; he said, pulling grass thoughtfully: "The boy is all right. But this thing goes outside my jurisdiction. I didn't believe him, until he showed me this Cuban's pictures in the magazine. I didn't take any stock in it."

"It's Martimo, the Cuban aviator, all right," said Parr. "I ought to know. I rode up Broadway with him, after his South American flight. I wonder if he faked that too."

"Martimo was in Paris yesterday, according to this morning's paper, trying out a new engine," said Oliver. He looked through the glass again, a long while. "Oh, it's Martimo, all right. Nobody could doubt that," he said. He plucked at his white lock of hair, smiling. "The hare and the tortoise, eh? I've always wondered why some crook didn't try it out. There is a million dollars for the first man to make a solo flight of the Atlantic from east to west."

"Who makes it, or fakes it!" amended Parr.

"If that's the game this fellow isn't alone," said Oliver. "He's been planted here and told to keep out of sight until the signal comes to hop off. Where is the rest of the bunch?"

"Don't know!" exclaimed the sheriff, with a frown.

"Where's the nearest take-off for a single-seater?" demanded Oliver. "It wouldn't require a long runway. He could take off with a hundred gallons, or less, to carry him to New York."

"There's Gravel Meadow," said the sheriff. "That's twenty miles north, on the river."

"Anybody there?"

"Well, nothing but what we know about," said the sheriff. "They say they are working the gravel for tourmaline. They are putting up shacks for half a dozen men."

Martimo, the Cuban ace, was returning to his abode. He must have given some signal, for the barking of the faithful dog abruptly ceased. The swinging door had scarcely closed when the dog—an oversized bull terrier with an unorthodox black nose—came bounding into the yard and opened the door by leaping enthusiastically against it, and disappeared inside.

"If that is Martimo," mused Parr, "who is the gent standing on tiptoe at Le Bourget in Paris, to hop off?"

No one had an answer for this.

"I wonder what my friend Martimo would say," remarked the deputy, "if I staggered in on him, right now, weak from thirst, and demanding succor in the name of humanity?"

"That dog would probably ask for your card at the front gate," said Oliver, "and report back that the boss was out to lunch."

"But I am desperate with thirst," persisted Parr, a steely glow in his eyes. "A desperate man wouldn't let a mere dog stand in his way."

The sheriff shook his head. "You'd never get to him," he said. "We've tried it. He'd see you coming. His job is to keep out of sight till he gets the signal."

"You could drive him out into the yard again, for me," said the hopeful Parr. "I'd be parked in the junipers, to welcome him."

"Not with that dog," said the sheriff. The dog, in spite of its not sporting a pink nose, impressed him well.

Parr turned to the sheriff's son. "How would you run this, Seth?" he demanded.

The boy flushed slightly. "You mean if I were you, sir?" he asked.

"Well, let us say I place myself at your disposal," agreed the deputy with a smile.

"I'd send him a fake signal to hop off," said Seth stoutly.

"And let him land in New York?" said Parr fiercely.

"I'd meet him with a brass band!" cried the boy. Taken back by his own presumption, and the emotionless faces that waited on his words, he glanced shyly at his father; but that stern parent was pulling grass. Seth was strictly on his own. He embroidered his theme: "To do it right," he said, "you should fetch him up Broadway in a ticker-tape cyclone—with Grover Whalen to greet him, and Hector Fuller to read a scroll, and Jimmie Walker to present him with a rubber key to the city."

It was obvious that in part at least his erudition derived from a close perusal of headlines in the metropolitan press.

"Meantime," suggested Parr encouragingly, "at Le Bourget ——"

"—— the dummy crew would be still testing out the dummy plane—and waiting on the weather to hop off. They would get their first inkling that they had made the nonhop flight of the Atlantic from the news dispatches."

Parr settled himself comfortably on one elbow, and regarded Oliver and the sheriff with a look of indolent vacuity.

"Proceed," he urged softly. "How'd you get their code?"

"That's up to the French police," replied Seth.

"Oh, you're using the French police, are you?"

A hurt look showed on the boy's face. "You were kind enough to place your facilities at my disposal, sir," said Seth. "I assume you have a working agreement with the police of every country in the civilized world. So you could call on them at a moment's notice." He paused, but no one offered to take up his burden. "The French are crafty at decoding cipher," he said. "At least so I have always heard. That's the logical place to do it, over there, under the guns. The messages will originate there. There's plenty of time," he added hopefully. "This flight won't take off till July. They can't buck the winds till then."

He ran on breathlessly. Favorable weather was a necessity, even on a fake start that would end as soon as they got safely out of sight of land. A flight would not be undertaken in the face of adverse winds. He had canvassed the possibilities of intercepting the cipher at this end; the air was jammed with code and phone and machine sending; not to mention the ham stuff, with its mush and hash and raw a. c., and—especially in the amateur bands—the CQ parties. He smiled shamefacedly, but forbore insulting the intelligence of his audience by interpreting the cryptic abbreviations. They weren't transmitting at this end—at least not yet. It seemed he was sitting up nights, sweeping the circumambient ether with a direction finder; his compass loop gave him a zero point of not to exceed ten degrees of arc, and with this for a pick-up, he worked into a double-detection unit, peaked at fifteen hundred kilocycles, with four stages of impedance-coupled screen-grid i. f. and a space-charge detector on the front end that could detect a mosquito

(Continued on Page 69)

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When Simeon Spielman plays with the Philco Symphony Orchestra for you, Tuesday evenings, on the Columbia Network, a radio set, whose units are but partially *balanced, can only bring you the* distorted *tone pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

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Radio's newest miracle of the air. This button on the front of the set instantly gives the tone quality YOU prefer. "It controls *station tone* and also reduces interference noises. "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" or "Deep" shades of tone now at your finger tips.

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Balanced-unit performance leads more people to buy Philco than any other radio in the world

833

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This great Radio is now within the reach of every family. Deliberately designed to give greater performance than the average owner needs, the demand for it has out-run all expectations so that now this Super-Set can be had in a new Philco Lowboy for as little as $127.50.

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Track-type Tractors Combines Road Machinery

(There's a "Caterpillar" Dealer Near You)

CATERPILLAR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRACTOR

(Continued from Page 64)

sneeze; he had been using this contraption as a mine sweeper, for bootleg phone stuff, but hadn't got a nibble; for c. w., he had a local heterodyne to "beat" the signal frequency ——

At this point in the monologue the boy's father came to life. He held up an admonishing finger and said, "Keep your feet on the ground, son."

"Don't interrupt!" said Parr, looking daggers at the interruption. "Has Martimo got a receiver down there?"

Seth nodded. He was off again. Martimo—or someone who was a good enough ringer for the Cuban ace to fool Parr, under the magnifying gaze of that spyglass of the sheriff's—had one of the late-model broadcast receivers, with four stages of tuned r. f.

"Not short-wave, then?" said Parr, who could talk this lingo to some extent.

"That spiggoty is a born ham!" cried Seth, his eyes blazing at the thought that here was someone who understood the English language. "He uses this B.C. outfit as the intermediate bank of a super that he feeds from a short-wave converter. He works it upside down—that is, he tunes it through a thousand k. c. band, by shifting the i. f., and leaving the oscillator be." Seth was gliding without effort into a beautiful mathematical exposition of the principles involved, but a mere drooping of an eyelid on the part of his parent brought him back to earth. Seth, however, had one last fragment of treasured information he must get off his chest.

"There is some transatlantic stuff coming through in daylight, around fifteen and seventeen megacycles," said he, for such of the audience as had intelligence enough to comprehend. He shook his head. "It's not reliable. I doubt if they'd take a chance on direct communication. They probably cable to New York, and then relay it here by short wave."

Parr took up the glass again. "We'll get a finger print out of there," he said.

"We got one," said the sheriff. When Parr turned to stare at him he swallowed. "The boy thought you might want it," he said apologetically.

"Have you any other children?" asked the deputy politely.

"Yes. Oh, yes!" exclaimed the startled parent. Like old Adam of the antiquities, this Adam indeed had many children, but Seth in particular.

"I rather like your idea of a nonhop flight," admitted Parr, turning to Seth. "Where is a telegraph office?"

"The boy can take care of you," said the sheriff, with a truly remarkable effect of casualness.

"To Paris?" cried Parr. He glared at the pair with the utmost ferocity.

"Yes, sir," said Seth meekly.

That is, maybe not direct, but in effect, yes. Due to the idiosyncrasies of radio communication—especially amateur radio-relay communication—it might be necessary to loop the message around through, say, New Zealand, or Egypt, or Cape Town. Due also to the rather chilly encouragement accorded transmitting amateurs—*réseau émetteurs*—by the French Government, it might be necessary to approach the frontiers in Holland, or Germany, and smuggle it across the line by bicycle or telephone. Seth, it was to develop, held conversations with persons of his own age and ilk over the entire surface of the earth, at seven, fourteen and even twenty-eight megacycles, nightly. In fact, the rotund earth was a pitiably small pellet for one of his capabilities, and if it had not been for the purely hypothetical Heaviside layer of ionized atmosphere—which, it was privately believed by this tribe, inclosed the earth like a fly net, and kept the signals in—Seth would have put through, without batting an eyelash, a person-to-person call to Mars.

It was four in the morning, in the radio shack—an erstwhile smokehouse—when they finally routed the message. It was in cipher, and explained in detail, to one Alphonse Gubinard, the details of the proposed nonhop flight, and the nature of the coöperation desired. This Gubinard was a savant in crime, whose time and interest had been the property, through his lifetime, of the French police. On several occasions Deputy Parr had visited the great man personally. As Seth took up the cipher message, and turned to his telegraph key, Parr said, in a low tone, as if the walls could hear:

"Won't Martimo get this, on his machine?"

"No, sir," replied Seth, fanning his key. "Dad is chasing him out in the yard while we are sending."

This impressed Parr. Next to that hair-trigger dog, he would have given worlds for a pair, in his bailiwick, who would even roughly approximate, in versatility, the tall sheriff and his son.

Parr, at home, always slept with at least one eye open, sometimes several. It might be his penumbral shadow, Morel, a handsome lively young fellow, who could have made a good living as a tailor's model, or a society man, if he hadn't preferred the police. Or it might be Pelts, the other half of the inner shadow, a shabby little fellow who in all his time on the police force had never yet put on a police uniform; indeed, it would have taken at least two of him to fill a blouse.

Pelts had been boarding in the west-side subway for several nights, on an assignment. There is a race of human moles who save room rent by riding back and forth in empty trains in the small hours. For meals they watch the vending machines, picking up here and there an unappeased penny. On a morning in the last week of June, Pelts was being thrown out by the porter at Longacre; a bundle of morning papers that were to be given a ride uptown for the usual nickel at that moment came tumbling down the cement stairs and burst at his feet. His eye caught the headlines, and he managed, in passing, to steal a copy. It was the Morning Times; it had replated its first page at 4:06 A.M., an hour when even the most metropolitan of its circulation was on its way to the ultimate consumer. Six minutes later Parr picked up the telephone beside his cot in Little Central Office uptown, where he had been riding out the current murder for the past three nights. Pelts read him the headlines. Martimo, the Cuban ace, took off unexpectedly for the transatlantic flight at eight A.M. Paris time this morning.

Concurrently the wall telephone rang. It was Morel with the information that the lobster trick in the Evening World had a flash from Paris that the great hop, which was not to have started for another three weeks, had, to the consternation of its backers and handlers, as well as to absentee reporters and photographers, taken off at eight A.M., on a spur-of-the-moment decision to take advantage of the especially favorable weather conditions prevailing over the Atlantic.

There came, simultaneously, a cablegram from M. Gubinard. Decoded and expanded beyond its terse brevities, Gubinard informed his esteemed colleague that from the beginning of this affair he had assumed that the American police were the victims of misinformation; and that this morning, at the moment of departure, he had assured himself of the correctness of his opinion, by shaking hands—left hands—with Martimo, the courageous Cuban ace, who was essaying an east-to-west flight in which so many brave men before him had failed—and it was his pleasure to report that at the moment of saying farewell to terra firma, M. Martimo had two fingers missing from his left hand. Further, Gubinard himself had placed the official seals on the barograph that accompanied the flight, as proof of genuineness.

"There's a boy to see you, chief," reported Barney, the doorman, as the deputy studied the accusing message from a police savant who, he had reason to believe, never made a mistake.

"Boy?" said Parr absently.

A wide-awake boy of high-school age entered and gave a snappy salute. "A radiogram, Mr. Commissioner," he announced, "by courtesy of our amateur organization, sir. We have sixteen thousand active members in this country, and affiliated organizations in every civilized land on the face of the earth. Our Paris-Shanghai chain is functioning especially well this afternoon, and if you have any friendly messages ——"

"A moment," begged the deputy. He tore open the envelope. The message was orthodox in every way. It was on a printed form, in upper-case typing; to preserve the flavor of cosmic encompasure, the time was given as Greenwich, 0858. That was eight minutes before the Times' last-minute replate. The message was signed Adam, and read:

"In view of premature take-off, will abolish traffic control, and hold for instructions."

"Any reply, sir?" asked the active member of the Tribe of Seth, laying a blank before Parr.

"Not to this fellow, unless I've got something to say," replied the deputy. "How does he come in? Pretty good?"

"Very QSA—through strong QRN, at that!" ejaculated the accomplished amateur. "I have him an R9 on his fourteen-meg sigs."

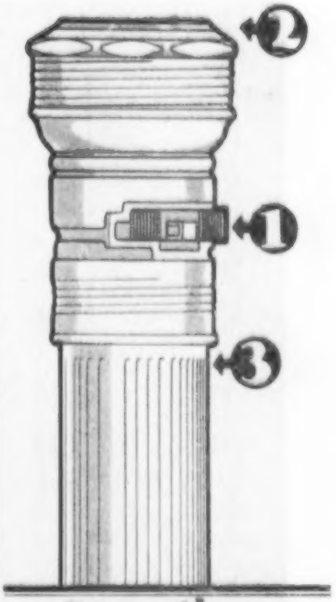
"Indeed!" said Parr, lifting a surprised eyebrow. On second thought, he had something to say. He wrote:

"Two fingers unexpectedly missing, at Paris this A.M., at moment of departure."

There came a shuffling of feet outside. The latest murderer was being brought in. For the next six hours Parr's immediate concern was not of the skies and the wayfarers thereof, but of the earth, and the regions thereinunder. Shortly after ten, Oliver Armiston came in, with a roll of early extras under one arm.

"You had better dust off the rubber key to the city," he remarked. Parr glanced over the extras, scowling. While he had been in camera this morning with an egotistical murderer, newspaper headlines had suddenly expanded from normal to the elephantine, afflicted by that weird epizoötic of gigantism which attacks the press without warning, and causes ordinary one-syllable words to burst the column rules and crowd a page. It usually subsides very quickly. This one was still in the expanding stage. Even since Oliver had come in and sat down, a fresh extra had exploded in the street. Martimo had circled low over a British tramp ship in the Channel off Lizard Head. Parr could read the headlines

(Continued on Page 72)



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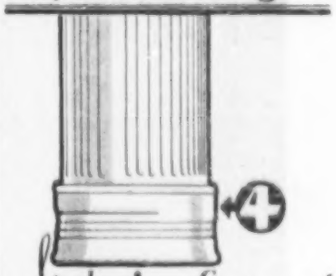

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Can you stop?

Your brakes may grip, but will your *tires?*

On those few square inches of rubber that touch the road *often depend your own and your family's safety!*

Better be sure *that* rubber is deep-cut with the tight-gripping pattern of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

Its known safety is one big reason why *"More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!"*

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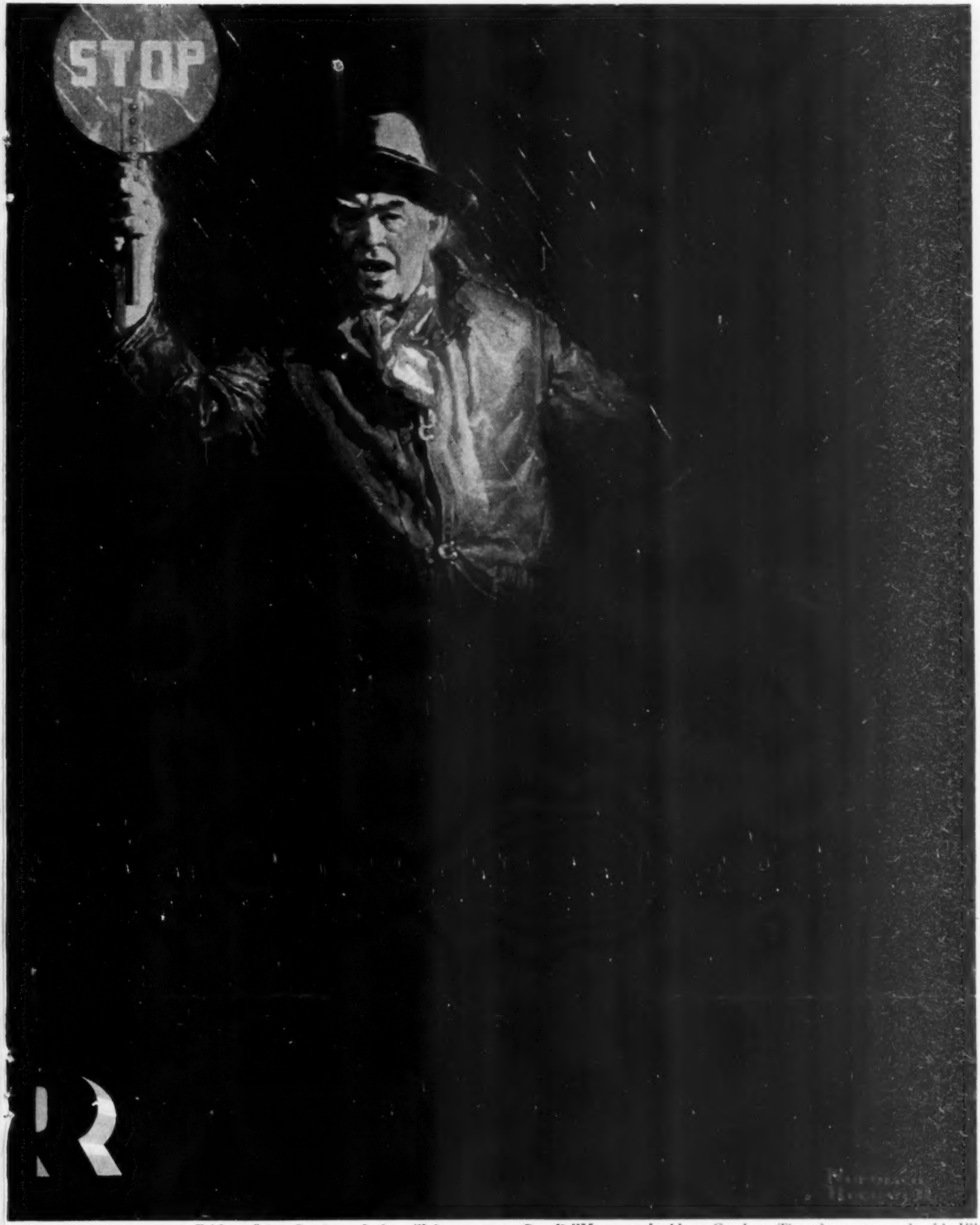
GOODYEAR

Tread and carcass: these are the two main parts of a tire. There is greater *traction* in the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. There is greater *vitality* in the C



oodyear Supertwist carcass. *Evidence?* **Any Goodyear dealer will demonstrate.** ***Proof?*** "More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

(Continued from Page 69)

across the street, where a frantic newsboy waved the paper at the staring passers-by.

"It's a good trick, if he can do it," mused Oliver. Parr nodded, an odd smile on his face. The weather was perfect. All those meteorological bunkers and traps, and such other hazards, as had combined to thwart all previous attempts in the east-to-west flight seemed to have been brushed aside by a sort of miraculous dispensation. From every ship in the steamer lane came messages of soft suant airs, such a calm as that which lay o'er Eden in the cool of evening. The old earth seemed to have taken her toe off the gas. At any rate, whatever accounted for it, there was a decided tapering off of the anticyclonic breezes the earth customarily stirred up in her wake as she spun on her course through space.

"It is the irony of fate!" mused Armiston. "On the one occasion when heaven and earth conspire for success, the flight is a fake! Isn't that a beautiful thought, Parr! Why is it that a born crook will deliberately refuse a prize to be had honestly, if he can possibly figure out some way to get it dishonestly?"

He examined the Mercator projection on the wall. Someone had already drawn the course of the flight on it.

"He'll be going overboard in another hour, Parr," said Oliver. "As soon as he gets out of the traffic in the Channel. That will be off the Irish coast. He'll have a motor launch. He will put his ship into a tail spin, and come down in his parachute. Then he'll have nothing to do for the rest of his life but to keep out of sight. Very sweet! Parr, he's making seventy miles an hour, with a load. He'll increase his speed a little. He ought to come down, with a nice three-point landing at Roosevelt Field at about eight o'clock Friday morning. There won't be standing room on Long Island at dawn! Remember the Bremen?" he asked. He resumed his chair. Parr said nothing, sat rubbing his blue chin, thinking of his barber.

"Parr," said Oliver, in his elaborately pragmatical manner, "one of the insufficiently—as yet—explored phenomena on psychology is the reaction of our perceptive faculties to the wish fixation. What we desire, we have. What we insist should happen, happens. I have seen it maintained that it is a dangerous thing to print discouraging bulletins when a great man lies ill. The whole world then gives him the death thought—and he dies! At least, so we are told by certain savants whose esoteric science we ignorantly call superstition. But, Parr, mark you this! The whole world at the present moment is giving this Martimo the success thought. By the way," he put in excitedly, "which one is the true Martimo—and which the paste?"

"The veritable Martimo," said Parr, "at the present moment is in the arms of my friend and collaborator, the sheriff. We checked his finger prints in the army records. I hate to demolish your theory, but I don't see how you can possibly hand him the success thought in his present predicament."

"He'll be reported in mid-Atlantic about eight in the morning," rattled on the bemused Armiston. "He should be off Cape Race about six in the evening. There's a moon. He will pass over the barking-dog corner about midnight. Maybe he'll drop a wreath or something. An hour or so later, some of the keenest listeners among our down-east Yankees should pick up the thresh of his propeller. He'll be visible to the naked eye about four o'clock—flying high, of course—a mere glint reflecting in the rising sun. He can't get past Lewiston, Portsmouth, Waltham, Providence, without being seen. Great crowds will line the great-circle track at this end, pointing him out to each other. He will be seen, Parr, mark my word, and with plenty of substantiating detail. Remember the Bremen? We brought her as far south as New London. True, I admit she never, in the flesh, actually got farther south than Labrador, where she made a forced landing the previous morning. Nevertheless, the crowd at Roosevelt Field refused to disperse until long after dark. Parr," cried Oliver, challengingly, "what do you intend to do when he lands Friday morning?"

"Who?"

"Martimo?"

"Which one?"

"Either," said Oliver easily.

Parr chuckled. "I think I'll go fishing," he said. "Maybe the pond isn't working now."

He took down a telephone and, in that lordly way of his, ordered a cabin monoplane for tomorrow morning. He could transship to the mixed accommodation at Fredericton, and reach the railhead of the branch line by dark.

"Make two reservations," he said.

"I don't know but what I'd rather stay here and see the fun," said Oliver.

"No, the view will be better up there," insisted Parr.

At eight in the morning the deputy stepped from his car to a luxurious three-motor monoplane, and waited, with a smile of satisfaction, while his summer and winter overcoats were passed in. Inside he found Oliver in a deep chair by a table discussing the possibilities of breakfast with a white-coated steward.

"He is in mid-Atlantic," said Oliver cheerfully. He pointed to the morning papers. "Some day this success thought will get through!"

It was a fact that the captain of the Esthonia, a competent observer, especially at sea, reported at eight A.M., New York time, distinctly hearing the tearing thresh of an airplane propeller, evidently flying at a great altitude above a thin haze.

"This story will get out of the hands of the press before noon today," said Oliver hopefully. "It's too big for newspapers to handle. The press will have to move over to the curb and not cut out of line, along with other obsolescent slow-moving traffic." His voice grew mysterious. "Do you realize, Parr," he said, "that radio will distribute the news of Martimo's landing in less than one-seventh of a second after it actually occurs, to the farthest ranks of the unseen audience, no matter where they stand on the face of the earth? Radio will have a microphone in the cockpit before the plane stops rolling. And Martimo will be telling the world by word of mouth—by word of mouth, mark you!—the really vital things about the flight—whose oil he used, and whose spark plugs, and whose cigarettes. By the way, Parr, did you ever get so much as a single word of the preliminary messages between the two Martimos?"

"Not so much as a smell!" admitted the deputy. "We hadn't expected them to open up for another two weeks. They caught us flat-footed."

The same suant weather that wafted Martimo out over the Atlantic carried the three-motored monoplane to its destination without encountering a bump or a hole in the air. The passengers transferred to the mixed accommodation. When at dusk they stepped down at the shanty station at the railhead, wondering if they could pick up another reactivated flivver for thirty-five dollars, they were amazed to see the sheriff in their original purchase, at the milk platform. That he was awaiting them he at once made evident by reaching back and prying open the rusty door for them to step in and sit down. He concluded a conversation he was having with the station agent and started off.

"He's off Cape Race," said he.

Then he gave all his attention to driving. He was taking a short cut designed primarily for stone boats and the hardier kinds of buckboards, but he managed somehow to get through. And when, like a prudent mariner, he reached a spot where he could safely relax for a moment, he turned to reassure his passengers. He said to the rear seat, craning his neck:

"I've got a boy—my youngest boy, going on fourteen—something queer about him. Dogs don't bark at him." He shot a swift look at them. "I don't know why. Neither does the dog. That dog's sleeping with that boy of mine in the attic."

He tooled the car through a nest of bowlders. Parr leaned forward, hanging precariously on the robe rail.

"When did you pick him up?" he shouted above the din.

"Daylight—yesterday."

A little later, Parr yelled: "Gravel Meadow—what about them?"

"They high-tailed it out this morning!"

They came on barking-dog corner, tragically silent in the moonlight. Later they came on the sheriff's domicile, phosphorescent against the hemlocks, under a fresh coat of paint. From an attic window came a patient "ow, ow, ow," which quietly terminated at some word of admonition from inside, undoubtedly from the fourteen-year-old son, whose bed the faithful creature was sharing. The sheriff cut off the motor, and in ghostly silence it coasted down the gentle hill through the woods for a mile or more, and came to a halt at the former smokehouse.

Lights gleamed through the chinks. The flutelike notes of some long wave-arc or alternator wireless station were coming in—Carnarvon, Nauen or Arlington. The signals were drowned out in a rush of static, with its click, grind and crash. Then a birdlike chirping; the hoarse voice of a ship-to-shore spark; a sudden gust of machine sending at a terrific speed—and then, after a long pause, a fragment of a voice said:

"Halifax, at ten—very distinct—and moving southwest by south ——"

Through a window they saw the two boys, Seth and Martimo, crouching over the bench, while Seth with the delicate fingers of a Jimmie Valentine, slowly turned the tuning dial, the two watching the slow movement of the calibrated arc with glazed fixity. There was a loud-speaker on a shelf above their heads, and under it hung the skull and crossbones warning of high voltage. Seth must have sensed their presence, for after a moment he quietly took himself out of his chair with that boneless grace that was a gift of this family. No sooner had he vacated the seat than Martimo slid over into it and took the dial. Seth tiptoed out, closing the door softly behind him. Without a word they moved over to the shadow of the trees.

"What's he got to say for himself?" asked Parr.

"Not a word," said Seth in a hushed voice.

"I expect he is doing a lot of thinking," said the sheriff.

Parr nodded. "He's got a lot to think about," he said grimly.

Seth turned to the deputy uncertainly. "You are not going—you're not going to take him up, sir?" he asked timidly.

Secretly the man hunter chuckled. He was thankful enough to be out of his own jurisdiction. But he temporized, studying Seth. "What's on your mind, son?" he asked flatly.

"You know they are double-crossing him," said the boy.

Parr nodded. "It's an old Spanish custom, widely practiced among crooks," said he dryly.

The boy began stoutly: "But this fellow isn't a crook at heart, sir! He's only a kid. He's got a fine record behind him. This is his first slip. They've caught him like a rat in a trap ——"

"Are you sure," asked Parr casually, "that he didn't get a signal to hop?"

"His plane isn't out of his crate yet," interposed the sheriff.

Parr looked hard at Seth. "I'm inclined to let Nature take its course," he said shortly. "I wouldn't lift a hand, for my part. He's got to take what's coming to him."

"What's that?" asked the boy tensely.

"When they land, will there be any doubt in anybody's mind that they have made it?" demanded the deputy fiercely. "Can he walk out on the field and push the crowd aside and say, 'Wait a minute! I'm Martimo. You're cheering the wrong man'?" Parr chuckled. "Not! His cue is to fade out of the picture. What else can he do?"

Seth's eyes never left his face. "If they make it," said he tensely.

"They're making it!" cried Parr. "The whole world is giving them the success thought. Listen to your radio."

The boy said quietly, "And if they don't make it—what then?"

Oliver drew a quick breath. Adam turned his hawklike visage slowly on Parr, awaiting his answer.

"But they are crossing!" cried Oliver. "Everything is in their favor. That's why they took the chance."

Seth shook his head. "Nothing authentic has come through since eight this morning," he said. "The Esthonia picked him up at about thirty west longitude. There's nothing since—only the usual crop of rumors."

The flutelike notes of a big transatlantic wireless were sounding on the air again. They listened. Parr tried to pick it up, but it was too loosely abbreviated for him. It ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

"That's Halifax," said the boy. "The operators are rag chewing. They've got nothing. They are asking every ship within talking distance."

"It'll be another four hours before anything breaks," said Parr. "I'll snatch a cupful of sleep."

He went to the car and got out his topcoats, summer and winter, and helped himself to a local horse blanket.

"Seth!" he called softly. The boy went quickly to his side.

"Don't leave anything around loose that he can hurt himself with," muttered the deputy. Seth nodded. He had seen to that. Parr smiled to himself. He had that comfortable feeling that whatever happened, it would be adequately taken care of without his interference.

"How about your motor generator? He might accidentally start it up, and lean against it," he said quickly, at a sudden thought.

(Continued on Page 77)

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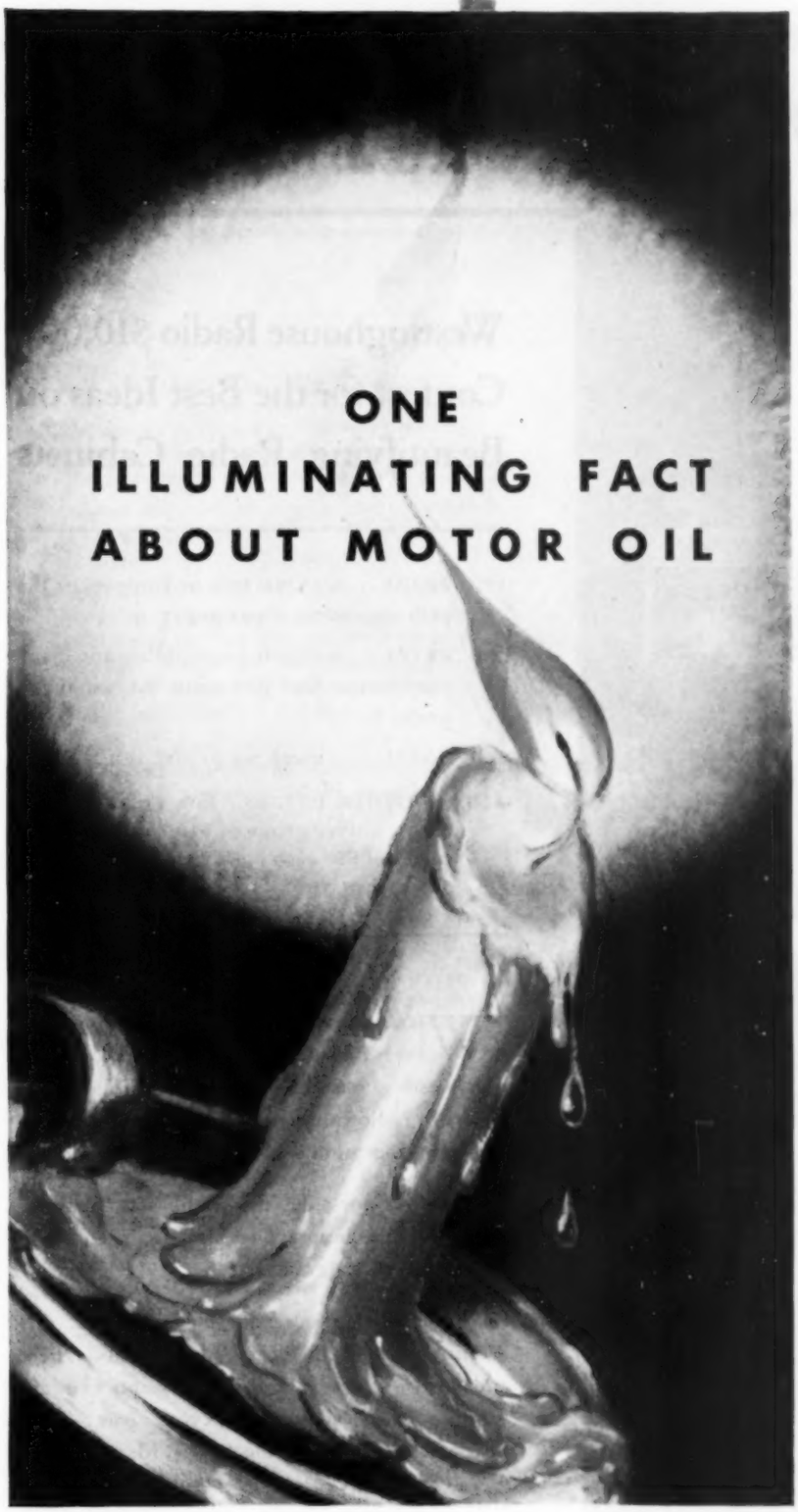

Hard starting, with its excess wear and tear on your engine, your battery and yourself, is caused oftenest by wax—wax in your oil, turned candle-hard by cold, *clogging your motor.*

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1ST PRIZE . . . a $5,000 trip to Europe—or the cash equivalent, if you prefer.

2ND PRIZE . . . a $2,000 automobile—any make you choose. And here again, the cash if you prefer it.

3RD PRIZE . . . a check for $1,000.

AND 45 OTHER PRIZES . . . Five prizes of $200 each . . . Five prizes of $100 each . . . Ten prizes of $50 each . . . Twenty-five prizes of $25 each.

"WHAT does the public want?" . . . a question every manufacturer is always asking himself. Westinghouse knows that the public wants beauty in radio cabinets. Style, charm . . . as well as perfect reception.

And in four gorgeous new radio sets, Westinghouse provides beauty. Encases magnificent engineering in . . . magnificence.

But . . . Westinghouse doesn't stop there. For Westinghouse wants ideas. Asks the public, here and now, to tell all the things it wants in radio cabinets. Invites you to turn in your ideas . . . and offers rich rewards for the 48 best ideas.

Give us an idea on the beautification of radio cabinets. You needn't be an artist or a designer. Needn't draw or diagram your idea. You need only to express it in your own words. One idea . . . and maybe a glorious trip to Europe for you or $5,000 in cash, or a $2,000 automobile, the second prize, or a $1,000 check, or any of the prizes in the bulletin above.

FREE trip to PARIS?

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight, December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded for the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize-winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.

MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.

MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.

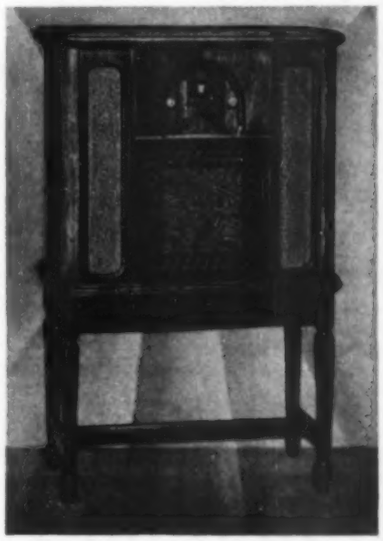
RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.

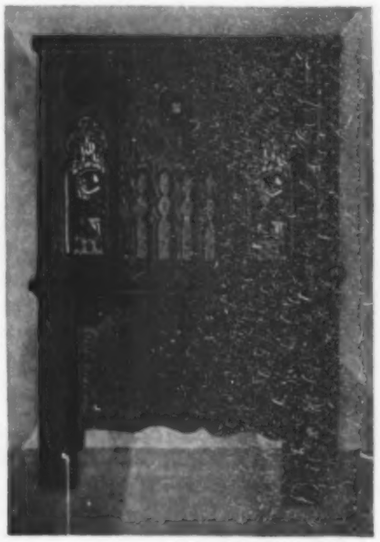
E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Radio Department . . . 150 Broadway, New York City





WHAT DO WE MEAN "IDEAS"? . . . HERE'S A GOOD EXAMPLE

See these miniature models at your dealer's

One of the Westinghouse staff suggested this idea (it's not entered in the contest, of course, since Westinghouse employees are not eligible) but it's a good example of the type of ideas we seek. These cabinets are lighted from within . . . and the light shines through the translucent panels at each side. See them . . . they might set your "thinking cap" buzzing with ideas of your own. Of course, these are only miniatures and have nothing to do with the new Westinghouse Radio sets now on sale at your dealer's.

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You'd expect Westinghouse to offer the ultimate in radio. Westinghouse led the way in broadcasting. Westinghouse built the first home receiving set the world had ever seen—ten years ago. The new Westinghouse Radio sets of 1930 are nine-tube, screen-grid, super-heterodynes. Included is a radio-phonograph combination with home recording feature. The larger models are available with remote control.

All use four screen-grid tubes; push-pull amplifier; improved power filter system (no hum); tone control (on larger models); electric-dynamic power speaker; local-distant switch. Your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer will be happy to give you a demonstration either in your home or in his store. Let him explain the convenient time payments.

Westinghouse Radio

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

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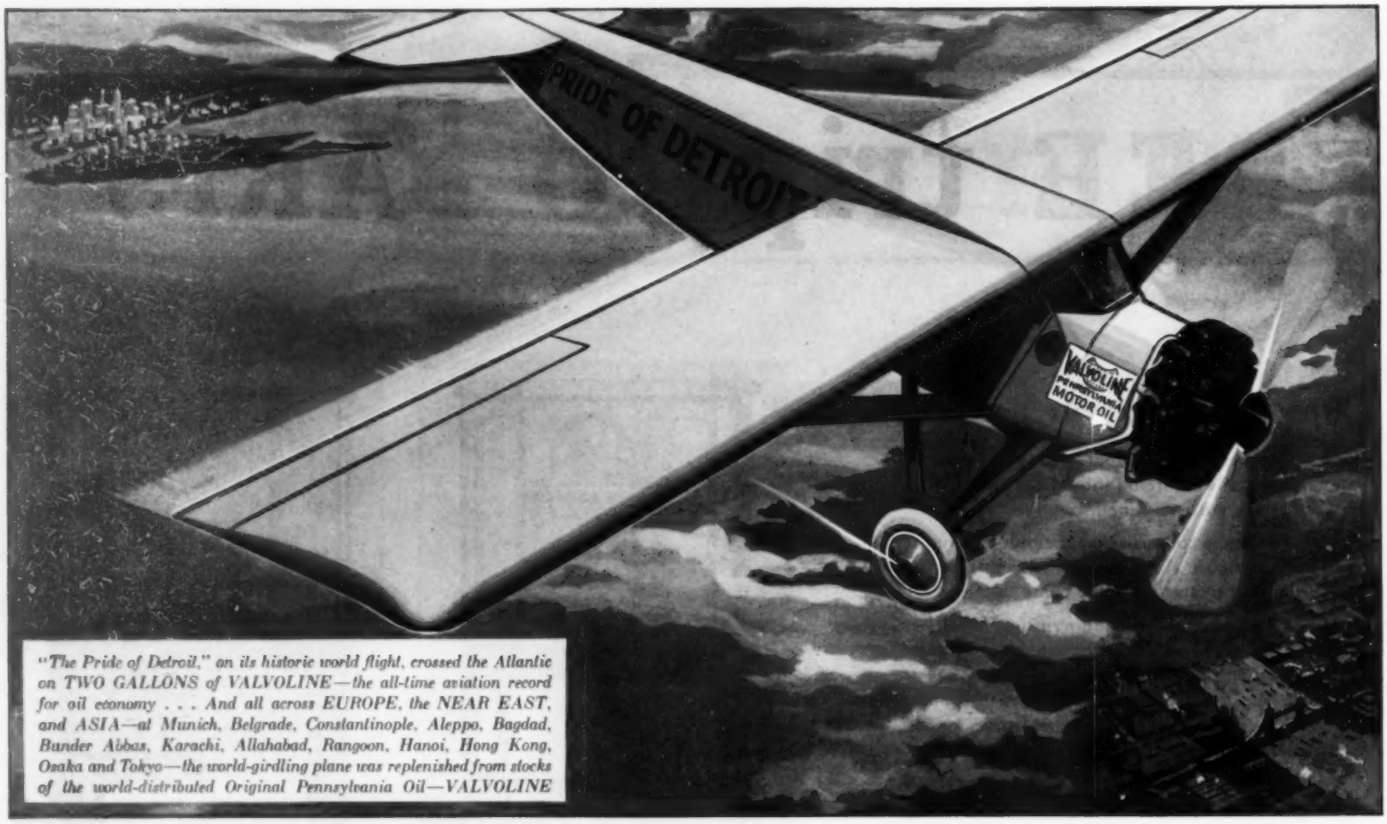


"The Pride of Detroit," on its historic world flight, crossed the Atlantic on TWO GALLONS of VALVOLINE—the all-time aviation record for oil economy . . . And all across EUROPE, the NEAR EAST, and ASIA—at Munich, Belgrade, Constantinople, Aleppo, Bagdad, Bunder Abbas, Karachi, Allahabad, Rangoon, Hanoi, Hong Kong, Osaka and Tokyo—the world-girdling plane was replenished from stocks of the world-distributed Original Pennsylvania Oil—VALVOLINE

At home and abroad stop at this sign for the *original* PENNSYLVANIA OIL

You may differ greatly from the average motorist in the demands you make upon your lubricating oil.

You may prize above all else the sure, smooth, sweet running of your motor car—its longer life at peak efficiency—its long-continued freedom from repair and replacement costs.

If you do value these real factors in motor satisfaction and economy, you are certain to value also this one outstanding lubrication fact:

Europe endorses VALVOLINE, the *original* Pennsylvania oil, just as emphatically as does America.

Here in America, a typical automobile dealer, using many carloads of Valvoline yearly in his servicing, reports with pride, *"For 24 years there has not been a single customer complaint about the quality of Valvoline."*

Over in Europe, such precision manufacturers as those who design the brilliant Minerva of Belgium, the Graf & Stift and Austro-Fiat of Austria, the Mercedes-Benz, Hansa and Horch of Germany, unanimously rely on and recommend Valvoline.

The speed trials of British and Italian men-of-war, the transoceanic plying of liners under every flag, the ceaseless, economic operation of great industrial plants in the Old World and the New—all celebrate the quality of Valvoline.

VALVOLINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
THE ORIGINAL PENNSYLVANIA OIL

Since the days of Corliss, the first mechanical genius to choose Valvoline—more than 60 years ago—engineering authority has recognized the definite reasons for this world-wide success.

The *original* Pennsylvania oil is Valvoline—fully refined from amber-pure Pennsylvania crude, and *no other crude*. It is the product of the oldest continuous refiner of Pennsylvania oil, *the one Independent to survive the storm and stress of 64 competitive years.*

Valvoline, the oldest copyrighted motor oil brand on the market today, responds to modern motor car demands with lubrication excellence that makes the *original Pennsylvania oil* now the *New Young Giant of 1930.*

Have your car lubricated at the service stations which display the Valvoline sign. It costs no more than other high-grade Pennsylvania oils—35¢ a quart—and is worth much more!

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY
Established 1866

Domestic Division Offices—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles; Refineries, Warren and East Butler, Pa.

(Continued from Page 72)

"I've taken out the brushes," said Seth gravely.

Parr put a hand on the boy's shoulder. "It's his problem," he said. "He'll have to work it out for himself. Just stand by, so he doesn't do anything foolish." He started off, then turned to say, "Don't let him know I'm here."

The night was fine. Parr rolled himself in coats and blankets, between the extruded roots of a great oak. Some time later, Oliver and the sheriff joined him.

Ages later, when he was turning over in his sleep, a familiar household voice roused him—so familiar, in fact, that for the moment he thought of himself as tossing on his cot in little headquarters uptown, where he occasionally rode out a murder mystery. The household voice was saying:

"The flight of Army planes, that took off from the Boston base to bring him in, as an escort of honor, are having trouble, because of the unexpected fog bank that has drifted in from the Sound. The Cuban ambassador has just arrived at the field—the city sent a special plane for him—and the mayor is greeting him. Wait a minute! For those who tuned in late, I will repeat the last bulletin. Martimo has been reported on his course, at Lewiston, Portsmouth, Waltham, Providence—flying at an altitude of about ten thousand feet ——"

The voice trailed off as the signal strength faded. Sometime later, it may have been seconds, or hours, another household voice said, talking to the very ends of the earth:

"There's nothing much happening just now—we're trying to fill the gap while we are waiting. I might describe the crowd again. As far as we can see, in every direction ——"

The next time Parr opened his ears, between gulps of sleep, a woman's voice, heavily modulated, was speaking:

"Neighbors," she said, "I have a splendid recipe for buttermilk muffins for you this morning ——"

Parr sat bolt upright. The sheriff was preparing breakfast over a two-by-six fire, built between stones. A small edition of Seth was breaking eggs in a pan, under the close supervision of an oversized bull terrier with a black nose. Parr prodded Oliver awake. The door of the radio shack stood open. It was empty. The sheriff followed Parr's look.

"Seth's got him," he said significantly.

Parr got up and went down to the shack. He twirled the dial. Burst of music, livestock reports, setting-up exercises, pure-food-and-drug talks smote his ears at familiar notches on the dial. He shut the thing off. Radio, after its brief illusion of grandeur, had fallen back into the morning ruck. Parr went back to the fire, watching with cringing stomach muscles the preparations for breakfast.

"What can we do for that fellow?" asked the sheriff suddenly.

Parr and Oliver exchanged a long look. The Martimo from the other side was, in all probability, at the bottom of the sea. The Martimo they had in charge was, in effect, a living dead man. At least the whole world, at this moment, undoubtedly believed him to be lost.

Parr asked, "Can Seth handle him for a few days, until—until he gets his bearings again?"

"Why, yes, we can hold him, as long as you want," said the sheriff, nodding agreement. "What then?"

Parr considered. "I think," he said lazily, "you might accidentally lift the surveillance when he gets so he can think calmly and realize—realize he's on the wrong shore!" He turned a full look on Oliver.

"And let him high-tail it?" ejaculated the sheriff.

"What can you hold him for—or on?" demanded the deputy. He shrugged his shoulders. What else was there to do?

It was the last week in July. Oliver's phone—the private one, into Parr's office—rang. It was Parr.

"They've found Martimo," said Parr. "We've just got the flash."

"No!"

"In person!" agreed Parr.

"Alive?" cried Oliver incredulously.

"So it seems," said the deputy.

It was true. The long-lost Martimo had come, so ran the story, out of the trackless wilds of Labrador.

He was naked, torn by thorns, his feet were bound by rags, he was all but starved. He had wandered blindly for weeks.

Aid was being rushed to him. Reporters, news-reel men, short-wave radio outfits, sound-reproducing mechanism, all were being rushed by plane for the astounding story.

Oliver considered a moment. He asked, in a low voice:

"Parr, which Martimo is it?"

There was a slight pause before the answer came.

Parr said, "I don't believe I'd raise the question."

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

Nature! An' get back with a bang! Not just this old stuff about the moon or the stars above you, but real Nature. Trees an' flowers an' birds—you know—daisies an' robins an' things like that. Roses ain't any good any more, an' bluebirds are pretty well used up, but take robins.

"We haven't had a good robin song in a couple of years. You mark my words—an' Abe Goodman'll agree with me here—we're due for another robin song.

"Then there's daisies. Ever been in the country when the woods are full of daisies? Sure! Now, there's an idea! Lazy Like a Daisy! Just come to me like that. You can have it if you want. An' then you can always do somethin' about the little brown road windin' up to the cottage in the woods, an' the birds singin', maybe. You can bring your love theme right in there if you want to, havin' somebody waitin' for you at the end of the road. Your wife or your sweetheart, or even your mother. You can take that for what it's worth. I'll never get around to it myself.

"That's okay. Glad to do it for anybody that's a friend of my pal Abe Goodman. I'll hang on to these numbers an' you can give me your address, just in case. What? You live in the country! Listen, buddy, let me give you a tip right here an' now. If you want to get by in this racket you move right back to town. How d'ya expect to keep in touch with your market away out there in the country?"

—T. H. Wenning.

Father: "Was Papa's Little Girl in the School Play?"
Gertrude: "No, Daddy; Teacher Asked Me to be the Little White Hen, But I Made Too Much Noise Coming Off th' Nest"

To a Partner

IT MAY be true that humanism's gaining;
At least it's plausible, from what you say.
And I agree that self-expression's waning,
And taste and discipline will have their day.

Your views on tariff theories do credit
To one well-versed in economic laws;
And as for six-inch guns—in brief, you said it.
And wisely speak on Tilden, Joyce and Dawes.

Quite truly said of ultra-modern drama!
You echo my opinion to the T.
Your plans for conservation of the llama
Should merit nation-wide publicity.

But, Well-Informed, the orchestra is playing
With subtle skill and smooth enticing beat.
Could you inculcate rhythm in your swaying,
And be a trifle lighter on your feet?

—P. Cummings.

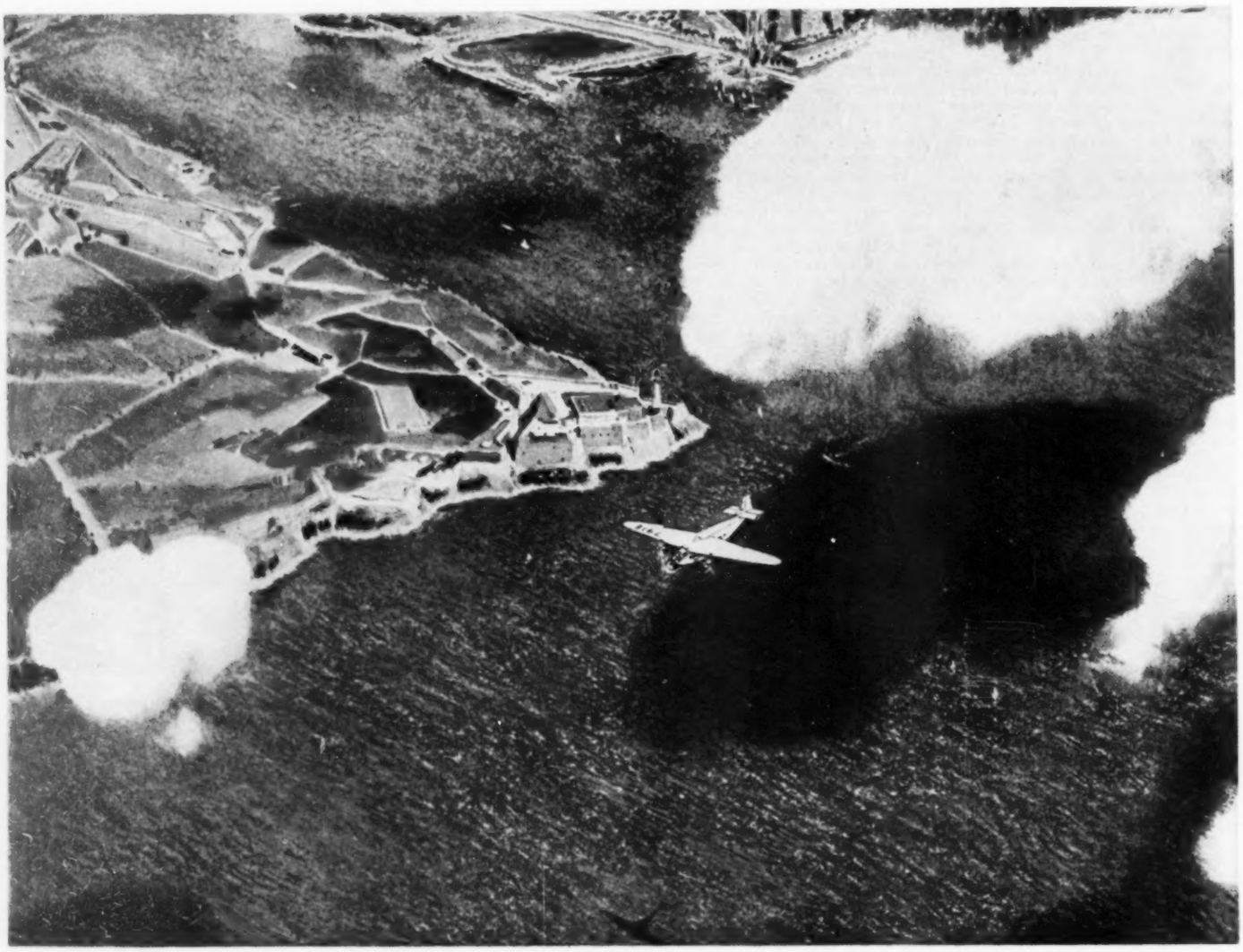
Looks Better
Tastes BETTER

MAKE your party drinks look better and taste better. Always serve them with dainty, golden-tinted Stone's Straws. These famous straws will "snap up" the flavor of any drink and make it more tempting to your guests.

Stone's Straws are used throughout the world. You can obtain the 10c Home Package at most any drug or delicatessen store. Get a package today. Serve them with drinks on all occasions. They're great for inducing the kiddies to drink their milk.

To be sure of the genuine, always ask for *Stone's* Straws by name. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package postpaid. Stone Straw Corp., Washington, D.C.

STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS



WE FLY . . .

You know the sudden breath-taking sense of exaltation when your car emerges on the crest of some magnificent headland from which you look for miles out to sea or over billowing rows of mountains below. What is that sensation? It is a sudden sense of power . . . a feeling that your limited human faculties have been miraculously extended . . . it is a very slight taste of divinity!

How immeasurably greater this sense of divine exaltation is when gliding high in the heavens, looking serenely down upon the colorful, silent world below! It is a feeling known only to those who have learned from personal experience the tranquil glory of flight.

Those who know the freedom of the airways find in the old paths of earth something nerve-wracking . . . a sense of restraint, of suffocation almost . . . much as the pioneer motorists looked back on the days when they sat in clouds of dust behind plodding teams of horses. Each month they find increasing pleasure in the pathways of the sky . . . slipping down to bright Havana, to Panama or Peru.

Unless you are too old to readjust your habits to new aspects of life, some day you will fly. Fortunate are those men and women who today recognize that the realm of the skies is offering a fresh lease on life. The blithe spirit of a new renaissance is in the air. It is hard for those who feel it to interpret its significance, though we see the faces of men turning upward, and we see the far places of the earth brought near in friendly communication.

The great tri-motored, all-metal planes of 1930 are truly yachts that bring you safety not only as sure as the safety of your yachts upon the sea, but as luxurious and as restful. These new planes free your thoughts from mechanical limitations, just as you are today above the concerns of the engine-room of a steamship and problems of navigation.

The pilot and mechanic in their forward control cabin have every mechanical device necessary for day or night flying in all seasons. Fundamentally the new plane is designed as close to mechanical perfection as possible, with all the strength and extraordinary performance ability for which Ford planes are famous. Beautiful as a jewel, it spreads its wings like burnished silver, to fly with the smooth grace of an albatross over sea, over land, over deserts or arctic wastes. Here, truly, is a yacht worthy of the modern man of spirit and imagination!

• FORD MOTOR COMPANY •

COLLISION

(Continued from Page 9)

case of clear liability and find out why it ain't. Then I explain it to the plaintiff so that he likes it. And the theory is that he should insure with us when his own policy expires. Only most times I get the dog sicked on me, or get spun down the stairs. Well, never mind that. Remember this: We got two days on this thing before it has to come through the office officially. Two days is a lot of time. Now, I'll hop right out on this thing today and see the car and the other man, so that he'll know someone is in on the case and won't write your boss making claim. Give us your phone number, and I'll call you tonight and let you know what's been done."

The wrecked car, according to the distraught chauffeur, had been towed to Newton Lower Falls, where it was to be seen in a garage. It was the property of a certain Mr. Saltonstall, who lived somewhere in the Blue Hill district. Smedley decided to see the car first, and since Newton Lower Falls is rather far out, it was almost lunchtime when he arrived at the garage. Yes, Mr. Saltonstall's car was there. Better than that, Mr. Saltonstall had just arrived himself.

"That's him," said the garageman, pointing—"the little guy in the gray suit beside the wreck."

Smedley idly approached the wreck, as would any casual visitor to the garage. He looked it over front and rear. The chauffeur had not exaggerated; the car had struck the wall head-on, but not at very high speed, because as soon as the heavy parts of the car, such as the motor and front axle, had met resistance, the car had stopped. But all the light parts at the front were, as the chauffeur had said, in festoons.

"Kind of a bad wreck," remarked Smedley to the small man, who was sadly examining the breakage with a mechanic.

The little man removed his straw hat and smoothed his neatly parted white hair with a well-manicured hand. Then he nervously put on and removed a gold eyeglass with a long black ribbon.

"Yes, yes," said he abstractedly, "so it is."

Smedley said nothing. How many mice would be caught if every time a cat saw a hole, it leaped at it and fell to with howls and clawing? No, sit patiently outside, and the mouse—or the client—will eventually come out.

"How did it happen?" purred Smedley after a while.

"I telephoned my insurance company this morning," said little Mr. Saltonstall to the mechanic, totally ignoring Smedley. "I just thought that I have the blanks here to make the report on. Perhaps you could help me describe the damage." He jerked a sigh from the depths of his heart and took out a folded blue paper from his pocket. This he spread on the undamaged fender, and taking out a gold fountain pen, very carefully unscrewed the cap.

Smedley, craning his neck, slipped on a patch of oil and nearly fell down. That accident-report blank had a familiar look that a second glance identified, for across the top was printed in bold black type, EAGLE MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY.

"Pardon me again, sir," cried Smedley, stepping close to the little man, "but is this Mr. Saltonstall? I represent your insurance company, the Eagle."

He pressed his card into Mr. Saltonstall's hand.

"Ah, yes," said the other, putting on and taking off his gold eyeglasses. "Why, you must have taken an airplane out here! Why, I only phoned half an hour ago!"

"A-ha!" laughed Smedley. "Well, that's our system, you see. Service—that's our motto. The minute your call came in, our inside man looked at the map and saw that I had called at ten from Newton and would call again in half an hour from Riverside. When I called from Riverside I got your report and came right down. Now then, Mr. Saltonstall"—taking out a sheet of statement paper—"were you driving the car at the time of the accident?"

"So you are from the Eagle!" gasped the little man. "Well, you should have introduced yourself before. I thought you were just some idle hanger-on."

"Well, I didn't want to do that until I was sure that you were Mr. Saltonstall, our assured. You see, we have some discretion. We don't go around telling about these accidents to everyone."

"You don't! Indeed!"

"My name is Darius Saltonstall," began Smedley, writing, "owner of a ——" he copied down the make from the hub cap, poked into the motor for the number thereof, and under the cowl for the chassis number.

"You don't go around telling about these accidents to everyone, then?" repeated Mr. Saltonstall, as Smedley returned.

"No, sir. Now then, you were driving from where to where, and at what time, when the accident occurred?"

"Do you suppose," began Mr. Saltonstall slowly, "that it could be arranged—so that nobody should know"—he sighed heavily—"so that the whole affair could be kept quiet?"

Smedley's head came up with such a jerk that it nearly broke his neck. His eyes met those of the little man.

"Kept quiet?" hissed Smedley. "Here! Let's go into the waiting room. We can be alone there. Come away from here. Now, then, let's hear about this!"

He followed Mr. Saltonstall toward the room where customers waited for their cars, and which would be deserted at this hour. Smedley did not attempt to gather his scattered wits, he did not attempt to estimate the situation. It was too big, too full of possibilities. He had just made a coup worthy of McClusky himself, in arriving at an accident out in the sticks within half an hour of the telephoned report to the Boston office. And here were two parties to an accident, both insured in the same company, and both wanting to keep it quiet. It was not impossible that both might be satisfied and the company able to save a good deal of money that otherwise it could not help but spend, and Smedley's reputation enhanced thereby. So, forward then, with wide-stretched hands, to catch whatever opportunity offered.

"May I see your card again?" asked the little man, when they were alone. "I can't find the one you gave me. I've—I've lost it, or something. Oh, yes. Now—h'm—Mr. Smedley, I—er—ahem—I'm going to trust to your discretion. I—er—I have a lot of insurance with your company, you know—several cars, and so forth—and—er—all that, you know. Now,

(Continued on Page 81)

★

FOR THE ONE

WHO MUST FULFILL

LIFE'S HARDEST

OBLIGATION

★

LIFE changes so rapidly—even from day to day—that it is impossible to foresee and prepare for every emergency that may suddenly arise.

Yet there are a few definite obligations which must inevitably be assumed by nearly everyone.

Perhaps the hardest of all such duties is the making of funeral arrangements. To most of us this occasion presents many perplexing questions involving the ceremony, the place, the type of casket, clothes, press notices, acknowledgements . . . all of them unfamiliar, all requiring immediate attention . . . at a time when stress of emotion makes clear thinking hard indeed.

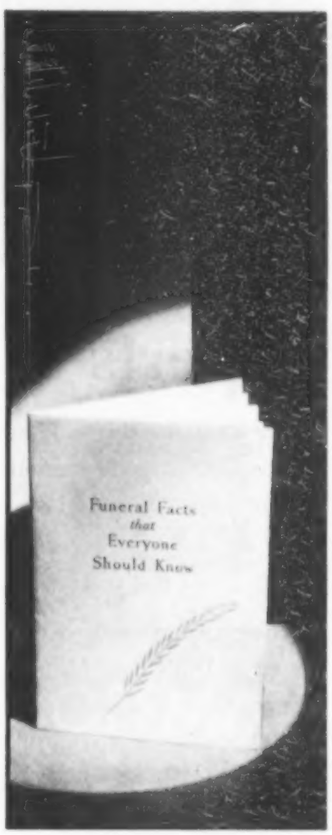
Helpful as the funeral director can be, there are certain decisions which only a member of the family or intimate friend can make. It is a delicate and difficult task—unless there is some source of definite information to guide one's decisions.

To supply such a guide, the National Casket Company has published a booklet, "Funeral Facts." It answers many questions . . . what should be done first? . . . who shall the funeral director be? . . . what does he do? . . . what casket will be most suitable? It covers completely every detail connected with this trying situation.

"Funeral Facts" is based on nearly fifty years' experience. It has been compiled with the aid of leading funeral directors. It is the type of booklet that should be kept with everyone's private papers as a help in time of need.

We shall be glad to send one or more copies in plain envelope on request. Write Dept. W1, 60 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

A small, inconspicuous trade mark specifying materials appears on every National casket. This trade mark is the guarantee of the National Casket Company that the casket represents the fullest possible value in quality workmanship. National caskets are sold everywhere, through funeral directors only—funeral directors who believe in recommending the best and in serving their clients well.



NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

Display Rooms in Twenty-seven Cities

Dill's Ball (rubbed or sliced) is sold in 15-cent tins, and in half-pound and full-pound sizes. In vacuum-pack tins, the smoker has a choice of rubbed or flaked slice, pounds or half-pounds.

Experts agree on one All-America rating:

Dill's Best is America's Best

SINCE 1848

For 82 years, this oldest American brand of smoking tobacco has continued to win and *hold* new followers. Day in and day out, for three generations, experts have agreed on one all-American rating: *"Dill's Best is America's Best!"*

There are no *stems,* crushed or otherwise disguised, in Dill's Best. Nature stores real taste, real fragrance, *only* in the tender blades of the tobacco leaf. Only the rich, flavor-full blades of the choicest leaf go into Dill's.

You will find Dill's to be well-behaved, slow-burning, and thoroughly comfortable in the pipe. You will find it leaves the bowl clean and dry, even after many pipefuls—*the* tobacco for real pipe-smokers. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

(Continued from Page 79)

about the accident. Er—most regrettable. Most unfortunate."

"H'm'm," said Smedley, chewing his pencil. "Most of them are."

"The damages are large," said the little man sadly, "but that is not the main difficulty. The car will be laid up for some time." He shuddered.

"Well, perhaps not so long," comforted Smedley. "Now, you had arrived just about where when you saw the other car?"

"Don't talk to me about it!" protested Mr. Saltonstall. "I want to forget it!"

"Well, I can appreciate that, but there are certain formalities to go through first."

"Listen," interrupted the little man: "I'll give you the most important details in a few words. Trusting to your discretion. What I say now has nothing to do with the accident, and yet it has. Ahem! Last night, as you remember, it rained heavily. My secretary—ha—she was detained, finishing some important correspondence. And since it was late, and she might have trouble in finding conveyance from the railroad station to her home, I—er—felt that I should—that is, any gentleman could have—er—what I mean to say is that I offered to—ha—drive her home in my car. And then the accident." The little man seemed to wither at the thought, as a balloon shrinks when the air is released.

"Was she in the car at the time of the accident?" asked Smedley quickly.

"No. I had left her at her home and was returning to Boston."

"Well, there's nothing to worry about there!" laughed Smedley. "If she'd been in the car we might have a personal-injury claim, but since she wasn't, all is jake."

"All is what?" queried the little man nervously.

"Why, all is fine, all is lovely, all is simple—er—all is all right!"

"No," said the other, shaking his head, "all is not. The crux of the matter is—and this is why it is delicate—that the young lady in question—a most estimable young lady, most efficient, you understand, of the finest character—is of an age that my wife considers a little young for a personal secretary. My wife has seen her once or twice, and has remarked—unfairly—that her—er—clothing was—er—inappropriate for office hours—er—that sort of thing, you know! And now, if she finds that I was taking this young lady home ——"

"Well, after all, no harm in that, is there?" asked Smedley. "With the rain and all? Gee, any gentleman would take any girl home, even if he hadn't met her before!"

"Well, perhaps. But that's not the worst of the matter. You see—the unfortunate part—that is, it was my wife's car that I was taking her home in."

"Your wife's car?" asked Smedley quickly. "How come?"

"I gave it to her for a Christmas present."

"A-ha. Well, still I don't see anything in this affair to worry about."

"You're not married?" queried Mr. Saltonstall.

"Nope."

"Ah! Well, then you wouldn't."

Smedley, once a sudden fit of coughing was over, proceeded to take Mr. Saltonstall's story of the accident, which agreed in its main features with the other driver's. Then he made a casual survey of the damage, got an estimate of the repair cost from the garage manager, and then went away to a neighboring stone wall, upon which he sat and meditated for some time. Later, a telephone call to the motor-vehicle registration bureau gave him the information that the automobile with the festooned lamps and mud guards was registered in the name of Darius Saltonstall, which information seemed to delight Mr. Smedley immensely.

At four o'clock he called the office. "Smedley speaking," said he to the man at the other end. "I forgot to call at noon. McClusky seen the sheet yet? Put us down for a noon call, will you?"

"Sure. He ain't seen the sheet. . . . Hey, wait though! There's a note here! He wants to talk to you when you call. I'll put you on."

In a few seconds McClusky's voice could be heard growling at someone as he unhooked the receiver, then his heavy tones:

"McClusky speakin'."

"This is Smedley. You want to talk to me about something?"

"Whaddyuh doin'?"

"I'm working on a new case. I'm in Newton Lower Falls. Say, this is great. A perfect case. I'm sewing it up just the same, though. Got it about done. Couple of witnesses to see."

"Perfect case? Bah! There ain't no perfect case! Listen. You got Old Man Potter's agreement in your pocket?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it signed?"

"No-o-o, it's not signed."

"It's not signed, huh? Well, you get it signed! Whaddyuh mean, it's not signed? Workin' on a perfect case! You'll be a perfect case if I work on you! When I give you a case to do, you do it; never mind if you see an accident where the dead are piled up as high as the roof an' the next of kin are all waitin' to sign a nominal release! Understand that? You go from where you are by the shortest route to the Potter Rubber Works, J. Potter, president, and you get him to sign his agreement so's we can get a check out the first thing in the morning. Don't let nothing interfere with it. If the cars don't run, you walk, an' if you break a leg, crawl. Get me? James Alowishus Potter, signed and sealed!" Bang went the receiver.

It was in Smedley's mind to shout into the transmitter a request to take the agreement and the job and dispose of them as he would, but realizing that McClusky would not hear it, and that, if he did, it would only result in Smedley's passing a hungry two or three weeks hunting a new job, he refrained. He called, instead, the Potter Rubber Works. Mr. Potter was not there. He had gone for the day and would not be in before nine o'clock. Smedley did not have his home address.

"Well, if I can't find him, I can't get him to sign; I'll get after him the first thing in the morning."

It was after five o'clock by the time Smedley returned to the office, and all the clerical help had left. McClusky, though, was still there, like Leviathan, out of whose nostrils came smoke and out of whose mouth sparks of fire. There were also a few belated adjusters, night men, or upstaters, working late to get their dictation up to date so that they might have the morning free to sleep.

Smedley went here and there idly, played with a typewriter, made a few telephone calls, and finally took his departure. In the elevator he smiled to himself. The case was finished. His old buddy's job was safe. Mr. Saltonstall was insured for damage to his own car, or "covered for collision." The company would pay for this damage, take over Mr. Saltonstall's rights against the third party, and collect what they had paid out from him. But since the third party in this case was Mr. Haverford, also insured by the Eagle, the case would die a natural death. The Eagle Mutual Liability Insurance Company could not sue itself. So Smedley, in his wanderings in the empty office, had made out a fake accident report, attached Mr. Haverford's chauffeur's statement to it, filled out an acknowledgment form in duplicate, thrown the original away, and shoved the whole into a pile of cases beside the duplicating machine. The case folder would be made up in the morning, would come to his desk; he would dictate on it, then hit it with a large rubber stamp marked Closed, and that would be the end of it.

He called Haverford's chauffeur from a pay station, but was informed that Mr. Haverford was in Boston, and since he was going to the theater, it was very probable that the chauffeur and car would wait at the Royal Garage until the performance was over.

"Good!" exclaimed Smedley to himself. "I'll stay in town. This will be night work and the Eagle will buy me a supper."

Two hours later, on the third floor of the Royal Garage, an employe pointed out Mr. Haverford's car, from beneath which a pair of feet protruded.

"That's him underneath," said the employe. "That's Haverford's chauffeur. He borried a cradle to fix a rattle his old man thought he heard there. Holler to him; he'll come out."

"Hi, under there!" called Smedley. "How yuh feel tonight?"

"That you?" demanded the chauffeur. "What's up? How did you know I was here?"

"A good adjuster knows everything!" grinned Smedley. "Well, kid, the thing is in the bag. The other bird is insured for collision with us!"

"He is, huh? Then you'll have to pay for all that damage. Gee, that's too bad!"

"Well, not so bad either," chuckled Smedley.

Here, the chauffeur, having finished his adjustment, pushed forth a red face and, grunting, rolled creaking from beneath the car.

He had been lying on a sort of bed-slat effect such as mechanics use, and, getting up, he gave this a powerful shove, so that it ran zigzagging across the floor on its tiny wheels and brought up with a smack against the wall.

"Well, that's the end of that," grinned Smedley. "I rigged up a dummy folder, and that will close the thing out. So you don't need to worry about telling your boss."

"Well," said the chauffeur slowly, wiping his hands on a piece of waste, "I told him already."

"Told him already?" gasped Smedley. "What did you do that for?"

"I figured he'd find out some day, 'n' I better tell him now. After all, there wasn't nothin' wrong. Just keepin' peace in the family."

"What did he say?"

"'Sawright!' he says. 'I understand. Ain't I got a wife o' my own?' Then he asks me did I report it to the insurance company, an' I says yes."

Smedley gathered his voice for a howl of reproach and indignation, for a tale of lost time, lost sleep and wasted effort, but a third voice, rude and gruff, interrupted.

(Continued on Page 84)

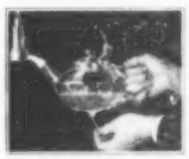
Guardian of your *comfort and fuel*

When warmth *means* health . . .

Protect your household against dangerous colds and other winter ills with Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves. For they provide the uniform, all-day warmth so necessary to family health and comfort.

These valves vacuum-seal your heating system from basement to bedroom. In a vacuum water boils at very low temperatures, and this quickly-made steam, unimpeded by air in the pipes, speeds to the radiators. Thus you get *quick* morning heat. Furthermore, your Hoffman-ized radiators *stay hot* for *hours* after fires are checked.

Convenience and economy, too, are benefits given by these amazing valves—for with less frequent firing of your boiler, fuel costs are reduced *as much as one-third*. Your contractor will tell you how easily Hoffman Valves may be installed. Talk to him today.



The Teapot Test demonstrates the small amount of heat required to make steam in a vacuum. The heat of a match makes water steam vigorously.

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No. 2 Vacuum Valves
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Hoffman Specialty Co., Inc.
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Always The Leader

Thousands of smart hostesses—millions of housewives—welcome joyously this final triumph. Good Luck with color—ready to serve! Users of Good Luck long ago learned that there can be no finer spread-for-bread. They know that there can be no fresher, sweeter flavor—a no more healthful or wholesome spread—nothing to excel it in the most exacting of taste tests. And now you, too, will be delighted with the New Style Good Luck. Buy a pound today—and save the difference! Color in Good Luck presents the final reason why this modern spread-for-bread should be used in every home.

¶ Good Luck comes in two styles... "New Style" and Regular. The latter is for housewives in states where only white margarine is sold, and color capsules are provided. Capsules may also be had by any who wish to deepen the color of "New Style."

NEW STYLE

DISTRIBUTORS: Here is the outstanding margarine discovery of the century. It is changing the buying habits of millions. It offers a rare opportunity for *tremendous* volume, fast turnover and steady profits. A few choice territories are still available for responsible distributors—write for details of our unusual merchandising plan.

John F. Jelke Company, Chicago

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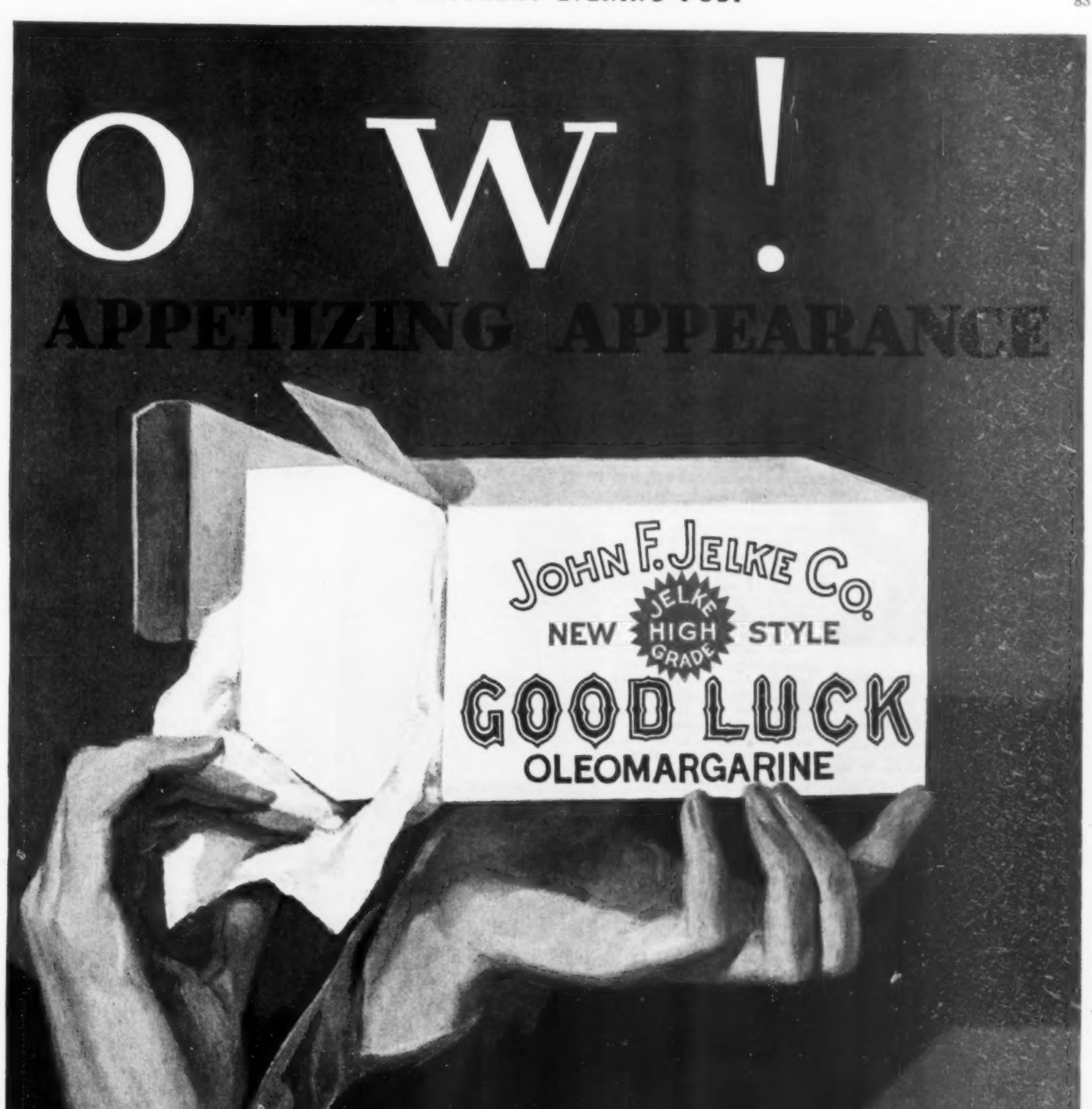
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JOHN F. JELKE CO.
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NEW HIGH STYLE
GRADE
GOOD LUCK
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GOOD LUCK

When ONE HOUR PARKING means hard starting

IT takes fat, hot and unfailing sparks to start a stone-cold motor. Starting comes hard when SPARK PLUG WIRES don't deliver the full electrical punch to the spark plugs. And even the best SPARK PLUG WIRES do wear out! Camoah* causes tiny, invisible leaks. Electricity escapes.

In preparing your car for winter driving make sure that your SPARK PLUG WIRES are carrying the full electrical punch. Your garage man will tell you. He'll also tell you that replacing old SPARK PLUG WIRES every 10,000 miles, with genuine Packard Cable is cheap insurance for keeping your car in its best starting and running form.

OLD SPARK PLUG WIRES LEAK ELECTRICITY LIKE AN OLD HOSE LEAKS WATER

* Camoah . . . the name coined by Packard Engineers for the six causes of SPARK PLUG WIRE leakage: Corona, Abrasion, Moisture, Oil, Age and Heat

THE PACKARD ELECTRIC CO.
Warren, Ohio . . Toronto, Winnipeg
FOR ALL CARS $1.50 TO $4.75

(Continued from Page 81)

"Who slung that cradle across the floor?" demanded the newcomer. He was the garage employe who had first guided Smedley to the car. "Who slung that cradle?" repeated the garageman.

"I did," said the chauffeur. "What's it to yuh?"

"Well, don't do it no more! Them things are dangerous!"

"How come, dangerous?"

"Well, somebody spun one across the floor a coupla three weeks ago and it went over the edge an' through the top of a big Milano on the next level. Then nobody knows who done it an' the floorman loses his job. I don't want to lose mine!"

"Awright," said the chauffeur. "I won't do it no more. . . . Now, as I was sayin' —— Hey! Don't start nothin' here! I'll get complained of!"

Smedley, his face stern, had seized the garageman by the arm.

"A Milano?" husked Smedley. "A Milano? Did you say a Milano? Who's it belong to?"

"Leave go o' me! . . . Yes, a Milano! It belongs to Old Man Potter, the rubber king."

"There's a cigar for you, and one for you!" cried Smedley. "Come with me to the light! Old Man Potter, you say? Did he make a complaint?"

"No," said the garageman dryly, "judgin' from who was with him when he come after his car, he must 'a' thought the less said the sooner mended."

Once again it was morning, and the demon adjusters of the Eagle Mutual Liability Company prepared for battle beneath the machine-gun barrage of typewriters and the curtain fire of banging file drawers. Mr. Smedley, with two folders under his arm, one red and one brown, presented himself before his chief, the redoubtable McClusky.

"Oh, it's you, huh?" greeted McClusky. "I got yuh on my list. Whaddyuh say?"

"I have a case here," began Smedley with some pride, "that I've been working on a couple of days. Both parties are insured with us. Both carry collision coverage. But only one had any damage, and he's covered for collision."

"What's interesting about that?" barked McClusky. "We subrogate our rights to ourselves, don't we? Then we pay ourselves for our own damage. If you haven't found that out, you'd better go back to the instruction desk."

"But the one who had the damage can't collect for even his collision!"

"Why not?"

"Because the car belongs to his wife but it's registered in his name. In Massachusetts that means illegal registration, and bars any recovery from anybody, an improperly registered car being a trespasser on the highway."

"Bah!" sneered McClusky. "It ain't so! It's still his car. A husband can give his wife a car, but it ain't hers unless there's been a legal conveyance. That's the law too. An' whether it's hers or his, we pay on it for collision damage! Our assured is one thing an' a plaintiff is another. Whaddyuh think we are—a bunch o' thieves? How long d' yuh think we'd stay in business if we disclaimed on every case we could? Huh?" He leaned back in his chair and lighted a fresh cigar. His voice sank to a purr. "How about Mr. Potter's case?" he asked.

Smedley seemed to swell, his chin rose, his chest arched.

"I held off on this case, Mr. McClusky," said he, "because my early investigation led me to believe that there was fraud. I have a statement in the folder from the floorman at the Royal Garage, supported by two more from disinterested parties—I was up until two o'clock last night getting them, too—that the roof of Mr. Potter's car was not broken in by collision with a tree limb, but by a mechanic's cradle falling on it in a garage while the car was not moving under its own power. This does not constitute a collision in the legal sense. See O'Leary versus St. Paul Fire and Marine, 196 S. W. 575. Potter knew this and tried to slip it over. I caught him at it. No money." There was a short silence.

"You ain't paid on this case?" asked McClusky finally.

"No, sir."

"You understand English? You remember I told you to pay on that two days ago? Huh? Remember that? Didn't pay, huh? Who's runnin' this office—you or me? Because you went to some cow college an' I learned to count jerkin' up nickels, you know more 'n' I do about the business—that so? Do you suppose we're gonna fuss with a man that pays this company thirty thousand dollars a year in premiums over some two or three hundred dollar case, whether or not he hit his car with a tree, or a bed fell on it, or he got up on it and caved it in himself with his feet? Who cares? It's broke, ain't it? We ain't a bunch of shysters. We're an insurance company! Gimme that folder!"

He snatched the red folder that Smedley extended to him and, opening it, crossed out with two vigorous strokes of a pen Smedley's name on the inside of the cover. Then he tossed it into a large basket on his desk.

"Hey!" gasped Smedley. "What's that mean?"

"You're canned!"

"Huh?"

"You heard me! I told you twice to pay on that case, and you didn't pay! Nobody works for me that pulls that sort of stuff. Git!"

Smedley hesitated, opened his mouth to protest, then turned to go. He met, as he went out the door, a youngish man with a sparkling eye, who was coming in. It was the sales manager—a man of considerable importance in the company. He held a paper in his hand and called to McClusky, so that Smedley could hear him:

"Mr. McClusky, you don't mind my bothering you a minute, I hope. I've got a letter here from Mr. Potter—you know, the rubber man. He claims you won't pay him any money."

"Hey, you out there, come in here!" shouted McClusky. "Yes, you! Come back here!"

Smedley reëntered the office.

"Stand there!" ordered McClusky. "I forgot somethin'. . . . Yeh, Mr. Potter's right. This is the guy that did it. I told him to pay the money and he wouldn't. Wisenheimer's eldest son, that boy. I've just fired him."

"Well, let's not get precipitate," grinned the sales manager. "I just want to tell you about this old corkscrew. He wrote me a letter criticizing our claim service, and saying he hadn't had his money. Just two minutes before, Johnny Rouse had told me that Potter's company had jumped us. Potter swung it to some wife's sister's daughter's husband of his, and it was done three weeks ago, on the sly. We didn't get a chance to talk figures or anything. So, if you've got anything to hold up this case on, go to it!"

McClusky removed his cigar and laid it down on the edge of the desk. This was the only sign of agitation he ever showed.

"Jumped us!" he repeated. He consulted a card index. "Why, the policy doesn't run out until next month!"

"No, but the new policy has been signed with the North Atlantic. I called them up to be sure. Now he says we owe him four hundred dollars here. Have we got to give it to him?"

"No," said McClusky. "If what this man says here is true, the policy don't cover it. If he's gone, we won't pay it."

"Good! The old wahoo! He tried to put it across us! This's the lad that upset the apple cart? Good stuff! Well, I suppose there'll be a little change of mind now about the firing, huh?"

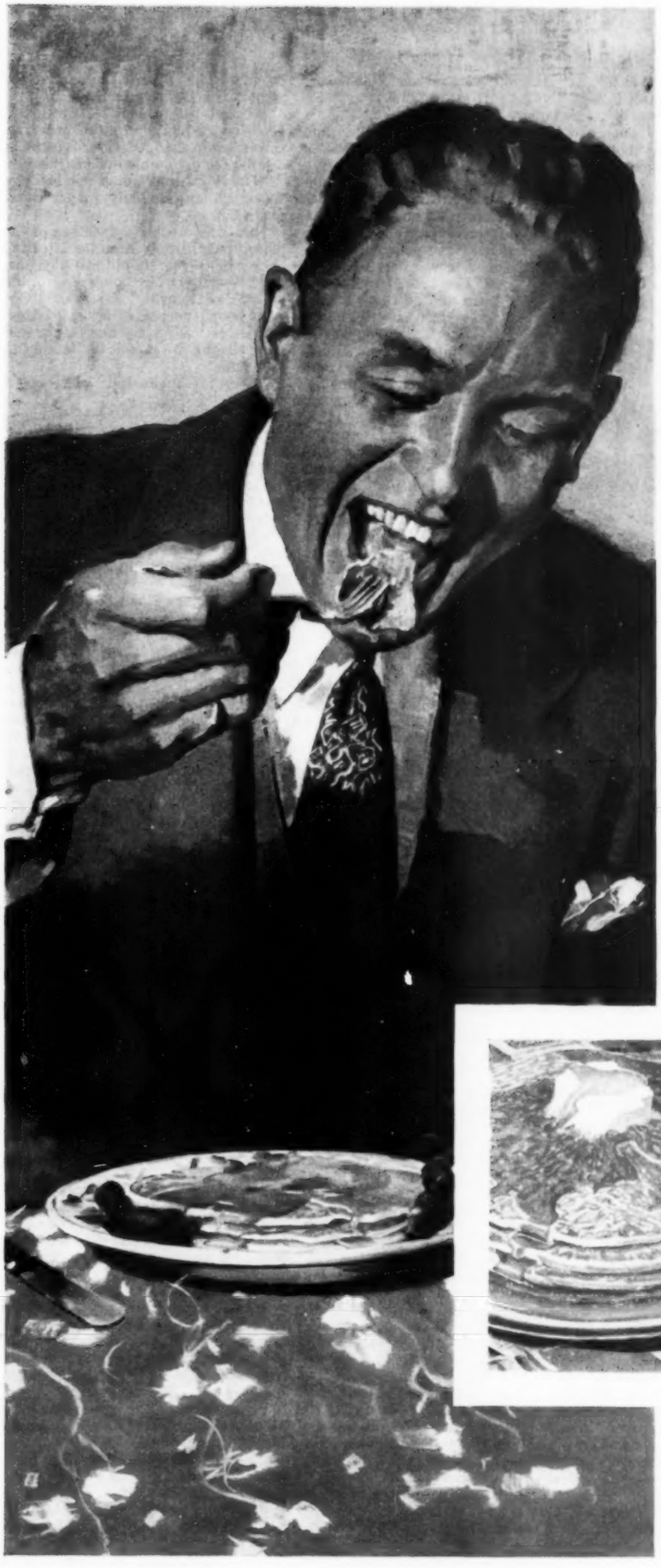
McClusky picked up his cigar and, shoving it into his face, turned to his sphinx-like stenographer.

"'Memo Treasurer's Office, *re* J. Smedley. Kindly draw check for salary this employe to date, account resignation.' Write that and give it to him. There. That's what I called him back for. He disobeys orders—that's his trouble. Got nothin' to do with the case. Git oudda here!"

"Ha-ha!" laughed the sales manager, getting up and taking Smedley's arm. "So they gave you the can? Well, come on up to the sales department. We need a bright boy or two. And maybe the company will add the four hundred you saved them onto your salary!"

DRAWN BY F. R. FULLER

The Dented Fender



"SYRUP, YOU SURE MAKE PANCAKES TASTE GOOD!"

It's the second maple that gives such wonderful flavor to this delicious blend of two maples and mellow cane

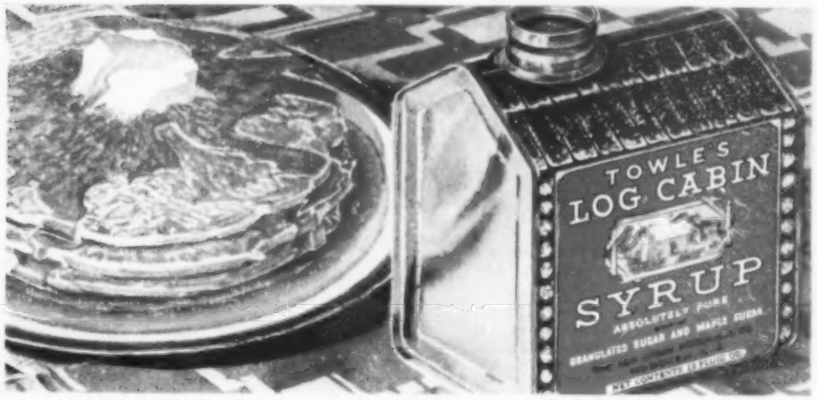
Pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup are as joyous a treat to a man as chocolate bars to a youngster. But don't expect conversation so long as your husband, brother, or son is tucking away the brown, syrup-drenched morsels. He's too busy to talk. Even the sporting sheet will have to wait. And when the last bit of golden syrup has been soaked up with a willing piece of pancake, his plate is likely to look as spotless as if it had just emerged from the cupboard.

What is it about Log Cabin Syrup that tempts ordinarily listless eaters to pile into a heap of buckwheats with the avidity of a starving savage?

It's the *second* maple.

Log Cabin Syrup contains not only Vermont maple, not only delicious cane from sunny tropic fields, but a flavorful *second* maple from the cool forests of the North.

Pour Log Cabin, right out of the tin, on pancakes and waffles—on fritters, French toast, puddings and ice cream. Bake apples or ham with Log Cabin. Use it in cakes, frostings, pies, candies. You'll find it perfect for candying sweet potatoes. Send for free illustrated recipe book, "Maple Delicacies." Address: The Log Cabin Products Company, (Inc.), Dept. LA-11, Hoboken, New Jersey.



LOG CABIN SYRUP

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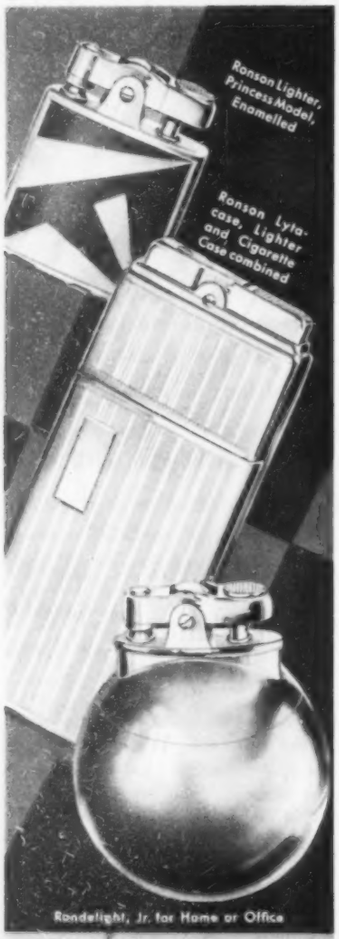
A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

"A Flip—and it's lit! Release—and it's out!"

JUDGE THEM BY THEIR WORKS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ASK your dealer to let you *work* a Ronson lighter. Get the feel of it. Press the lever. ZZZppp!—it lights! Special chrome steel wheels make the sparks fly. Special Ronson construction makes the wick leap into flame . . . Every part and angle is scientifically figured out for 100% efficiency now, tomorrow and ten years from now. Most lights per ounce of fuel. Least fuss, fumes or bother. As reliable *and as necessary* as your watch.

The sure-fire gift—for men, women, home or office—for pocket, desk or table.

$5. and up wherever smokers' accessories are sold. Write us for catalogue and names of nearest Ronson dealers.

Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.
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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

CUSTOMERS' MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

"But I had supposed, or hoped at least, that there would be chances for me to give real service to customers."

"Sure you can serve them," said Flicker. "I know you will. The more conscientious you are the better I'll like it."

"But how can I when I'm so dumb about any kind of business, let alone trading in securities?"

"One thing you can learn now is that the customers' man is not something wicked invented by Wall Street. You could not keep outsiders from coming down here to speculate if you tried. They have been doing it since the days when the Exchange was just a group of Dutchmen standing under a buttonwood tree in the open air. You won't have to think of yourself as the bad boy of the village teaching innocent kids to smoke cigarettes. The innocent public created the customers' man—by creating a demand.

Loomis

"The way they created the customers' man was by calling up on the telephone and asking a partner of the house they dealt with to give them the last price on whatever stocks they were interested in. There aren't enough partners to answer all such telephone calls. Hence the customers' man. That is the basis of your job. Theoretically it is all you have to do, but actually your job is to round up a lot of people who want to trade and get them to do their trading through this house. Make friends. The trick is to make the right kind of friends. Make friends with the rich."

Among the first business that I got was a discretionary account for my old vocal teacher. He was disappointed when I told him about the new career I had adopted, but he did not chide me. The only suggestion of bitterness was when he said:

"I guess it is my fault for taking you to Connecticut."

When I explained to him just what I was doing, he suggested he would like to have me take some Liberty Bonds and put the proceeds into common stocks.

"You want to buy them outright?" I asked.

"I guess the way to make a lot of money is to trade on margin. Why don't you handle it for me? You'll be on the job all the time. You're new at the game, but those men you are working for ought to be willing to give you tips on the good stocks that are going up. One of my young women pupils who has been coming here each time in a new frock and hat has made eighty thousand dollars out of the market. That is, a friend of hers who is in Wall Street took six thousand that was to pay for her musical education and speculated for her. She isn't so keen about singing now. My bonds are worth about eighteen thousand. See if you can't run it into a million for me."

It sounds goofy, I know. There was Fred turning over to me just about all the money he had been able to accumulate; there was I, an inexperienced kid; yet thousands of people did just that sort of thing. Well, I took his bonds back to the office and spoke to Flicker about the matter.

"Did you get a release?" he asked.

"No. I just gave him a receipt for his bonds."

"Nix, nix," protested Flicker, and took from a drawer of his desk a printed form. "This is what we call a 'full power'—in other words, an unlimited power of attorney designed to protect a commission house in case of losses in a discretionary account. You better read it. Have your friend execute it and then turn it over to Marty O'Donnell. After that you can trade with his money to your heart's content."

The full power was in the form of a letter addressed to the firm. There was a blank space for the name of the customers' man who would exercise the delegated power. When signed by a customer such a document gave the customers' man absolute authority to trade with the customer's money. Not only did it hold the firm blameless in case of loss, but it was a contract obliging the customer to make good any debit balance after his original deposit was wiped out. I read it slowly.

"That's a hell of a thing to ask a friend to sign, Flicker," I said.

"He asked for it, didn't he? He'll get the profits, if any, won't he? Why shouldn't he stand the losses?"

"Yes, I know, but it worries me."

"Listen," commanded Flicker, "the way to get diabetes is to worry. If you worry about your customers' money you'll be old at forty. Besides, any fool ought to be able to make money in this market."

Fred signed the paper without a squawk. As a matter of fact, he behaved as if I were obliging him deeply. He was so cocksure we were going to make a lot of money quickly that I felt my own sense of guilt evaporating. Then, a day or so after that, I got something that made me feel like a millionaire. That was one day when I felt as if I had bought at the bottom and sold at the top.

I had the receiver of one telephone to my ear after giving a customer some prices and was waiting for him to get through giving me his ideas about President Coolidge, when another of the four phones on my desk rang. I lifted the receiver of that one.

"Loomis speaking," I said, muzzling the mouthpiece of the other phone with my cheek.

"Congratulations to the big Wall Street man." It was Charlotte Page. "How are you?"

"At this moment," I said, "I'm feeling better. I was beginning to think you were all washed up with me."

"You should have known better. We've just returned from Minnesota. Father was out there for an operation. I didn't even look at mail until we were on the train coming home."

Into my other ear the customer was pouring out his mercenary heart. Gently I placed the receiver linking me with him on the desk and pushed the rest of the instrument into the buzzing breath of an electric fan.

"When did you get home?"

"About an hour ago."

"When can I come up?"

"When will you?"

"As soon as the market closes."

"My! That sounds impressive. All right; I'll be waiting for you."

We said other things before we said good-by. I picked up the other receiver just in time to hear the customer ask me for my opinion of his theories.

"Great!" I told him. "You can't go wrong on any soundly managed industrial."

I was just about to dash out of the office about twenty minutes after the close when Frog Hamilton called me.

"I want you to come up to the apartment tonight," he said. "Got some people coming in whose business we can get. With my hospitality and your singing we ought to be able to take 'em."

"Frog," I apologized, "I've got a date."

"Business?"

"Not exactly. Suppose I get around about eleven o'clock."

"Make it nine," he ordered.

Charlotte met me in the hall. There was no scuffle this time. She just lifted a face that was slightly thinner than when I had last seen her. At that, she was better to look at than I had remembered. Strangely enough, there had been times when in spite of my earnest longings I had been unable to conjure up a mental image of her face. It had eluded me when I could remember the faces of scores of casual acquaintances. I certainly tried to memorize it this time. Then she took me into the living room to see her father.

The old man had a steamer rug across his knees. He was sucking an empty cigar holder. The veins on the backs of his thin hands were distended and purple, but his mustache bristled as fiercely as before and the bosom of his stiff shirt was glossy with starch. He was almost cordial with me this time, but he pumped me thoroughly about my work.

After dinner when I explained that a business engagement forced me to leave, Charlotte tried to coax me to stay, but the old man spoke up sternly.

"Let the boy alone," he told her sharply. "Business is business."

It was only half-past nine when I reached Frog's apartment, but it was well after midnight before I got away. His friends were kind of noisy, but obviously rich. When the party was breaking up one of the men, in the printing business, cornered me in Frog's hearing and said, "Call me up sometime when you have a good buy."

Frog winked gleefully. I called the man the next morning and got an order from him.

I was never allowed to forget that I was being paid a hundred dollars a week to get business. Frog Hamilton had a succinct question with which he reminded me each day what was expected of me.

"Meeting people?" he would ask.

When I told him of a dozen small accounts that had been opened by friends he dismissed them curtly.

"Never mind the small fry," he said. "One big account is worth fifty little ones."

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable about it when Doc Henderson came to the rescue.

"How's the body-snatching business?" he asked me one evening when I met him at the club.

"It would be better if I could manage to rescue a flock of millionaires from peril."

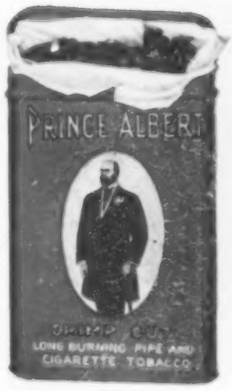
(Continued on Page 89)

I'm "that way" about P. A.

THE fragrance that floated up when I opened that first tidy red tin told me: "You're going to like P. A.—and like it lots." I could feel my smoke-appetite tugging at the bow-lines. I got under full sail with the very first pipe-load. Right from the start. And I mean *"right."*

Cool as "I'm sorry . . . I have an engagement." Sweet as "But, Big Boy, I'll break it for *you.*" Mellow and mild and refreshing as a summer breeze on the quarter-deck. Not only on that first fire-up, but on the thousands that have followed. Prince Albert is *my* idea of swell tobacco.

No matter how you take it . . . jimmy-pipe or roll-your-own . . . Prince Albert makes bed-time a nuisance. I mean, when you get going with this man's tobacco, you'll hate to turn off the radio, put up the window, and put out the light. Try Prince Albert—the world *can't* be wrong!



No other tobacco is like it.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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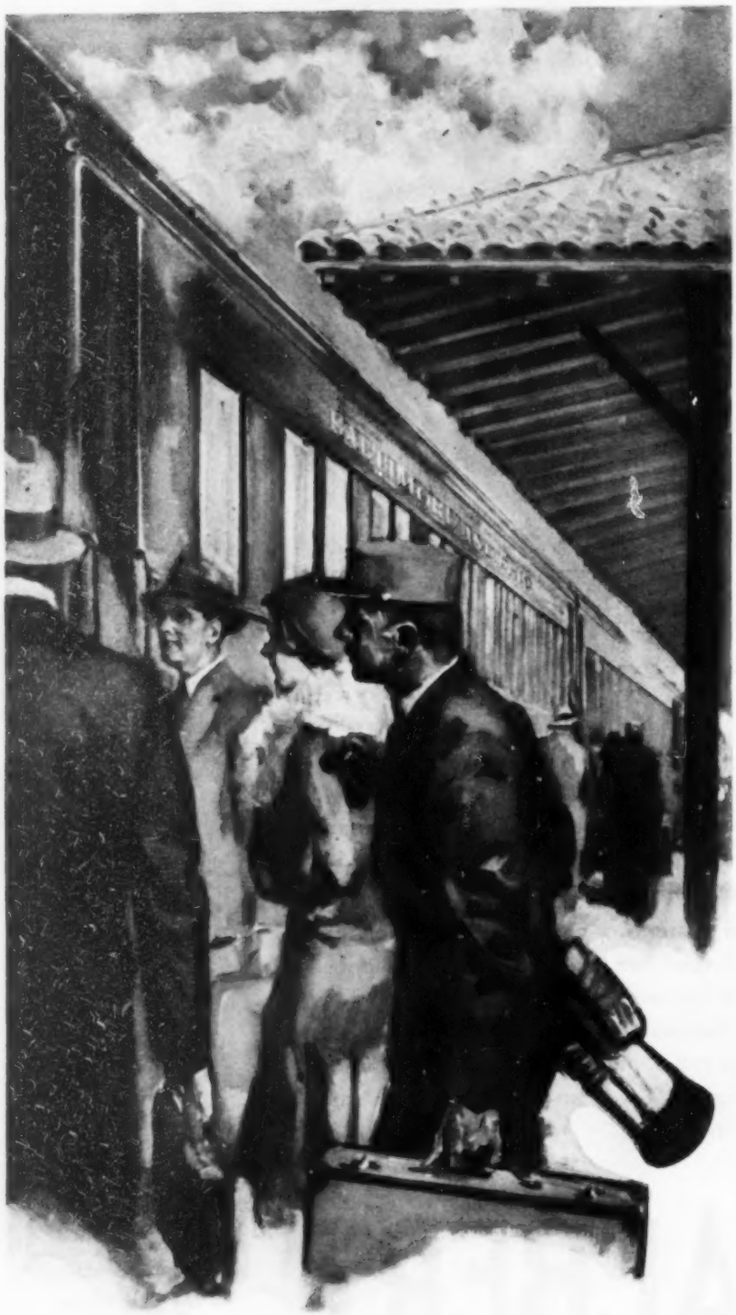
Many people *feel that they personally* have discovered the B & O



THERE are people who seem to have a flair for discovery.

They know the hotels where rooms seem more homelike, the linen cleaner, the beds softer, the staff more genuinely willing to help. They can guide you to delightful and unsuspected places to eat. They hunt out the better stores, the bargains in quaint little shops.

Many of these people feel that they personally have discovered the B & O.

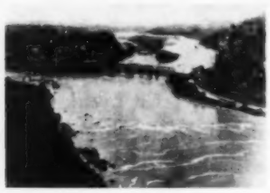
They are right. The B & O is an old railroad, perhaps the oldest of all. But in the past few years we have made it a new railroad.

New in equipment—more than four hundred millions of dollars have been spent for a smooth, firm roadbed, for powerful engines and fine cars.

New in spirit—and this is what the "discoverers" talk about. They will tell you that the engineers try to run the trains without jolts or jerks; that they stop and start smoothly; that the schedules, which are fast enough, are not so fast as to give a sense of hurry and strain.

They talk about the good cooking in the attractive dining cars. They say that B & O folks seem to take a real pleasure in doing the little extra things that make traveling a comfort and a joy.

These "discoverers" have done a lot for the B & O. We invite you to become one of them, and we promise to do all we can to show our appreciation.



Beautiful, historic scenery via B & O—Between New York and the West our road runs through some of the most interesting historical country in America: Harpers Ferry, the Potomac Valley, the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains—beautiful scenery that will contribute so much to your trip. And every ticket carries a free stop-over privilege in Washington.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 86)

"There's nothing more perilous to a rich man than boredom," said Doc. "Can you go to a dinner party out on Long Island tomorrow night?"

"The only reason I can't is because I haven't been asked."

"You're asked now. We'll drive out from my office. Wear your two-hundred-dollar suit and take care of your throat in the meantime."

"Where are we going?"

"Never mind. You're going to meet some plutocrats."

As Doc's chauffeur turned into a graveled drive in Westbury the next evening and I caught a glimpse through symmetrical cedars of the steeply sloping gray-slate roof and ample chimneys of a château, there was quite a lift to my spirits.

"Gee!" I exclaimed.

"What's the thought?" asked Doc.

"Local boy makes good."

There were about a dozen people on the terrace at the side of the house, and a round-faced butler was serving them from the biggest cocktail shaker I had ever seen in my life up to that moment.

The women were none of them young, but they had all been groomed like race horses and the hands with which they held their glasses flashed with costly iridescence. There was a kind of truculent good fellowship among the men. The only name that meant anything to me was that of Arthur Watkins, the automobile manufacturer, and the sight of him affected me as a glimpse of wild life in the woods stirs the inexperienced hunter. Here was big game.

I felt much more comfortable after I had met my hostess. She was Mrs. J. Franklin Cobb, a name that previously had meant to me simply vast riches. Now it began to mean a kindly but discontented woman. She was quick to put me at my ease.

"I'm so glad Doctor Henderson kept his promise to bring you," she said. "I hope you will feel like singing after dinner."

"I feel like singing now," I said boldly, but I was relieved when she smiled.

At dinner I heard no very inspiring conversation. They talked of dogs and dahlias, of London and Paris as if those places had been in adjoining counties, of shows and the stock market. The conversation kept recurring to the stock market, and Doc Henderson with an elaborate casualness remarked that I was with Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell.

At that Arthur Watkins flashed a question at me. "What do you think of the market?"

In time I came to accept such invitations from influential men for my poor opinion as a matter of course; but then I felt very much like a private soldier caught masquerading in the uniform of a general.

Nevertheless, I managed to parrot something I had heard Frog Hamilton say that afternoon, and Watkins nodded as if in agreement, but as he did so my statement was challenged by a bald-headed man at the other end of the table.

Doc Henderson was helpful then. "You and Hufnagle have several mutual interests, Bob," he said. "You are both singers and both in Wall Street. Hufnagle is with Dilling, Bledsoe and Company."

Another customers' man! Two of us hunting business at the same table seemed to me that night to be parts of an extraordinary, ludicrous coincidence. In the months to come I learned there was nothing more surprising about it than there would be in the chance meeting at the Antarctic ice barrier of a couple of whaling ships. Where whales are you must expect to encounter whale hunters, and where the rich are you must expect to meet customers' men. At that time, of course, I did not realize that our species numbered thousands and was rapidly increasing.

When we were urged to sing after dinner I felt pretty good because Hufnagle, a tenor, confessed that he could not accompany himself. That seemed like a break for me, but I was to learn that there were some cute ideas under the glossy pink surface of that tenor's bald pate. I sang and played several pieces, sitting in front of a splendid piano. Hufnagle applauded me generously.

"Now, Mr. Hufnagle," pleaded Mrs. Cobb, "you promised to sing. Do you have to be accompanied? Couldn't Mr. Loomis ——"

"I'll sing," said Hufnagle. "I love to sing. You have a phonograph? Fine."

He disappeared for a moment in the wake of the butler and returned with a leather case from which he produced some records. They had been especially made to his order. Each disk was a record of a piano accompaniment of songs in Hufnagle's repertoire. The man had a regular vaudeville act. He could sing, too. He was soloist in a fashionable church.

Well, we alternated in our performances for a while and then Arthur Watkins said he could sing a little. He wondered if we couldn't arrange a quartet. Doc Henderson sang bass.

We stopped singing formally then and began to roar. Everybody sang. We sang My Old Kentucky Home and a lot of old things, including some that were popular ten or fifteen years ago. I was having so much fun that I had almost forgotten that I was supposed to have a concealed motive for my presence.

Then when the party was breaking up, Arthur Watkins dropped his hands heavily on the shoulders of Hufnagle and myself.

"You fellows gave me a good time tonight," he said. "Made me feel like a kid. I'm going to give you some business. I've been picking up some of our stock recently. Each of you buy me a thousand shares tomorrow at the opening. If you call my secretary he will take care of the details."

I felt pretty nearly as rich as Arthur Watkins then, but I was careful in leaving to give Mrs. Cobb a chance to invite me to come again. That is one of the tricks.

Frog Hamilton was so pleased with me the next morning when I told him about the Watkins order that I began to realize that I was a bargain at a hundred dollars a week.

"This is just a starter," he said. "That stock is selling around 67 and the commission is seventeen and a half times ten; that's a hundred and seventy-five dollars. See how easy it is? Now, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll try our best with this order. Dilling, Bledsoe won't be overlooking any bets either."

We got two hundred shares at the opening and the next eight hundred a little lower. Then I got Watkins' secretary on the wire and reported. I found out in many succeeding transactions that when any millionaire tosses you a little business out of friendship he usually expects you to give him better than ordinary service. I certainly gave Watkins the best I had; never bothered him about details his secretary could handle; never forced myself on him. That did not prevent me from studying his habits nor from charting his playgrounds. He ran into me a good deal in succeeding months and I nursed his account into a fat one. I suppose he had accounts in a dozen commission houses. All the big fellows do—largely, I suppose, because they do not wish to have any one broker know too much about what they are buying and selling. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that I got a bigger share of his business than Hufnagle. One thing is certain—I never met Hufnagle aboard Arthur Watkins' yacht, but I did meet there a lot of men and women who gave me business.

I remember one three-day cruise when Watkins had a gang of millionaires aboard. One was Paul Addison, who developed one of the largest and most expensive of Florida's beach playgrounds for the rich. Another was Jim Walsh, a New York real-estate developer worth many millions, a warm-hearted braggart with a big nose and wolfish eyes. These two sat aft in wicker chairs under an awning. They were in their shirt sleeves, cigars in their mouths and pint glasses in their hands.

I sat with them, a guitar across my lap. I sang softly and they bragged.

"Why, you big so-and-so," said Addison, "I'd have made millions out of that Long Island resort development if you hadn't horned in."

"Is that so?" said Walsh. "Well, I'm more efficient. I grabbed myself two millions out of that deal."

They made me fairly dizzy with their talk of millions, but when Watkins joined us both of them sobered down. I never heard this automotive industrialist brag. He did not have to. The creamy deck throbbing under the soles of our white buckskin shoes represented a toy that must have cost him several hundred thousand dollars a year to maintain.

Sixty thousand men and women were employed in the industry bearing his name. Like these other two, he had started from scratch, a poor boy. I began to realize that what they shared in common was an ability to see the world's traffic, and specifically that of America, in simple patterns not revealed to ordinary men. They were not merchants so much as they were adventurers. If power in our times tended to fall into the hands of the military, then they would have been great soldiers. Each of them was in his own way an Alexander; but they happened to be born in an era when power has frontiers of which the great generals of the past were unaware.

They grew silent and I sang louder. I sang Tomorrow, as most appropriate for the occasion.

"At's swell," said Addison. "I could sit here forever."

"Fair enough for you fellows," I said, "but I got a living to make. I have to be back at work Monday."

That was a little fiction that I nourished, that I was not working when I was away from the office. They knew better, I suppose, but they always allowed me to get away with the pretense, although they themselves were too good salesmen not to realize that in their society I was in a customers' man's paradise.

One day when I went to the office Flicker Dayton introduced me to a woman, Mrs. Post. She was not so much to look at in the face, except for good bold eyes, but what a figure!

"Temporarily Mrs. Post will share an office with you and Hank Madison,"

"You get more for your money buying this way"

BUYING pickles, olives, sauerkraut, seafoods, salads, slaw, etc., fresh packed by your dealer in Sealrights is real economy. You get more for your money. And save your clothes, too. No moisture or liquid can escape to soil or stain. Made with the patented double bottom for double safety, Sealrights just can't crush, leak or drip. Also, being practically airtight, Sealrights keep foods at their best. Freshness and flavor are sealed right in. When you want moist or juicy foods, hot or cold, look for the dealers who use Sealrights. They are good dealers to buy from.

DEALERS: *Sealrights, plain or printed, made in sizes from ½ pint to 1 gallon. Look for "Sealright" on the top or bottom. Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. SA-11, Fulton, N. Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.*

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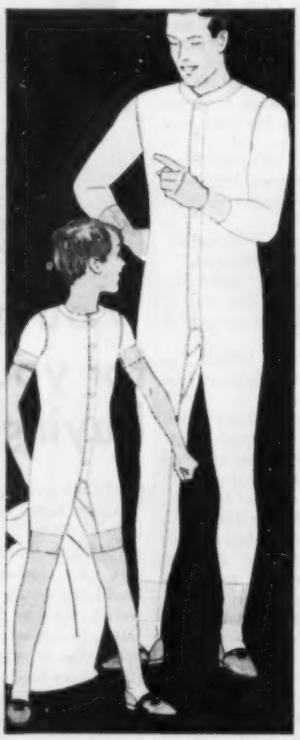
FOOD CONTAINERS

FOR REFRESHING COMFORT,
BODILY AND MENTAL

GET "IN TOUCH" WITH HANES

LUXURIOUS, AND LOW IN PRICE!

HANES Samsonbak *Athletic Union Suit of madras pajama checks and broadcloth. Patented belt.* $1.



HANES *Shirts and Shorts in smart new styles and colors.* 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*

Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers,* 75c *to* $1.

Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 *to* 12, 85c. *Also made ankle length with long sleeves.*

Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suits. Long or short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights,* $1. *Boys', age* 2 *to* 16, *"heavies,"* 75c *to* $1.

SURROUND yourself with every comfort. Slide into HANES for a change. In all your life, you never bought such underwear value.

Try the Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Union Suit. Great for work or play and mild or cool days. Really luxurious in its soft hanespun cotton—and knitted and cut to careful measurements of both trunk and chest. Never bunches or binds. Seams are flat-locked and can't irritate. Buttons won't pull off.

Red Label Lightweights are also winners; and here is a red-hot tip for freezing weather: HANES Red Label Heavyweights! (Union suits or shirts and drawers.) None so famous for over 25 years.

HANES makes underwear in every style and material, size and weight that man or boy could want. Don't fail to see it—ask for it by name. If your regular dealer hasn't the complete line, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — FOR EVERY SEASON

TRADE MARK HANES

said Flicker. "We're leasing more space at the end of the year. In the meantime you ought to get along."

A little later, Marty O'Donnell, the cashier, spoke to me out of the side of his mouth.

"What do you think of our customers' mammy?" he asked slyly.

"Go on, Marty," I protested. "She looks like a well-bred woman."

"I'm sure of it," he replied. "She's bringing us about forty new accounts from Bassoon, Strong and Company. That firm has eleven customers' women. Must be like an annex of the Follies."

"Mrs. Post's accounts all women?"

"Don't be childish," said Marty. "Just watch."

Well, I did. There was a young fellow that Flicker and Frog had worked on for months. He had stepped into his dead father's shoes as president of a big copper company, but he would not shift his trading account from the conservative and extremely ethical house that the old man had dealt with. Then Frog arranged a party. I was there; so was Mrs. Post and the young president of the copper company. He fell for her like a load of bricks. She played him as if he had been a trout. It took her just a week to get an order out of him and the day after that he began sending her flowers. Thereafter she used to get about five thousand shares a day out of him. The copper company had a big surplus and was investing it in common stocks.

Mrs. Post knew her stuff all right. There were about fifty firms employing customers' women at the height of the bull market. Several firms had half a dozen or more, but I don't think any customers' woman rated with our Mrs. Post. Next to myself, I don't think we had a business getter in her class.

I was a lot better than the average customers' man, once I got into my stride. At the end of the year I was given a bonus of fifteen hundred dollars. That is, it was called a bonus. Really it was merely an adjustment of compensation to give me the balance of the 25 per cent of the commissions I had earned over and above my hundred dollars a week. I was learning my trade swiftly. A considerable part of that bonus had been earned during December, by going after what we called tax-loss business.

It is the habit of most brokers every year to call to the attention of their customers the fact that they can by cross sales take paper loss sometimes that is safely deductible on their income-tax returns. Usually the customer sells stocks that show a loss and sometimes he buys them back in his wife's name, or that of a trading corporation, but more often in his own name at the end of thirty days. It's all gravy for the broker, for this business brings double commissions, on the selling and the buying. It is done every year. At the approach of the end of the calendar year or the fiscal year, the market letters of many brokerage houses contain references to tax losses. These are subtle reminders to the customers that by spending some money on commissions they may legally reduce their tax debt to the Government. I did pretty well, as I say, at the close of that first year. In subsequent years I turned over as many as twenty thousand shares in tax-loss business.

Another source of business was the banks. There are tens of thousands of people who own stocks who never enter a brokerage office. They simply go to the securities window of their bank and place their order. Most of this is cash business and the banks apportion it to the brokers that deposit with them. The more business of this kind a bank has to give out, the more deposits it can get from brokers. It is a kind of patronage, and it became a part of my job to call on the bankers with whom we did business in an effort to jolly them into giving us a larger share than we were entitled to on the basis of our balance.

I was beginning to bring in something besides orders, as a result of my ever-widening circle of friends. This was information. In Wall Street they say there are three ways of spreading gossip—tell-a-phone, tell-a-woman and tell-a-customers' man. I can best show how this worked by citing one instance.

In February I went to Florida, to Palm Beach. I had spent part of my bonus for new clothes and I decided, after a talk with Frog, to use the balance to finance a winter vacation. Florida in winter becomes pediculous with customers' men—with good ones, that is, who know how to mix with the right kind of people. Many of them are partners in the houses they represent, but none that I know ever went down there merely for a vacation. Whether they are in the clusters around the green tables in the gambling clubs, in the surf or on hotel verandas, they are hunting business. Anyway, I went and one of the men I met was a son-in-law of a great banking house.

I helped him out at a party by singing. I did not make any play for his business then. I was picking up a lot of give-up orders. You get a good deal of that at resorts from people who have accounts with other houses. "Sell five hundred shares of Motors," you will be told. "Give-up Stallings and Company." Stallings and Company is another brokerage house where this customer has an account. Your house executes the order, the other house surrenders the stock and the two firms divide the commission. Well, after I returned to New York I kept up my acquaintance with the banking-house son-in-law. One day he gave me an order to buy a thousand shares of a bank stock. It was a bank concerning which we had heard rumors of a merger with a larger institution. If there was such a deal it was being fostered by his father-in-law's banking house. This order was as good as a peek at the merger contract.

We had to pick up the stock in dribs and drabs, and as soon as we had it, all of us began buying and passing the word along to our customers. I bought fifty shares for each of six discretionary accounts with which I was trading by that time. One of those accounts was in the name of the proprietor of the hotel where I lived. He had given me ten thousand dollars, a full power and promise of half of all I made trading for him. We got our fifty shares at 125. Naturally under the circumstances, I got his order in a little earlier than the others, and I gave Fred a break. He got his at 127. The stock skyrocketed about six weeks later and I sold at 183. It went to 189 and then fell off about fifteen points, but I was satisfied.

The office had a lot of grief with discretionary accounts. In the opinion of some of the richest men in the country, the way to make money in stocks is to buy good ones and hold on to them in spite of minor fluctuations. But that system doesn't put any gravy on the customers' man's plate. He wants commissions. On dull days when we hadn't made our salaries it was a temptation to run through the discretionary

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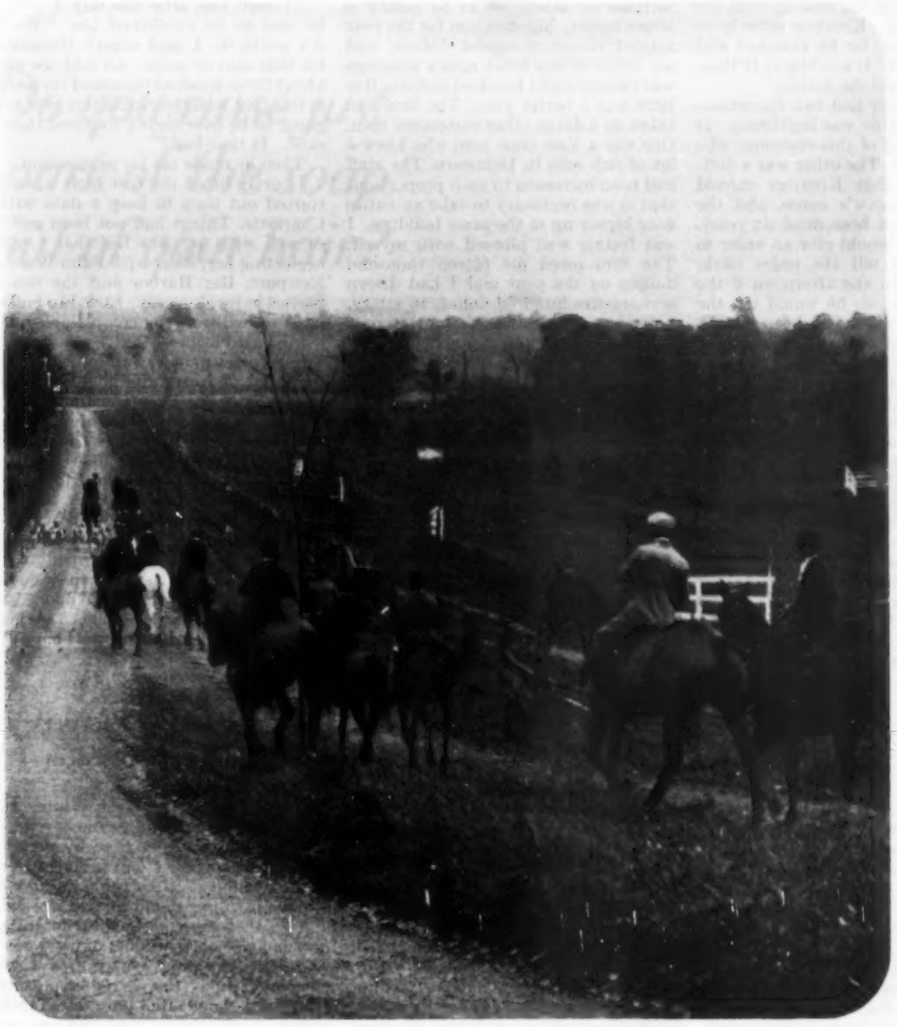
Hounds to their Kennels . . . tired Horses to the Barns

. . . Now happy Sportsmen will Live over each Moment of the Run



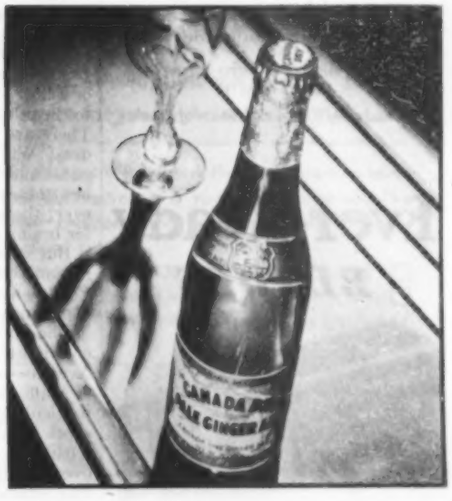
ACROSS the fields they rode, over meadow, jumping brooks, through woodland . . . eight miles of galloping in the keen autumn air . . . eight miles of danger and taking a chance . . . eight miles of sport . . . and after they found, then they bore the brush in triumph back to the club house, living again each moment of the day.

These are fox-hunters. These are sportsmen. These are the sort who find that matching quality of sportsmanship, basic excellence, in their favorite beverage, "Canada Dry," the Champagne of Ginger Ales.

With good reason they find basic excellence, for this fine old beverage has won the approving nod of connoisseurs the wide world over. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation conserves its sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

Such a marvelous beverage is the favored one in many places . . . London . . . Paris . . . New York . . . the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . and in countless homes throughout this country and Canada.

Its zest brings pleasure to any occasion . . . its graciousness, like that of an accomplished hostess, makes itself quietly but surely felt. Its inimitable flavor adds distinction to Thanksgiving dinner. Order "Canada Dry." The Hostess Package of twelve bottles is a convenient way always to have it on hand.



HAVE YOU TRIED—?

Canada Dry's Sparkling Orange. A remarkable new carbonated orange drink. Made from pure fresh orange juice, and containing the natural fruit pulp—a true orange beverage. Ask for it where you buy "Canada Dry."

Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from an exclusive process of beverage making. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

The Singing Shave

©A.S.R.C., 1930

A strange warble comes from the bathroom . . . "Mother, why is father singing so early in the morning?" . . . "He has discovered the Ever-Ready Blade, son—and joined the Singing Shavers" . . . Good for father. Ever-Ready's keen edge will add speed to his shave, comfort to his face, and sweetness to his disposition. And he will get many more shaves from each blade . . . You, too, should be a Singing Shaver. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Ever-Ready BLADES

(Continued from Page 90)

accounts and do a little trading just, as we would say, for luck. The real reason, of course, was for commissions. Flicker and Frog did not seem to mind that. In fact, Frog urged us to that course at times when he was worried about overhead.

But there was one thing they would not stand for. We had a customers' man for a while who had come to us from another commission house, bringing about thirty new accounts with him. He was a swart-faced, pot-bellied little man with extravagant European manners. His name was Kreutzer. He got along all right for about eight months and then one day a customer of his walked in and began to squawk his head off. The customer had been traveling in the Far East. He said he was going to take his case up with the district attorney. Kreutzer must have seen him coming, for he vanished and never came back. It was Marty O'Donnell who gave me the details.

"This Kreutzer had two discretionary accounts. One was legitimate. It was in the name of this customer who made the holler. The other was a fictitious account that Kreutzer carried in his father-in-law's name, and the father-in-law had been dead six years. Well, Kreutzer would give an order to buy stock and tell the order clerk, 'Name later.' In the afternoon if the stock showed a loss he would tell the order clerk the stock had been bought for this customer; if there was a gain of a point or so he would credit the transaction to the phony account and sell. It's plain enough on the books."

"But the order clerks know that 'name later' stuff is forbidden."

"Yeah?" said Marty sarcastically. "Well, when Flicker took that order clerk into his private office and locked those football fingers of his around the little rat's throat he admitted he had been getting a cut from Kreutzer. Flicker kicked him out."

"What about Kreutzer?"

"Oh, him? He's taken about thirty thousand profit out of the phony account. We'll have to make good the customer's loss, but Kreutzer's in the clear. The district attorney says there is no such thing as larceny of credit."

In the summer I got an invitation to come up to Newport one week-end. That led to other invitations, for hostesses needed lots of stags for their parties. Thereafter, I used to go up nearly every week-end. On such trips the Fall River night boat would be loaded with brokers and customers' men. I was often at the Clambake Club. That little wooden structure down on the water front was the sort of place of which customers' men dream. Naturally I had competition and did not get business from all the men I met there, but you can't shoot a man for trying and I did well enough. It was not until the following year that I began to cash in in a big way.

Near the end of 1927 I was given an increase in salary so as to justify a larger bonus. My earnings for the year totaled eleven thousand dollars, and my share of the hotel man's winnings was twenty-eight hundred dollars. But 1928 was a better year. The firm had taken on a dozen other customers' men. One was a Yale crew man who knew a lot of rich men in Delaware. The staff had been increased to such proportions that it was necessary to take an entire floor higher up in the same building. I was feeling well pleased with myself. The firm owed me fifteen thousand dollars on the year and I had drawn seventy-five hundred dollars in salary.

Late one afternoon when Frog came back and began to haze the gang I got to feeling sulky and showed it.

"The trouble with you birds," declaimed Frog at the top of his voice, "is that you are afraid to make your customers trade. I've been going over some of the discretionary accounts. You're not milking enough commissions out of them. Keep 'em trading. That's the way we make money. If you don't we'll have to do something about it."

Some of the others looked scared. I was not scared. I was sore and went into my office and slammed the door. I had over one hundred and fifty accounts on my list and I knew I could carry a large proportion of them to any house I cared to join.

In a minute my door opened and Frog came in carrying a bottle of Scotch and a couple of paper cups.

"Listen, fellow," he began jovially, "none of that rawhiding was meant for you. You are going to get a new deal. It's fellows like you that are making what more simple-minded people call the Coolidge market. It isn't any such thing. It's a customers' men's market. There must be six or seven thousand all told, counting all the business getters. About half of it is new business of persons who never owned a security until they bought Liberty Bonds. Is it any wonder stocks are going up? There are not enough securities to go round. And we haven't started."

"Here's looking at you, Frog," I said.

"I need this after the day I had," he said as he swallowed his. "Well, it's worth it. I paid ninety thousand for that seat of mine. All told we got about three hundred thousand invested in this firm, and the profits this year are going to be over eleven hundred thousand. Is that bad?"

Then he made me his proposition.

I surely lifted my feet high when I started out then to keep a date with Charlotte. Things had not been going so well with us. She felt that I was neglecting her, what with Palm Beach, Newport, Bar Harbor and the usual parties in speak-easies. I tried to make her see each time she complained that it was just business, that I was simply trying to get ahead in the world. She was kind of frosty this night when I stepped into the Page apartment.

"Come on, now," I bantered her, "snap out of it. I got news for a girl that can smile when she kisses me."

I got that smile and then I told her.

"Not really?" she gasped.

"Yes, ma'am. A partnership in Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell. We're going to discuss details tomorrow."

Old man Page thought that news was worth a celebration. He opened a bottle of claret that he had been saving ever since June, 1919. And was I happy?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHICAGO! ALL CHANGE!

(Continued from Page 23)

magnate today, but on the security-holding or wealth-possessing side Samuel Insull is only the trade-mark for a horde of investors scattered all over the country.

There are not only new men but they are doing new things. The vast enterprise that goes by Mr. Insull's name, for example, was hardly dreamed of in 1890, when to carry an electric current or a flow of gas from one side of a city to the other was quite an achievement. There are Julius Rosenwald, mail orders; William Wrigley, Jr., chewing gum, and so forth. New men doing new things. The town is as dynamic as ever; the stakes are still on the table for brains and enterprise.

But what, after all, is the most significant change in these forty years? For an answer, I must turn to personal experience.

The young man of 1890 finally entered a dingy doorway on Fifth Avenue—now Wells Street—just north of Madison. He climbed two flights of particularly dingy stairs, went along a short hall, and down four steps into a bare loft with three windows in front overlooking the street and three in the rear overlooking a roof. Some slim iron pipes, tacked on the outside of the plaster, terminated in gas jets along the wall. Under the gas jets ran a long shelf of unpainted pine boards at the height of a desk. That was to write on. There were some plain, wooden chairs, and, at the foot of the steps by which one entered, a long bench on which sat, or scuffled, several urchins.

This was the editorial department of two big newspapers—the Daily News, an evening paper, and the Morning News—both owned by Victor F. Lawson. There was a little office in front for the managing editor of the Morning News, and a similar cubby at the rear for the managing editor of the Daily News. Next the latter—so as to impede what sunlight there was as little as possible—stood a sort of bull pen inclosed by upright palings. That was for the city editor.

The young man stepped over to the small office of the managing editor. It contained a hard-used desk, two plain wooden chairs, and a large person of sandy complexion, short of hair, and also—as it turned out—somewhat short of temper. To the green caller, already slightly afflicted with stage fright, his eyeglasses seemed to gleam menacingly. That was Henry Ten Eyck White. In calling one's attention to one's reportorial shortcomings he used by preference a red-hot poker, but in long-after years I found it to be the unanimous opinion of young men who had worked and writhed under him that no abler news man or abler teacher of news getting and news writing ever fired a reporter. He put the young applicant through a brisk and pointed examination, and said: "You can go to work Monday. Be here at eight o'clock sharp."

Bear in mind, please, that the Daily News was even then one of the foremost newspapers of the country, and certainly one of the most prosperous. Its average daily circulation ran above 200,000; and the circulation of the Morning News, which occupied the same editorial premises after we of the evening paper were done, was almost as large.

But there was only one telephone instrument above the business office on the ground floor; extension phones being unknown then. That one box, in the city editor's bull pen, with a crank on the side that you ground to call

(Continued on Page 95)

Do you rinse just part of the soap out of your hair?

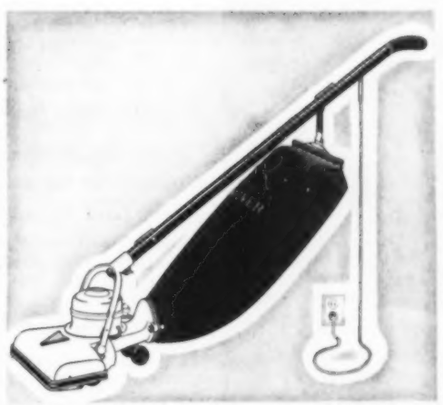
Surprisingly increased efficiency in the Two New Hoovers

Your Hoover dealer will be glad to show you these two remarkable new Hoover models, offering greatly increased dirt-removing ability and selling at the same price as former models.

YOU know it is simply ruinous to your hair to leave soap in it when you wash it. It is even more ruinous to your rugs to leave dirt in them when you clean them.

The dirt left in them—when you clean them with a broom or with ordinary cleaners — is the most dangerous dirt of all, the destructive embedded grit which saws through the nap and wears out the rug.

There is only one safe way to beat out this deep-packed grit. That is to run a Hoover over your rugs. It dislodges the embedded dirt—beating it out by means of Positive Agitation. Only The Hoover has this beating principle. Because of it, The Hoover is able to remove more *dirt per minute* than any other cleaner, giving faster and more thorough cleaning. It consumes less human energy for its operation. And it gives new beauty to floor coverings, lifting and straightening the nap, restoring the rug colors and removing the ugly threads and lint that usually cling so tenaciously. In other words, it gives scientific care to your floor coverings.



HOOVER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT BEATS...AS IT SWEEPS...AS IT CLEANS

ON A CUSHION OF AIR

© 1930, The Hoover Co.

Ask your Hoover dealer for a free trial or home demonstration of The Hoover and its efficient dusting tools. Two Hoover models. Only $6.25 down; balance monthly. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

Mail this coupon for descriptive literature or a home trial of The Hoover. It is your privilege to see The Hoover—compare it with any other cleaner—without obligation.

Send booklet "How To Judge an Electric Cleaner" ☐
Send a New Hoover to me for Home Trial - - - ☐
THE HOOVER COMPANY, Dept. 18, North Canton, O.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... STATE.....

THE ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED AIR-CONDITIONING SYSTEM FOR WINTER HEATING AND SUMMER COOLING

··HUMIDITY··
COMFORT AND HEALTH

WHAT a joy it is when all those precious family hours at the close of day are animated with a lively, healthy spirit . . . Eyes sparkle and cheeks glow . . . The charm of the family circle is enlivened with eager, wholesome merriment . . . It's past bedtime before you realize it . . . and you know that here is the brightest, cheeriest spot on earth.

These priceless hours should be yours every evening. But how often, during the fall and winter months, you are robbed of them by a stifling, stagnant, baked-dry atmosphere resulting from an improper heating system that neither humidifies nor circulates the air it heats.

Dry air suffocates our bodies—reduces our vitality—causes colds and coughs by impairing the flow of natural secretions of nose, throat and other respiratory organs. It stifles us into dull, disinterested drowsiness during our waking hours, and makes our sleep restless and disturbed. We awaken heavy, logy and unrefreshed.

The Holland Vaporaire heating and air-conditioning system brings to your home not only heat but proper humidity and ventilation. Holland warmth, moisture and circulation are blended into a refreshing, stimulating, balmy indoor atmosphere —bringing the joyous animation and vivacious spirit of good health to your "fireside"—every evening.

It is easy to own a modern Holland. Prices are reasonable—terms liberal. Satisfaction is guaranteed by written bond. Every installation is planned to order for the home it serves—under direct factory supervision.

Complete information on the subject of air-conditioning is contained in the illustrated booklet, "The Air We Live In." If you will send us your name and address, we shall be pleased to mail you a copy of it.

VAPORAIRE DIVISION
HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY
HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

World's largest installers of home heating systems, operating three large factories and 554 factory branches from coast to coast

HOLLAND
VAPORAIRE HEATING

(Continued from Page 92)

central, carried all telephone communications for editorial departments, composing room and the publisher. On the wall above it was a big brass gong, connected with the fire department, so that every fire alarm turned in anywhere in the city struck on it with crashing notes that could be heard all over the top floors. The strokes made a number—say, seven, three, four. It was then the city editor's duty to look in a fire-department guide and find where Box 734 was located. Having ascertained the location, he looked up the drug store that was nearest to it and telephoned there to know what the fire was. If it was downtown, or a 2-11 or 4-11—which meant a big fire or a bigger fire—he got hold of a reporter, if he could find one, and sent him to investigate. Usually, as it seemed to me when I was city editor, no disengaged reporter could possibly be found at the moment. They were all out on other assignments.

The urchins on the bench—messenger boys—were a vital feature of news-gathering then. Immediately after eight o'clock, reporters were sent out on their assignments, sometimes a long distance from the office. We had three editions—noon, three o'clock and five o'clock. The noon edition, however, was to carry want ads, and the editorial department bothered very little with it. Copy for the three-o'clock edition must be in the office by 12:30 and for the five o'clock by 2:15, for that edition—the last of the day—went to press at 2:30. Messenger boys brought in the copy from reporters who were stationed at strategic points like the City Hall and the Courthouse. Or a reporter would write the first part of his story wherever he might be and telephone for a messenger boy to bring it in; then, later on, come to the office and finish the story there. Without messenger boys we should have been lost. Indeed, Mr. White kept his reporters in a proper state of humility by saying to them from time to time, "Give me two messenger boys and I can get out the paper alone." But if the boys found a little leisure, they were apt to improve it by getting up a fight among themselves, which was not conducive to quiet in the office.

The City Editor Makes an Error

Nothing was, in fact. From one o'clock on, the tension tightened every minute. Messenger boys clattered in and clattered out. "Copy!" shouted a reporter at the writing shelf, and a boy slid across the floor to snatch the sheaf of coarse pencil-written sheets. "Boy!" cried the city editor with a batch of edited copy to go to the composing room. Reporters steamed in to finish their stories. The sole telephone rang. The fire gong clanged. The city editor not only gave reporters their assignments but—with one assistant after 12:30—read all the local copy, wrote the heads and answered the telephone.

These cluttered and clamorous conditions of working gave rise to certain treasured legends of the office, which were handed on to all new members of the staff. Here is Legend No. 1:

It is two o'clock, when the agony of getting the last edition to press is at its height. Melville E. Stone, at that time editor in chief, is at the Union League Club, and has an idea of much importance for that day's paper. He hastens to the telephone and calls the office. The city editor, rapidly editing copy with one hand, puts the receiver to his ear with the other and shouts, "Hello!"

Telephone instruments and wires were not so good then as they are now, so all he can make of the voice at his ear is, "Wash whoof, whuff," trailing off into vague murmur.

THE CITY EDITOR *(seeing a sweaty reporter at the door of the den and surmising important last-minute news)*: Speak up! Speak up! I can't hear you!

THE VOICE ON THE WIRE: Wash whoof whuff umnumbum ——

THE CITY EDITOR: Louder! Louder! I can't hear!

THE VOICE: Wash whoof whuff umnumgum ——

THE CITY EDITOR *(as the reporter at the door teeters impatiently on the other foot)*: I can't hear! Talk up! Talk up!

THE VOICE: Wash whoof whuff umnumgum ——

THE FRENZIED CITY EDITOR *(as the fire gong starts ringing)*: Go to hell!

There Were Two Irishmen ——

A horse cab comes at a gallop from the Union League Club. In these days of smooth asphalt and rubber tires one must have experienced that to understand what it was like. The horse's hoofs clatter on the rough, uneven granite-block pavement like machine-gun fire; the iron tires grind and grate; the cab bounces and sways. At the Daily News Building, Mr. Stone comes up the stairs two steps at a time and appears, a startling apparition, at the door of the bull pen to demand: "Who was answering this telephone five minutes ago?"

But the city editor, for all his inferior appliances, has very dependable brains for an emergency. With an air of mild surprise, and no hesitation whatever, he replies, "I don't know, Mr. Stone. I've been in the composing room."

"Find out," says Mr. Stone, in wrath. "Whoever it was, told me to go to hell." The city editor expresses proper indignation.

Presumably Mr. Stone, upon reflection, had misgivings. But he was a practical newspaper man himself and understood frayed nerves. Nothing more was ever said about it.

Legend No. 2 deals with an everstanding feud between the foreman of the composing room, upstairs, and the foreman of the stereotyping room in the basement. The former wanted to keep the page forms upstairs as long as possible for last-minute corrections. The latter wanted to receive them as early as possible, lest he be blamed for late delivery of the stereotyped plates to the press room. The only direct means of communication between the two departments consisted of a large-bore tin speaking tube. Both foremen were Irish, and quite gifted in expressing themselves. It was said that exchange of compliments sometimes heated the tin tube to a faint rosy glow.

Mr. Lawson, I believe, never was known to raise his voice or lose his composure, but he was always dropping in here and there to see how things were going. One afternoon he dropped into the stereotyping room, consulted his watch and remarked that the first-page form was late. The foreman said it was always late; the person upstairs was born late. Mr. Lawson stepped over to the speaking tube, blew the whistle and applied his ear to the orifice. The foreman of the composing room mistook that whistle for a challenge from his old foe in the basement. By a happy inspiration he caught up the tin basin of incredibly dirty water that always ornamented a corner of the imposing stone and emptied it into the tube—incidentally, also, into his employer's ear and whiskers. But again nothing came of it. Mr. Lawson understood frayed nerves. Both of these legends, and many like them, illustrate the physical handicaps under which a big newspaper used to be got out.

Today I turn the old corner of Madison and Wells, walking a couple of rods north. I can still make out the sign, Daily News, but the door is locked and the windows are blank with whitewash. Abandoned, derelict, ready for the wreckers. A few steps farther, and this is what used to be Newsboys' Alley. At press time it swarmed with ragged street arabs like an agitated ant heap. The boys clustered along the delivery platform, seized their bundles of papers and darted away through the streets with shrill yells to all points downtown. But with the building abandoned, Newsboys' Alley might now be a country cemetery. All changed.

Returning to Madison Street and continuing west across the river, I come to one of the largest and handsomest business structures in the world. As one mark of its modernity this great investment rests on no land whatever, but only on air rights above railroad tracks. I leave the elevator at the sixth floor, and am amazed.

I know this is the editorial department of the Daily News because the signs say so, but as I look about the large floor, comprising thousands of square feet, there isn't a sight or sound that—on the recollection of forty years ago—I could identify with a newspaper office. It is two o'clock, our old frantic hour, but nobody hurries, nobody shouts, nothing rings, nothing ticks. The general atmosphere would be quite appropriate to an evensong service. Plate-glass partitions, seven feet high, divide the floor space into many handsomely furnished offices. The men in those offices are getting out an evening paper with their coats and collars on, noiselessly, without—so far as I can see—a bead of perspiration among them. They might be writing their memoirs.

Printing the News While it is New

One little sign attracts me: Financial Department. Among other things, I was once financial editor of this newspaper, and when I walked out of the door the department went with me. I was it, hook, line and sinker, except for a messenger boy to run from a broker's office with the closing New York stock quotations in an envelope.

Behind the little sign are four desks, two of them occupied by as composed-looking gentlemen as I have ever seen, although the press hour is upon them. I wonder if the other two are at lunch.

Would I like to see how they handle the New York stock quotations now? I would, and am conducted to a room in which there are twenty stock tickers and twenty compositors, putting the high and low figures in type as they come direct from the Stock Exchange. The latest figures can be on the press and on the street in a very few minutes. But these tickers make a noise, so this room is soundproof from the outside; not a murmur escapes through its walls. There are the six telegraph machines which automatically print the Associated Press and United Press reports as they come over the wires; and two separate machines that likewise automatically print sporting reports.

(Continued on Page 97)

May we send you a Gerber baby?

Frequent appearance has made the Gerber baby a familiar visitor to many readers of the magazine. So many have felt the same appealing charm that first induced us to select this subject for expression of the spirit and purpose of the Gerber Products, and have asked for copies of the drawing, that we have now made such copies available in a form suitable for framing. Appropriately framed, the picture makes an appealing gift. We will be happy to send you one of the reproductions on receipt of the coupon below.

For Year Round Regularity

In winter, as well as in summer, the specially prepared Gerber Strained Vegetables relieve mothers from dependence on ordinary vegetable supplies. The vegetables used for the Gerber Products are grown in Michigan gardens under the supervision of our own trained field superintendents. They are picked at just the right stage of maturity, and received crisp and fresh in the inspecting and washing rooms of the Gerber Products Division of our Fremont, Michigan plant. Month after month the whole year through, they provide baby with dependably uniform vegetable feedings at their freshest best.

Ask Your Doctor!

The convenience and economy provided by the Gerber Products are incidental. The big thing is—they are Better for Baby! Your doctor can best prescribe the feeding schedule most helpful to your own individual baby. He, too, will gladly explain why the Gerber special process of preparation under steam pressure with oxygen excluded conserves rich mineral salt and vitamin values lost through oxidation or through solution in cooking water in open vessel preparation. Ask for Gerber's at your grocer's or druggist's today. Look for the blue and white label and the A B C blocks. Don't accept a substitute.

Strained Peas · Strained Spinach
Strained Carrots · Strained Tomato
Strained Green Beans · Strained Prunes · Strained Vegetable Soup

Sold by Leading Grocers and Druggists Everywhere

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

Gerber Products Division, Fremont Canning Company,
Dept. S-7, Fremont, Michigan.

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for which you will please mail me a black and white reproduction of the original Gerber Baby drawing. *(Please print clearly).*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

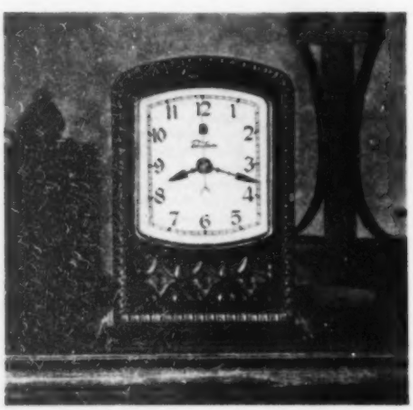
Forget you ever had to wind a clock!

FATHER WINDS the alarm clock every night—when he's not too sleepy! Mother attends to the mantel clock once a week. Cook winds the kitchen clock—now and then. If one of the three forgets, everybody's schedule is upset. Tempers are lost. Trains and meals are missed.

A Telechron* Electric Timekeeper will bring peace and promptness to the most absent-minded family. It NEVER forgets! It NEVER needs winding—or oiling, cleaning and regulating. Quietly, correctly, it marks the minutes. Its accuracy is assured by impulses of alternating current from your light socket, controlled by means of a Telechron Master Clock in the power house.

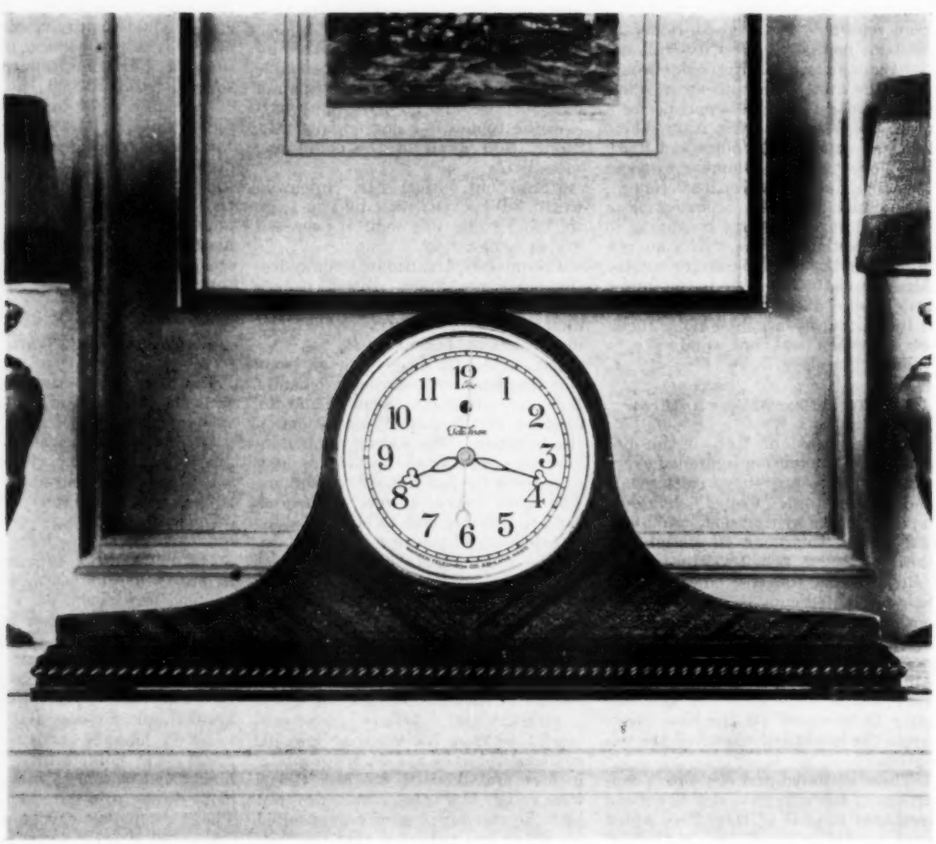
Christmas is just around the corner. Why not give your family the accuracy and convenience of Telechron time? Telechron is the pioneer, the original, self-starting synchronous electric clock. Telechron clocks offer you the greatest variety of models—created by America's foremost designers—priced from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors—at prices ranging up to $1200. You may be sure you are getting genuine products of the Warren Telechron Company when you see the word "Telechron" on the dial of a clock. There is an authorized dealer near you, listed under "Telechron" in your classified telephone directory. Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in U. S. Patent Office, of Warren Telechron Co.



No. 356—Moulded case, walnut color. Price $9.75

No. 528-A—Mahogany case, 15⅛ inches high. Price $33



No. 557—A graceful tambour for your mantel. Body of case mahogany. Front satinwood with inlay. 16⅞ inches wide. Price $23

Telechron

(Continued from Page 95)

These machines make a noise, so they, too, are in soundproof rooms.

Certainly I knew of wireless telegraphy and fireless cookers; but I had not imagined a noiseless editorial department. Another office—the largest of all; about as big as our entire editorial floor used to be—houses the sporting department. When I was financial editor, McFadden was sporting editor, and the department comprised, besides himself, a pad of copy paper, a lead pencil and some baseball scores. Much less writing, much less muscular effort, is now required from each man. At one period I wrote a column of editorials which must be finished by 10:30, as the noon edition carried the editorial page. From 10:30 to 12:30 I skirmished around the courts and police stations to see if I could pick up a little news sketch outside the regular run. At 12:30, having bolted a sandwich and cup of coffee at Kohlsaat's lunch counter and written my sketch, I sat beside the city editor and read local copy until 2:30. After the five-o'clock edition went to press, we worked in alternating shifts on afternoon assignments that would provide some fresh copy for the noon edition next day.

The City of Hustle

So what does all the change come to?

I went to Chicago principally to make a living. That has been my principal concern ever since. It is the principal concern of most of us. In forty years the physical conditions under which we make a living have grown much easier and pleasanter—thanks, first of all, to improved machines and technology—and we work decidedly fewer hours while receiving higher pay. That is the really significant thing in all this change.

Forty years ago Chicago was highly and widely celebrated for the quality called "hustle." We had heard of it with admiration beyond the Missouri. The Midwestern metropolis was preeminently the city of hustle, and hustle meant mostly running, sweating, bursting your suspender buttons, making a noise, cracking your muscles and nerves. There was something effete and Bostonian about being comfortable, quiet and cool. Hustle was a kind of cult. One snowy day I went up to 444 North Clark Street to interview Yerkes, and encountered him on the stairs.

"I'm going downtown," he said to me hastily. "Come along if you want to."

A south-bound cable car was crossing Division Street. "We can catch it," exclaimed the magnate; so magnate and reporter raced through the sloppy street and swung aboard the moving car. Whatever it was that I wanted to find out, probably I didn't, but we stood on the back platform in the snow and conversed on the way downtown. Another day I had the felicity of seeing Marshall Field spring right nimbly in the middle of the street to avoid being run down by one of his own horse trucks. One and all we depended on our legs and arms, on our muscle, to get us through the day much more than we do now, and, on the whole, were rather proud of it. I know we sort of bragged about the clutter and clamor of our newspaper office.

A hustling reporter, for example, was one who flipped a street car in the middle of the block instead of slothfully walking to the corner and waiting five minutes. One summer day I flipped an open cable car on Dearborn Street, but slipped. My body, swaying out from the car, collided heavily with a crossing policeman. He raced down the tracks after the car and caught it at the corner, but, fortunately, I had a reporter's badge. That saved my life; nobody except a reporter or an alderman could bump a policeman and hope to get away with it.

The idea of working in comfort was just dawning. Sometime after 1890 innovators began suggesting that saleswomen in the department stores might as well have some place to sit down when their duties did not require them to be on their feet. Then advanced people began talking about safeguarding machines in factories, so that workmen would lose fewer limbs. Presently, big employers began studying light, ventilation, sanitation, recreation. In forty years machines have lifted a tremendous load from human muscles and nerves; a whole science of making working conditions safer, more healthful, more pleasant has developed; on every hand working hours have shortened. Now an eight-hour day is standard, and a five-day week is visibly coming in, with higher pay than went with longer hours.

The physical conditions of earning a living are decidedly easier. No sober-minded critic denies that, but many sober-minded critics say the ease is bought at too high a price, because machines make mechanical people, all run in the same mold, thinking the same, feeling the same—robots, without individuality or originality. That, of course, would be serious, or even fatal. But is it so?

In my day, excepting a little last-minute stuff, every reporter wrote his own story with his own hand. That gave him constant practice in writing. If he had any knack of description, humor, drama, it would come out in his daily work and attract attention. Nowadays evening paper reporters write but little. Mostly they telephone in to rewrite men, who compose the copy that goes to the printer. That is a loss to reporters. Their job offers that much less chance for originality.

Famous Reporters of the 90's

I had some very notable newspaper contemporaries. At least six men who held newspaper jobs in Chicago in the early 90's have won national or even international fame. They are Eugene Field, George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, Frank A. Vanderlip, Bert L. Taylor, John T. McCutcheon. All but Field were once just everyday reporters; only John McCutcheon did his reporting in the form of pen-and-ink sketches—of fires, street-car collisions, political conventions or whatever else turned up in the day's news. I have more than once heard them—and others less universally known—mentioned as proof that newspaper business nowadays, with all its elaborate mechanical equipment, does not offer the opportunities to young talent that it used to.

It is true that if young talent is a reporter on an evening paper, he will not get as much chance to write. But if he is a rewrite man he will get more chance to write; and if he has a knack for writing, it's four to one he will very soon be put at the job where that knack counts most. A great many more men and women are actually writing copy for the Daily News now than in my time. Whatever talent there is among them has the same chance to come out now that it had then. Now, also, the talent will very soon be trademarked by the writer's signature. Forty years ago practically the whole paper was anonymous. Editors and reporters knew that George Ade, Peter Dunne, Charley Seymour, Charley Almy and others were writing bully stuff long before the newspaper readers ever heard of those names. In fact, some of the really notable writers were never known by name to readers. Now the paper is sprinkled with signatures. It needs no argument to prove that signature is an incentive and a decided material advantage to the writer.

Our grand preoccupation was with getting the day's news. A nice black-eyed girl with a pair of shears and a pastepot supplied a large part of the non-news contents of the paper, clipping it out of exchanges, foreign illustrated papers, and the like. Nowdays, though news is still the prime staple, every big paper spends a tremendous lot of time, money and worry over its non-news contents, and the greater part of that expenditure consists simply in an eager search for talent; also talent, when discovered, gets much better pay.

The Good Old Days

In Chicago, the other day, I happened to inquire about a young man, son of an old neighbor, who launched into the newspaper game as a reporter several years ago. Gone to New York, I was told. Working for a press association, he was sent to write a third of a column or so of sketchy stuff to serve as embroidery to the report of a prize fight. Two days later the manager of the association wired him to come to headquarters and put him permanently on that kind of work. That, it's true, was in the news field, but it illustrates how quickly originality is recognized.

Exceptional ability is an incalculable thing. It bursts out here and there for no known reason, and, again for no known reason, it fails to burst. If no Field, Ade and Dunne burst out of Chicago newspaperdom in this decade, it will not be because there was anything in the conditions of newspaper work that prevented it. On the contrary, the conditions are decidedly more favorable to such bursting than they used to be. Going up in an elevator, instead of taking the stairs two steps at a jump, does not blight genius; neither does doubling the pay check.

The robot notion of a whole population standardized by machines is part of the Golden Age complex that men seem always to have suffered from. Apparently, we all like to believe in a Garden of Eden that is irrevocably in the past—and nothing much but hell in the present and future. Even in my day I heard from the old-timers that the newspaper business in Chicago was not what it used to be. But as Punch observed, things never were what they used to be. People above the economic state of savages have always, in the main, done mechanical things, copying from set patterns, going through the same motions over and over. In the main, those medieval artisans, whom we admire so much, now that they are safely dead, did just that, only they did it twelve and fourteen hours a day instead of eight. A great many more residents of Chicago are employed today in designing, inventing, experimenting, seeking new forms and new things than was the case forty years ago. Those that follow routine occupations travel a shorter, easier, more comfortable route to a larger pay check. There was a very sizable commotion in the city while I was there. They were holding an air meet, and Lindbergh, one of our strictly modern, machine-age robots, had come to town.

Every day
Fiesta day
in
California
and Southern
Arizona

THE warmth of Spring awaits you. The Santa Fe will take you —on Santa Fe rails "all the way." You leave on the Santa Fe and arrive on the Santa Fe.

The CHIEF is still chief—the fastest and most exclusive train to Southern California.

Make your Pullman reservations early.

All-expense tours on certain dates this winter.

After California—Hawaii.

Clip and Mail

Santa Fe

W. J. Black,
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Chicago, Ill.

Please mail folders checked below:
☐ California Picture Book ☐ The Indian-detours
☐ California Hotel Rates ☐ Arizona Winter
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A Far Whiter, Softer Bathroom Paper

Created to meet modern ideals of luxury

. . . . Made from the Same Material as Silky, Soft Rayon—

this Bathroom Paper is Indescribably Soft—Immaculately, Wonderfully White

TODAY a new-type bathroom paper is supplanting old-type "toilet papers" in thousands of better homes. Because it meets their demand for entirely new standards of health, luxury and fastidiousness.

This new-type bathroom paper has the softness of fine silk; the immaculate whiteness and great absorbency of a hospital absorbent. *It is made from the same material as silky RAYON!*

You note the difference the moment you open a roll. For it looks different, feels different from probably any other bathroom paper that you have ever seen. Some 254 Health Commissioners in 45 different states endorse paper of this new type. *Especially for homes where there are children.*

Banishes The Harshness of Ground-Wood Papers

It differs from old-type "ground-wood" bathroom paper—paper in which millions of minute splintery particles of ground-wood are imbedded—in this way:

It is COOKED *from the same material from which* RAYON *is made. NOT ground from splintery masses of raw wood as are ordinary "toilet papers".**

It is cooked some 8 hours under 302° temperature. And it is softened to supreme gentleness. *Then every sheet is 20 times sterilized in manufacture* . . . every roll protected by a sanitary wrapper. Its importance in health protection is a major one.

Same Cost

It is called "NORTHERN TISSUE." Its price, the same as ordinary toilet paper—only 10c the roll. Most groceries, department stores and druggists have it.

Try it. Ask for "Northern Tissue" next time you buy. You'll never again put old-type bathroom paper in your home.

*How Science Tests for Ground-wood in Paper. The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish-purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—made from rayon material—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

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NORTHERN TISSUE

With the Blue Core 262

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL

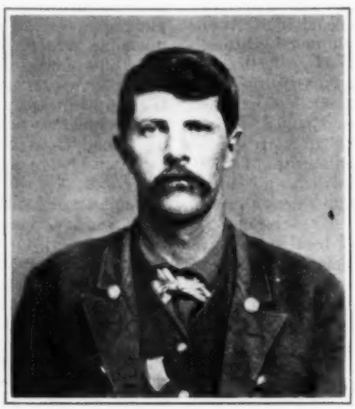
(Continued from Page 17)

cowboys, every one with drawn guns. In the midst towered Shanghai Pierce, still drunk, and supported by two of his henchmen.

"There he is!" a cowpuncher shouted. "If he makes a move let him have it!"

Wyatt Earp knew better than to go for his guns in the face of some forty six-shooters ready for business in the hands of such a crowd. Ed Morrison, cowboy and professional fighting man, spoke for the gang.

"If you think you can arrest Shanghai Pierce," he snarled, "why don't you try it? Come on! If you're so good with your guns, why don't you jerk 'em? We're taking Shang where he wants to go. Any move you make to touch him'll be your last one."



B. C. "Bob" Vandenberg, Marshal of Dodge in 1881

There followed a torrent of vituperation and abuse in what Wyatt recalled as quite unprintable language, and in which Morrison's followers joined, as, with Pierce in their midst, they backed toward Douglas Avenue. Until they reached the corner the cowboys held Wyatt under the threat of a dozen guns, and he stood motionless. As the last of the gang disappeared around the turn the deputy marshal went into action. At the rear of the buildings fronting Douglas Avenue was an alley with an entrance on Main Street, and into this Wyatt darted. As he ran parallel to the course the Texas crowd was taking, he heard them whooping their derision and yelling their threats for all who might oppose them. Their profanity was punctuated with fusillades from their six-guns. Certain of their supremacy over the local peace officers, they were shooting up Douglas Avenue in wholesale fashion.

The Call to Arms

From the northeast Wyatt heard, also, the resonant voice of the great iron triangle which hung before Judge Jewett's office and which was sacred to the sole purpose of summoning Wichita citizens to a finish fight with the cowmen. In all the years of the cow camp's history no one had cried, "Wolf!" with that triangle; the instrument had sounded the death knell of many a Texas gun thrower—not, however, without the sacrifice of numerous townsmen. Wyatt had hopes of getting into action on his own before any posse could reach Pierce and the cowboys. Not only was there a chance that he thus could save some needless killing; in his first big play as a Wichita peace officer, the Texas men now had him studded.

As he drew well ahead of the crowd that was whooping down the middle of the Douglas Avenue roadway, Wyatt ran through an alley entrance into a store where he had cached a shotgun. With this weapon in hand, he jumped through the front doorway about fifty feet ahead of the Texans.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted. "Throw 'em up! I'll blow hell out of the first one who looks cross-eyed. You, Morrison," he ordered, as the surprised cowboys, smoking guns in hand, halted in puzzled confusion, "throw up your hands, or I'll kill you."

Ed Morrison, thus singled out and with Wyatt's keen blue eye focused on him above the barrels of a weapon ready to spray buckshot across the roadway, chose discretion. His guns dropped into the dirt as his hands went skyward. Shanghai Pierce had been startled into something like sobriety and good sense.

"Throw 'em up, boys," he bellowed as he himself obeyed Wyatt's order. His rescuers followed his example.

Wyatt had the cowboys in line at the roadside when Marshal Smith and the citizen volunteers reached the scene. He held them that way while others took up their guns and gun belts.

"Now," Wyatt said, "we'll go see Judge Jewett. Walk ahead of me to Main Street, turn and head for the court room. Keep in the middle of the road and don't try any funny business. Get going."

The Infant Prodigy of Bad Men

As the procession of crestfallen gun toters scuffed its spur-jangling, high-heeled boots through the dust of Keno Corner under the muzzle of the double-barreled shotgun, a derisively raucous Rebel Yell served notice that Ben Thompson was viewing the parade from the balcony of Whitey Rupp's establishment.

"Whoop-ee!" Ben jeered. "Paint that one on your chuck wagons! I told you he was poison!"

Judge Jewett fined each of the twenty-one Texas men whom Wyatt had arrested $100, which Shanghai Pierce paid for all, with his apologies to the municipality. As the culprits filed out, Wyatt turned to the judge.

"There's one favor you can do me," he said. "As long as I'm an officer in Wichita, don't ring that triangle again."

The fighting men of the Cowskin Creek outfits began to organize for a punitive expedition which had for one purpose the reëstablishment of cowboy supremacy in the cow town; if, in the course of operations, a few Wichita marshals could be put out of business, so much more satisfactory would be the results of the enterprise to its instigators.

The group around which the six-shooter expedition was recruited comprised a dozen of the most desperate Texans, all owning allegiance and most of them kin to the worst bad man in Texas history, John Wesley Hardin. No estimate of the outfit's qualities is required beyond the statement that

(Continued on Page 100)

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(Continued from Page 98)

their acknowledged mentor, in affairs involving peace officers, killed six men in six-gun battles before he was sixteen years old, fifteen before he turned his eighteenth year, and thirty-five before he was seven years older. Hardin left the Cowskin before the Wichita raid was completely organized, but his leader's boots were amply filled by his cousin, Mannen Clements, whose courage and proficiency with a six-gun had never been disputed successfully.

Mannen Clements was a strategist as well as a fearless fighting man. He started with half a hundred followers on a six-gun foray into Wichita about eight o'clock one morning. In the manner of all cow towns, Wichita held forenoons sacred to catching up with her sleep, and ordinarily the Texans, at the hour chosen for their raid, would have found but a few townspeople in the street, over whom they might easily have won command of the situation.

What Clements and his crowd did not know was that as their threats against Wyatt Earp had shaped toward action, the deputy marshal had taken to spending twenty-four hours a day on duty. Thus it was that when a friendly cattleman sent word to Mayor Hope that the gunmen were actually starting on their raid, Mannen Clements' prize bit of strategy was offset immediately and, instead of being asleep in his room as the cowboys assumed, Wyatt Earp was available to head a reception committee. Jim Hope's first impulse was to sound Judge Jewett's triangle, and such an alarm was advocated by Bill Smith, his chief marshal. Wyatt objected strenuously to such procedure.

A Private Fight

"In the first place," Wyatt argued, "if the Texas crowd rides in to find half the town lined up against them, they'll open up before they've crossed the toll bridge and there's apt to be a lot of promiscuous killing. You know Mannen Clements and his gang well enough to gamble that before you can put them out of business in such a fight, there'll be more dead citizens than there'll be dead cowboys. You may get 'em in the end, but the getting'll be expensive.

"And when you get down to cases, this is my fight. I'm the fellow they're after. Let me make my fight against 'em after my own fashion. If I win out our troubles may be over for the summer; even if I don't, I'll guarantee there won't be as many bad ones left for you to handle. I don't want any crowd with me; somebody's apt to get excited and cut loose, and that means trouble, sure enough. I'll take a few fellows who won't go off half-cocked, put 'em where I want 'em and, when the times comes, make the play. If it goes against me, the men I'll pick can hold off the cowboys long enough for you to get organized."

Mayor Hope saw the sense of Wyatt's reasoning and gave him the authority he requested. Also, he forbade sounding the triangle unless Wyatt asked for reënforcements. Wyatt picked a posse of ten, armed each with two six-shooters, a rifle and the proper ammunition, and set out for the toll bridge. Every man in town who was up and about followed the posse to Douglas Avenue, the procession constantly augmented by those who had been awakened with word of the impending battle.

By Wyatt's order, the Douglas Avenue roadway was kept clear of spectators; most of these crowding the doors and windows of near-by establishments. At a point about one hundred yards from the river Wyatt strung his posse across the street so that they would not be bunched into a sizable target, and gave them a single order: No matter what happened, the posse was not to fire at the cowboys until he himself had started shooting. Wyatt was armed only with his Peacemakers, and drawing them was not to be a signal for the posse to cut loose; they were to wait until he actually fired a shot. Then each could open up as it suited him. From the posse Wyatt walked alone to an awning post at the edge of the sidewalk, possibly fifty yards from the bridgehead, and took his station in what concealment this afforded.

Horatius at the Bridge

On the flat across the river the individuals could now be distinguished in a cavalcade that was heading for town at a steady lope. The Texas men clattered onto the far end of the bridge and slowed their pace; with the Clements brothers in the lead, they were riding at a walk as they reached the town limits.

At the sight of ten riflemen strung across Douglas Avenue, the leaders halted until all their followers had crossed the bridge. Wyatt was still fairly well hidden in the shadow of the awning by the post against which he leaned, and one of the cowboys admitted later that when Mannen Clements and several others fell to discussing ensuing tactics, they had not yet spotted Wyatt; in fact, speculated somewhat over his whereabouts.

In the face of armed resistance, the Texans decided to fight their battle afoot, in the interests of more accurate shooting as well as to take advantage of such cover as buildings afforded. Ten cowboys were chosen to hold the ponies for forty who prepared to advance on Keno Corner. Each of the larger group drew two six-shooters and with a gun in either hand awaited orders. As Mannen Clements turned from a last word with his following, he had both guns drawn for action. He walked to the middle of the road and, with forty fighters in line at his back, started uptown.

At this juncture Wyatt stepped from the walk and headed diagonally for the middle of the street and toward the cowboys. His guns were in their holsters, his hands apparently swinging easily, but poised to drop to the butts faster than eye might follow.

It is possible that the cowboys were startled; in view of the known record of every man in their company, it is unfair to charge that they were frightened. At any rate, they stopped short, Clements slightly in the van, and eyed this lone player defiantly.

"Mannen," Wyatt said evenly and so clearly that those behind him heard the command distinctly, "put up those guns."

Wyatt was walking toward Clements steadily; the cowboy killer stood motionless.

"Mind me, Mannen," Wyatt repeated. "Put up those guns and take your crowd back to camp."

Again there followed one of those inexplicable dénouements which won Wyatt Earp his place in Western legend. Clements hesitated; then, without speaking a word, slipped his guns into their holsters, turned his back on Wichita, mounted and rode for Cowskin Creek. His troop of vaunted gunmen as silently followed his example.

As Mannen turned, Wyatt halted; he stood alone in the middle of Douglas Avenue until the last cowboy had crossed the toll bridge. Then he turned and walked back to his posse.

Additional light may be shed on the degree of Wyatt Earp's accomplishment by a brief summary of measures employed to close the earthly careers of Mannen Clements and a number of those who rode with him against Wichita that summer. Simp Dixon was killed in a gun battle with a sheriff's posse at Cotton Gin, Texas; his brothers, Tom and Bud, with Joe Hardin, John Wesley's brother, were hanged by a mob after a series of running fights with peace officers across the state of Texas, in which Hardin killed Sheriff Jack Helms and Bud Dixon shot Deputy Sheriff Charles Webb. Alec Barrickman and Ham Anderson were killed in a gun battle with Texas Rangers. All these men were cousins, kin of the Hardins and Clementses. Brown Bowen was lynched after a gun play in which he neglected to give his adversary an even break; Scrap Taylor died under similar circumstances.

After John Wesley Hardin had killed his thirtieth man, even Texas was put out with him and jailed him at Gonzales. Mannen Clements hastened to the rescue of the cousin with whom he had in common so much blood other than that inherited, helped him break jail and rode with him until five more names had been added to their roster of six-gun victims. Hardin was then sentenced to prison, but later was pardoned. He moved to El Paso, where he was shot and killed by John Selman, a peace officer.

Armistice in Wichita

Such was the caliber of men against whom Wyatt Earp stacked up in Wichita. Beyond the arrest of an occasional individual who struck town in too much of a hurry to inquire about changes in local law enforcement and who ran afoul of the deputy marshal before learning of the new order, Wyatt had no problems of pacification to solve for the balance of the cattle-shipping season. There were no affrays deemed worthy of entry in the Wichita records of the day.

Simultaneously with the arrival of the early Texas herds in the spring of '75, a cowboy rode into Wichita with a message for Wyatt from Ben Thompson, asking if George Peshaur and he might come into town and open a faro game. Wyatt replied that they could come and go in his bailiwick as they pleased, as long as they behaved themselves. The pair spent the summer in Wichita and established a record for pacifism theretofore deemed impossible for either. Early in the season Wyatt also sent word to the arriving Texas outfits that gun play in Wichita would not be tolerated and that the ordinance against gun toting would be enforced to the letter. Most of the cowmen apparently took the warning seriously, for with few exceptions they heeded it and Wichita experienced her first trouble-free season as a cow town. But one attempt at gun play against Wyatt Earp is recorded in the town annals of '75.

The United States Army's most noteworthy contribution to the ranks of Western gunmen was one Sergeant King, at the age of twenty-eight a veteran of the Civil War, a frontier-hardened Indian fighter of renown and the ranking noncommissioned officer of a troop of cavalry. King had participated in a score of gun battles which found troopers arrayed against civilians in barroom brawls, had killed several men in six-gun engagements far removed from line of duty, and was a perennial thorn in the official side of every peace officer near whose territory his outfit was stationed. He was a finished artist with the six-shooter and a cold-blooded killer of the vicious type. With the coming of the trail herds to the Kansas towns, King, whose stations in the early 70's chanced to be in the prairie forts, found so many kindred spirits among the wilder Texas men that despite his alien service he was welcomed as their boon companion. It became his custom to take a furlough at the height of the cattle-shipping season, during which, in cowboy attire, he rode with his Texas friends and in a number of authenticated instances took part with them in attacks on Kansas villages.

In July of '75, Sergeant King, in the parlance of the place, hit Wichita all spraddled out after trouble. He had heard, he announced to all and sundry at the Keno Corner, that there was a marshal in Wichita who reserved to himself the exclusive right to tote six-guns. If the bystanders would observe, he, Sergeant King, was wearing a pair of those weapons right out in plain sight where any blank-dashed marshal could see them, and what he would do to anyone who tried to tell him he couldn't wear them thus would be what six-guns were made for. With which introductory remarks he moved indoors for some of the riotous living he had come to town to purchase. After a few drinks he returned to the sidewalk and a renewal of his tirade against peace officers in general and Wyatt Earp in particular. He advertised that he was about to blow Wichita wide open, and would begin on Wyatt Earp the instant he laid eyes on him.

Ben Thompson, who had acquaintance with the soldier, approached King with a suggestion that he take his guns off, or himself inside, and at any rate stop his abuse of the marshal.

"Wyatt Earp will kill you," Ben warned the sergeant. "You make any play for him and you won't live long enough to pull a trigger. Get inside before he gets word of the way you're acting."

In rejoinder, King pulled a gun from the holster.

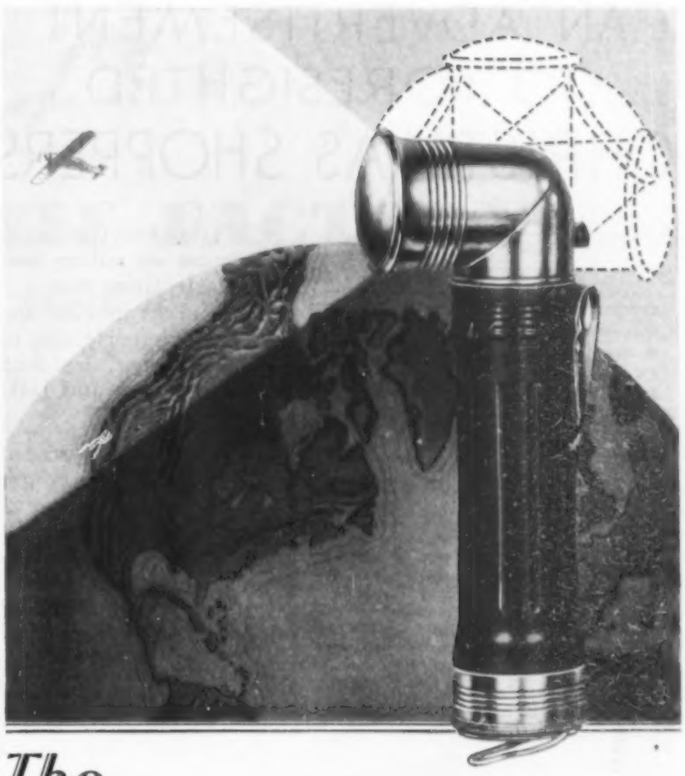
"I came to Wichita to get that so-and-so," he said. "All I want's a sight of him."

"You've got it," Ben said as he stepped to one side. "That's Wyatt rounding the corner."

A Defeat for the Army

King stood on the Douglas Avenue walk about fifty feet west of Main Street as Wyatt turned into the avenue by the Keno House. There was a crowd of about two hundred men on hand, and as they saw Wyatt they took to the roadway. King had his gun drawn and pointed at Wyatt, whose six-shooters were in their holsters. Wyatt never hesitated and never opened his mouth. He walked straight up to King, yanked King's gun away from him with his left hand, slapped King's face with his right, then jerked King's second gun from the holster at his belt. Wyatt threw both guns into the street, took King by the scruff of the neck and marched him down to Ed Jewett, who fined the soldier $100.

Here it may be added that several months after his arrest in Wichita this same Sergeant King shot it out with Bat Masterson at Sweetwater, Texas.



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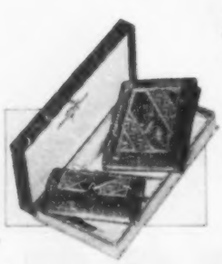

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Bat at the time was a civilian scout with the Army. King, entering the combination dance hall, gambling house and saloon which the soldiers patronized, found Bat dancing with a girl whom the soldier regarded as his special property. Without warning, King drew a six-gun, shot and killed the girl, and shot Bat in the leg. As he dropped to the floor, Bat jerked a gun and shot King through the heart. It may be of further interest to note that when King's fellow troopers would have taken up the sergeant's battle with Bat as the latter lay on the floor, it was none other than Ben Thompson who leaped to the top of a faro layout with a gun in either hand and stood off the soldiers until Bat could be removed to safe quarters.

As the summer of '75 progressed it became increasingly evident that Wichita had passed the peak of her tempestuous adventure as a wild and woolly cow town. The rich valley lands along the Arkansas, the LittleArkansas and their tributary creeks upon which the Texans had pastured their steers while awaiting sale and shipment were filling up with homesteaders. The "fool hoe men," as the cowboys called them, were fencing their quarter sections, thus ending for all time the enjoyment of the free and open range which had made it economically possible for the cattle kings to concentrate their great herds within fair distance of the railroads. Cowboys and hoe men battled to the death on more than one occasion that summer over many a right of way across newly plowed prairie. The Chisholm Trail was slowly but surely narrowing its northern end to extinction between the homesteaders' fences.

The End of the Trail

Too, the municipal temper of Wichita was changing with the great influx of land seekers. Once more in the course of history the man on horseback was giving way before the ruthless advance of the man who worked on foot, behind whom followed closely those who saw life eye to eye with the plodder. New business houses were established, merchants who preferred the trade of peaceful farmers to the patronage of roistering, gun-wielding cowboys took a hand in community government. The gunman had to go, forced out not only by the growing sentiment against him but also by the economic pressure which turned his employer elsewhere.

Long before the shipping season of '75 had closed, the far-sighted men in Wichita knew that the ensuing year would see a tremendous falling off in the trade derived from the trail drivers. Wyatt Earp sensed the coming change, and would have left town, had not Mike Meagher pressed him to stay through the winter.

"Maybe she'll open up again in the spring," Mike suggested. "Maybe the town'll get good again."

"She'll be too good to be interesting," Wyatt answered, "but I'll stick until you find out what you're up against next season. From now on, about all Wichita'll need in the way of marshals will be a couple of fellows with blue uniforms and clubs who can heave drunks into the bull pen."

A Call to Dodge City

By May of '76 it was apparent that no more big trail herds would be driven to Wichita. In a general sense, the original Chisholm Trail was abandoned. At its Texas extremity the course had been shifted from Red River Crossing westward to Doan's Store, and it now traversed The Nations to reach Kansas just below the point where Bluff Creek joins the Cimarron. Strictly speaking, the new cattle trace was the Jones and Plummer Trail; it led to the most famous cow town in Western history, then in the making as "the wildest, wickedest spot in the world, the bibulous Babylon of the frontier," Dodge City, or just plain Dodge, as the old-timers called it.

As early as May first, Dodge was having trouble with the visiting cowmen, and a number of Wichita pioneers who had moved to the boom camp assured George Hoover, just elected as Dodge's first mayor, that if he wanted a man to ride herd on the Texans, there was only one to send for. Hoover wrote to Wyatt and asked him to come to Dodge City; after a few more experiences with the Texas men, he took to telegraphing. A particularly urgent message reached Wyatt in Wichita on May fifteenth.

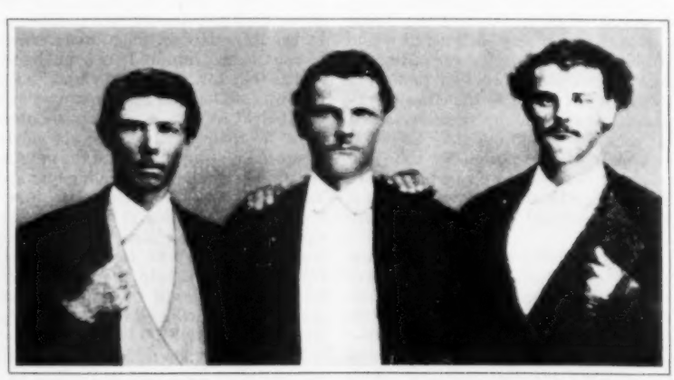
"You don't need me any more," Wyatt told Mike Meagher, "and Dodge is booming."

"Sorry to have you go," Mike replied, "but I don't blame you."

On May sixteenth, Wyatt Earp resigned as deputy marshal of Wichita and started for Dodge City.

Trouble was Dodge's synonym, that guaranteed by the diversity of elements which made up her roistering trade. Bullwhackers and mule skinners despised railway men and buffalo hunters, who not only returned the sentiment but also abominated each other. Soldiers held themselves better men than any to be encountered out of uniform, and were ready to support this contention with violence. A buffalo hunter might prefer knocking off a soldier to cracking down on a bull-whacker or mule skinner, because of

(Continued on Page 104)



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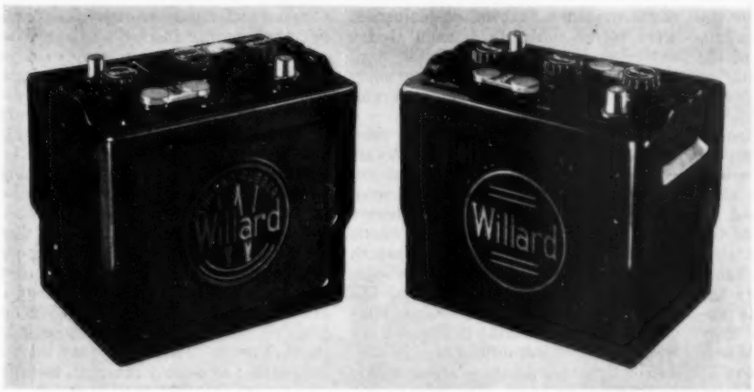

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CHAINS AND BRACELETS

(Continued from Page 102)

animosity born in earlier trespass on some Indian hunting preserve, but as Dodge would tolerate the killing of any one of the three, he—like everyone else in the camp—shot first and established callings afterward.

Cowboys Will be Cowboys

The Texas men, as they transferred their patronage from Abilene, Ellsworth and Wichita, carried their grudge against Northern men, and their contumacy was flaunted boldly as the cowboys swaggered from saloon to gambling hall, to honky-tonk, with their jangling spurs on high-heeled boots, their broad-brimmed hats, their fancy neckerchiefs and their hair-trigger six-guns. From the moment the first cow outfit struck Dodge these riders of the southern plains jarred on the sensibilities of the established patrons of the camp and, knowing well the irritation which their strutting gave, comported themselves with an arrogance deliberately calculated to keep Dodge in smoking turmoil. Cowboys preëmpted the dance-hall belles, broke up variety shows, rode their ponies on the sidewalks and into the saloons, held up gambling games and openly spent the pilfered coin on further hilarity, shot the windows out of stores, the lights out of places of amusement, and the same out of individuals who made protest. Texas men bragged that they intended to run the town and would welcome diversion in chances to prove it.

Life in such a camp was free and easy, to say the least, and as prosperity rode high an army of parasites flocked in for the pickings of a wild, wide-open community. Gamblers, gunmen, thieves and thugs gathered from the corners of the earth. Gossip insists that the first gun fight in Dodge followed the quarrel of a buffalo hunter and a mule skinner over the temporary affections of the first dance-hall girl to reach camp. Whatever the facts of that particular case, history records that Dodge's first season as a cow town saw exactly twenty-five gun wielders planted on her Boot Hill and more than fifty others wounded in six-gun battles in her streets. By the time Wyatt Earp reached the camp some seventy or eighty argumentative visitors had been buried with their footgear in place—Dodge had lost accurate count. Although the cowboys suffered from the gun play to the extent that the Boot Hill population was preponderantly Texan, incitement to most of the killings was charged against the cattlemen, and it was held, despite mute evidence that other plainsmen were better shots, that when Dodge curtailed the activities of the trail drivers she would lower her mortality to some respectability of cause and rate.

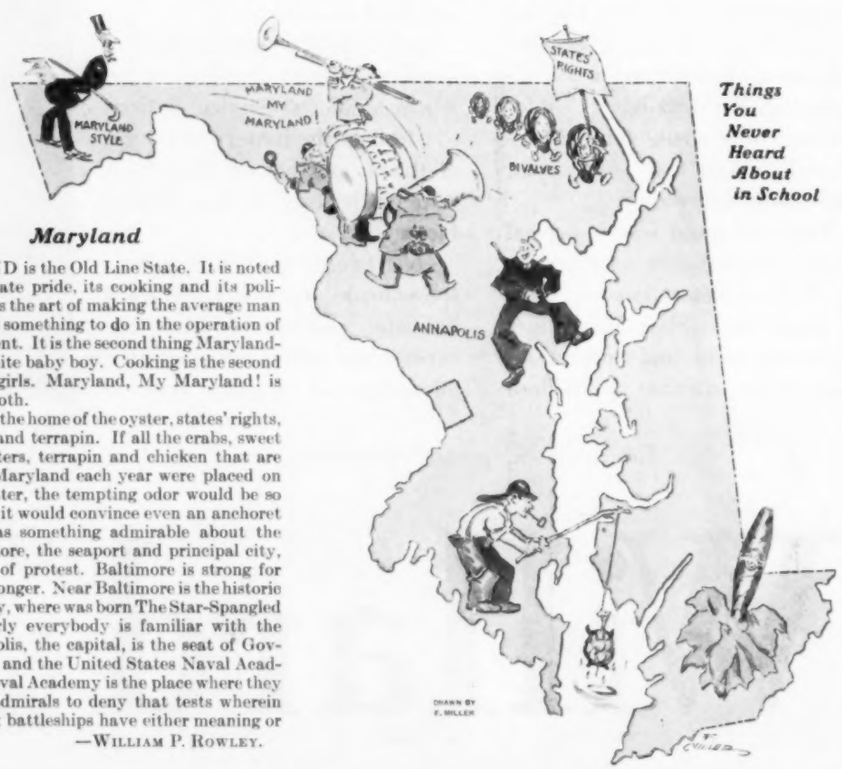
Early in his tenure of office as chief deputy marshal of Dodge City, Wyatt established a reputation as small respecter of persons where his sense of duty was involved. Railway laborers and railroad officials, his old friends from the buffalo range and the Eastern agents who bought hides, the cowboys, cattle buyers and cattle kings, the gamblers, saloon keepers and merchants—all looked alike to Wyatt Earp when guilty of infractions against any one of the six ordinances about which he bothered his head. So many of these were thrown into the calaboose for reflection on the new order of things which Wyatt exemplified that listing them and the battles in which they were subdued would prove monotonous with similarity of details. It should suffice to record that in no single instance in which Wyatt set out to arrest a man did he fail to take his prisoner, that on numerous occasions the services of Dr. T. L. McCarty, Dodge City's one and only surgeon, were required to patch up the offenders, and that as soon as any one of them had recovered sufficiently to stand in court he was fined from $25 to $100, the amount usually depending upon the prisoner's financial circumstances, and discharged with an increased respect for the camp's newfangled ideas.

The Gold Rush to Deadwood

Late in July of '76 the excitement incident to gold discoveries at Deadwood, South Dakota, spread to Dodge. Cowboys who had come up from Texas left their outfits to ride northward as embryo prospectors. Numerous Dodge residents started for the new diggings. Bat Masterson resigned as Wyatt's assistant and joined the gold rush. Wyatt wanted to go, but was deterred by his promise to Mayor Hoover that he would serve out the cattle-shipping season as a marshal. The peak of the cattle business for that year had passed, the number of cowboys in town was dwindling steadily, and by September first, Dodge had toned down to a point where Earp had little to do. Despite Mayor Hoover's willingness to keep him on the Dodge City pay roll throughout the winter, Wyatt filed his resignation as deputy marshal, to take effect at the earliest date at which the mayor was willing to release him, and outfitted for a drive overland to the Black Hills.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Lake.

A Vest-Pocket Geography



Things You Never Heard About in School

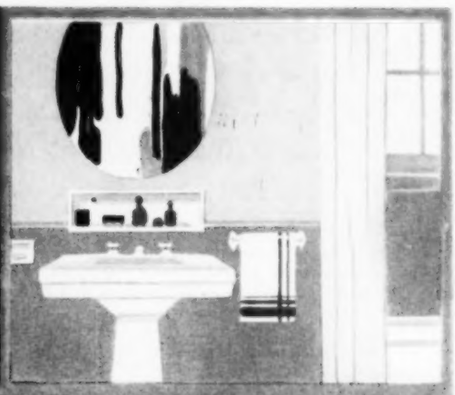
Maryland

MARYLAND is the Old Line State. It is noted for its state pride, its cooking and its politics. Politics is the art of making the average man believe he has something to do in the operation of the Government. It is the second thing Marylanders teach a white baby boy. Cooking is the second thing for the girls. Maryland, My Maryland! is the first for both.

The state is the home of the oyster, states' rights, fried chicken and terrapin. If all the crabs, sweet potatoes, oysters, terrapin and chicken that are cooked à la Maryland each year were placed on one huge platter, the tempting odor would be so delicious that it would convince even an anchoret that there was something admirable about the state. Baltimore, the seaport and principal city, is the center of protest. Baltimore is strong for something stronger. Near Baltimore is the historic Fort McHenry, where was born The Star-Spangled Banner. Nearly everybody is familiar with the tune. Annapolis, the capital, is the seat of Governor Ritchie and the United States Naval Academy. The Naval Academy is the place where they train future admirals to deny that tests wherein airplanes sink battleships have either meaning or value.

—William P. Rowley.

LAVISH BEAUTY UPON EVERY ROOM



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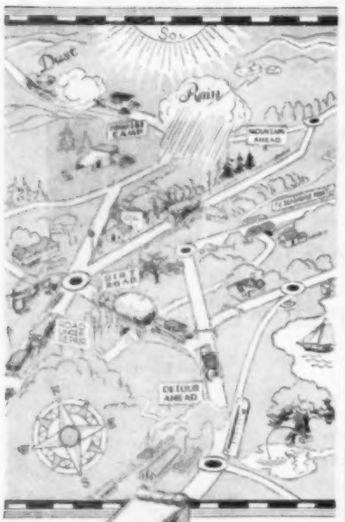

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CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

CHAMP

(Continued from Page 30)

"Sure. You don't think I'm dead from the neck up, do you? The man you'll fight will probably be Flaker. You decisioned him in your home town once, but that won't hurt. He was young then, an' so were you. An' these home-town decisions ain't so hot. You'll both improve as time goes on."

"I got a feeling I can beat Flaker any time we start. I like his style. It looks great to a crowd, but a straight punch beats him to it every time."

"You're tellin' me? Listen, punk, sneeze the dust outa your brains! Did you see where Flaker stopped Young Monticello in a punch last week?"

"Yeah, I seen that."

"I made the match! Three weeks ago, did Flaker drop Red Fitzgibbons in a round?"

"You made the match," Eddie grinned.

"If I didn't, wipe that right mitt of yours over every hair on my chin!"

"Then you're buildin' up Flaker as well as me?"

"Wouldn't I be a sucker not to? You can beat Flaker for the very reason you just said. Every guy has a natural style of fightin'. Flaker's a swinger by nature. You got a straight right hand that he'll spit out as often as you shoot. In the same way, there's guys in the racket that always will be able to outpace an' outthink you. They're the ones for us to avoid."

There was no quarrel with this logic, and Eddie nodded full understanding and agreement. It came to him that better minds than his own were plotting his future and his only sensible course was to follow the chart they prepared. To all intents and purposes, he was the next heavyweight champion of the world. He had only to do as he was told and collect all the fortune and glory that his profession could afford. The knowledge that clever minds were always at work with his future comforted him. Who but Tommy would have looked sufficiently far ahead to build up even the opponent from whom he was to win the coveted title? Who but Scale Murphy and his cohorts had the power to make such a thing possible?

If he worried at all about boys who were better fighters than himself, yet deprived of a chance to prove it because capital was invested in him, he quickly found assurance in the knowledge that if he had not deliberately been selected for the championship, then he never would have had a chance at it. He would have remained throughout his career merely one of those fighters too dangerous to take a chance with when power was manufacturing a champion.

"You're dead right," he told Tommy once more. "You know me. I'll go through just as you tell me to. I've done it with Linda, haven't I? I did it with Fetter?"

"Why shouldn't you?"

"I should, all right. I'm only sayin' I did."

"It ain't too tough playin' around with that Belledu twist, is it?"

"She's all right. An awful nice kid. Got me so's I can dance pretty good already."

"That won't hurt you if you stay away from it before fights. It's good for the footwork an' it makes you graceful. A fighter has got to be graceful, no matter if it does sound foolish. He's got to have timin' an' poise an' balance."

"Yeah."

"You don't have no fights with her, do you?"

"I should say not. Who could fight with Linda?"

"Has she got a reg'lar sweetie on the side?"

"No. She ain't a girl that goes in for fellows."

"Your mother had a sweetie, didn't she? Mine did. It's love that makes the world go round, an' sooner or later all twists have to let their heart run away with their head. That's what worries me. She'll trip over a chorus man some night in the wings of a theater an' fall straight into the arms of love. That'll bottle the best publicity gag a fighter ever had."

"I don't think she will."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"Well, I guess she should. But I think she won't."

"If it ain't a chorus man it'll be some broker or banker. He'll get a load of them eyes of hers from out front an' swoon in his seat. She's a beautiful kid, that twist. With sentimental men all over town, she won't long be single. I'm only hopin' our break lasts as long as possible."

"How can she break our agreement? We'd take her five thousand if she did."

"Five thousand? Say listen, punk. There's guys ninety years old in this town that'd give five million to marry that twist. Take it from me, about the time she's starred in a show an' people get to notice her close, some bimbo with a billion in each hand an' unlimited credit is goin' to horn in on your love affair an' leave us payin' a salary to a press agent. Five thousand around this town ain't cigarette money where a prize like Linda is concerned!"

Eddie pondered this declaration at some length. His mind was so full of the bigger aspects of the boxing business and all that they entailed that he was having difficulty maintaining a balance and evaluating things in their proper merit. Linda had never especially seemed to him a business adjunct. He liked being with her because she was lovely, and nice as well, and he felt absolutely safe, in view of Olson's rock-ribbed contracts precluding aftermath in the nature of lawsuits.

When he was with Linda he had little or no desire to be with anyone else. She liked the simpler things that he himself enjoyed. Though she might be tired after the play, she liked to have him with her for a brief dance and a bite of supper. In this there was no harm, and it kept Eddie from lonely hours. Between them had quite naturally grown an intimacy of spirit which made them feel at home with each other. It had all come about gradually and without realization on his part.

Linda talked one evening of the contracts which had been offered her for future work. Eddie admitted instantly a gross ignorance of such matters, but a very positive conviction that no layman should read a contract and pass upon it. He urged her to get a good lawyer, and finally suggested that she meet Oley Olson and let him advise her. This was agreed upon. Ties between them were in the making and each understood, at least superficially, the problems of the other.

So, on these various matters, Eddie pondered as he talked with Tommy. There seemed to him no possibility of the contingency of a love affair where Linda was concerned. He had never given the matter very profound thought, he had to confess, but it seemed utterly foreign. Now that Tommy mentioned it, it was, of course, not only a possibility but a natural one. Linda would make a fine wife for someone, and doubtless when she met the right one her thoughts of a career would lessen in direct proportion to the throbbings of her heart. In this thought he found vague disturbance, which he attributed to the disruption of their excellent publicity arrangement.

"Yeah," he nodded slowly, "I guess you're right, Tommy."

"I nearly always am."

"Yeah."

"I sure called the turn on you, didn't I? I got you spotted for a mint of dough. An' even my enemies would admit I'm workin' smooth an' pretty so far."

"Yeah, that's right."

"What's the matter?" Tommy asked suddenly. "Ever since I started talkin' about that twist, you've been lookin' straight into next week an' hardly hearin' what I've had to say."

"It'd be a shame if she did fall for some bird an' bust up all this publicity you've fixed so nice."

Tommy laughed bitterly. "I've had things busted before. A bank once busted right in my face! I got other plans laid, as well. Don't think I ain't checkin' up plenty on that kid."

As he spoke he reached into his inner coat pocket and drew forth a leather folder, which he always carried, well filled with papers. There was an importance attached to this folder and the magnificence of Tommy's withdrawal of it which was mystic, but obvious. From the papers he selected one while Eddie looked on with anticipation.

"Here," the manager grinned, "get yourself a load of this. It'll prevent you gettin' a swelled head."

He handed Eddie a letter. It was a letter written in purple ink on plain white paper of quite ordinary quality, and there was nothing to distinguish it in any way from a thousand other letters. Eddie read:

Dearest child: I must hasten this to you at once. Father and I are dreadfully upset about things we read in the newspapers. Of course, papers don't always get the straight of things, but we read so much along the same lines that we are afraid there may be something to this.

Neighbors are coming to us, and yesterday the minister stopped your father in the street and urged that he do something to get at the truth. We are so worried. We have the fullest confidence in you, dear child, but you are so young and perhaps do not understand where such things are apt to lead.

It's about this affair you are having with a prize fighter. Dearest, that is terrible. When people print such things about you it blackens your character. Think of it, our child being seen with a prize fighter! We are sure that it is just paper talk, but we would feel so much better if you would assure us that this is so. If you do we will have something to tell our friends here at home who now look at us with sympathy in their eyes.

Father overheard something in the barber shop the other evening and I have never seen him so angry. He came home white as a sheet, and I have never been able to get him to tell me what was said. One of those loafers who spend their time in such places and say unkind things about decent people probably ——

"Say," Eddie asked suddenly, "what is this? Whose is it?"

"Can't you read?"

(Continued on Page 108)

ONE
will always stand out!

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Red Cat Instant HEATER

(Continued from Page 106)

"Yes. But what right have I got to read a letter like this? Is it to Linda?"

"Certainly, it's to Linda. Don't set very well with you, does it?"

"I don't know what it's all about."

"Well you're dumber than I thought, punk. It's all about you. The folks back in this twist's home have been readin' the papers. They're doin' their best to bust up our little deal."

"Linda never mentioned this to me."

"Why would she? It ain't so nice, is it?"

"But ——"

"It's all right so far. The kid stuck with us. She explained it was only for publicity, see?"

"But ——"

"An' then Linda's old man wrote to her an' said it didn't make any difference what it was all about, it had to stop."

"Where'd you get this letter?"

"Off her dressin' table."

"What right did you have to take it?"

"Why not? It's to my interest to read it, ain't it?"

"But it's a personal letter."

"Bunk! So was the one her old man wrote her!"

"How'd you get that one?"

"In her dressin' room. She has her mail addressed to the theater. I steamed the envelope open after readin' this first one. Why not?"

Tommy was so casual about the whole thing that Eddie could find no answer.

"I'm seeing Linda tonight," he explained. "I wonder what she'll have to say about all this. You say her father orders her to break off with me?"

"Plenty. He bawled her out pretty. Said if she was hangin' around with a roughneck prize fighter, she could quit the stage an' come home at once."

Eddie bit his lip. "I guess she'll tell me about it tonight."

"I guess she will. An' your job is to make her play the game with us."

"I wouldn't ask her to do anything she didn't want to do."

"No? Why, you half-wit, you don't know what you're talkin' about!"

"I wouldn't. Seems like her people hate fighters."

That afternoon Eddie went through the business of training without conscious knowledge of what he was doing. His mind was with Linda and her problem.

Doubtless her parents did not understand. Their opinion of boxers was based upon the days that Oley Olson liked to refer to, when a prize fighter lived in saloons and thrived on everything that was distasteful to nicer people.

Would Linda be able to make her parents see that? Obviously she had tried to in answering her mother's letter. And just as obviously she had failed, in view of what her father so promptly had replied.

Here was an angle that the smartest of them had failed to anticipate, and it seemed a crushing blow to the perfect arrangement they had consummated.

But to Eddie it seemed more than that. He worried very little about the lost publicity. There was something that rankled deeper within him. His pride was injured, of course. But that was not all.

It was something that suddenly had gone cold, where before warmth had been—something that had to do with Linda and their association, and he was unable to explain to himself just what it was. He knew, though, that it became more poignant the instant he gave thought to the possibility of seeing Linda no more.

IX

THE two left the theater together that evening, and Linda appeared more tired than usual. She was in a preoccupied mood, which Eddie quite easily understood, though he could not mention the matter without involving Tommy in the matter of prying into the girl's mail. They went, at her request, to a small and quiet restaurant.

"I want to go somewhere where we can talk, Eddie."

"Whatever you say."

"I don't feel like dancing. I'll have a favor to ask of you later. A pretty big favor, perhaps."

"I'll do it, Linda."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Linda. I hate that name," the girl said suddenly. "My manager made it up because he said it was odd and could be put in a single row of lights over a theater. He said it was short enough to go in a row and long enough to keep other names out of the same row. So he gave it to me."

"What shall I call you?"

"Don't you know my right name?"

"Nope. I knew Linda wasn't your right name, but you never told me what it was."

"And you never asked," she mused.

"Well, I figured I'd call you whatever you wanted me to."

"Then call me Betty. Elizabeth Stanton is my name."

"Elizabeth Stanton. That's a nice name," he repeated slowly. "I like the name Betty."

"So do I. Better than Elizabeth, anyway."

"Yeah. Better than any girl's name. It's nice and old-fashioned, huh? Girls named Betty always sound like they were going to be nice." He spoke ambiguously, without knowledge of the fact that he did so.

"Then you'll call me Betty?"

"Sure. I'll try. I've got kind of used to saying Linda now. But I like Betty more."

"You know, Eddie," she said thoughtfully, "you're an awful nice boy. You aren't like people think a fighter ought to be."

Eddie threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Ain't that funny for you?" he said. "That's exactly what I've always said about you, Betty. You ain't like an actress ought to be."

"You shouldn't say 'ain't,'" the girl replied practically.

"Aren't?"

"That's right. Ain't sounds badly, Eddie."

"I'll try not to say it any more."

"That's what I've noticed about you. You're always trying your best, in or out of the ring."

"In the ring a fellow better had do his best!"

"It isn't much fun, is it?"

"I should say not."

"Neither is acting. The lights make my head ache and the dressing rooms are so littered and stuffy. It seems to me I'll go mad when they ask for rehearsals."

"You're so small," Eddie said solicitously. "I guess you're not very strong."

"Stronger than you think. Of course I love the acting. I love an audience. It just seems part of me. Something deep down in, that must come out. When I'm singing I'm just as happy as can be."

"So is everybody else."

"You're developing a gallant line of talk, Eddie."

"Yeah?"

"That was very well said."

"That's because I meant it."

The girl laughed. Eddie, impelled by a force strange to himself, said, "You're the kind of a girl it's easy to say nice things to."

"Maybe you won't think so when I tell you the favor I want."

"I told you I'd do it."

"It may hurt you when I tell you why I want it."

"I guess if you hurt me I've got it coming, Lin—Betty."

After a moment of silence the girl said thoughtfully, "Anyone who got to know you would like you, Eddie. You're quiet and unassuming."

"I been awful lucky. You've got more to be conceited about than I have."

"Anybody who knew you," she repeated softly, "would like you."

They sat at a corner table, shaded from the public view.

"I want the usual," the girl smiled. "Two eggs scrambled in butter, some very thin toast and a glass of milk."

"That'll do for me too," Eddie nodded, "but make mine four eggs, with an order of French-fried potatoes on the side."

"You're still training every day, I suppose?"

"Yeah. That's why I eat plenty. I got a whale of an appetite, and besides that, it never does a boxer any harm to carry a little extra weight that he can work off in training."

Linda Belledu was still occupied with her own thoughts. Her lovely little hands reflected her nervousness and Eddie felt for her a sincere sympathy. Now that this emotion was added to his customary feeling toward the girl, she seemed drawn suddenly closer to him.

"Poor kid," he said suddenly, "you ain't—aren't yourself tonight. What's the matter, Betty?"

"Sometimes," she answered hesitantly, "things go badly on the stage. It seems to run in circles. Tonight was just a night when even the electrician made miscues. Three different times people lost their lines, and once I was thrown off in the start of a number by a mistake in the pit. They are all little things, but somehow they bother you."

"I'll say they do," Eddie answered feelingly. "It's kinda like training. . . . What was that favor, Betty?"

"It's so hard to tell you. I—I don't know just how to approach it, Eddie. It's all due to misunderstanding. You know, I live in a small town. The people up there seldom get out and they live only for the little bits of gossip that come their way. They aren't to be blamed, I suppose. But it makes it hard."

"What is it, Betty? Please tell me. Don't beat around the bush like this. Whatever it is, it won't make any difference with me."

"Are you sure you'll understand?"

"Why wouldn't I understand?"

"My people," she said steadily, "think that prize fighters are bad. They insist that I see no more of you."

Though he was largely prepared for this announcement, Eddie discovered himself totally unprepared for its effect upon him. His mouth went suddenly dry and a lump came to his throat. He stammered once or twice; then said inanely:

"That's tough, Betty. What'll we do about them—contracts? You know, they're good for five years."

"Yes," Linda Belledu sighed, "we mustn't forget them. But you see,"

(Continued on Page 110)

"Like the evening tie . . . the daytime bow must *set perfectly*" . . .

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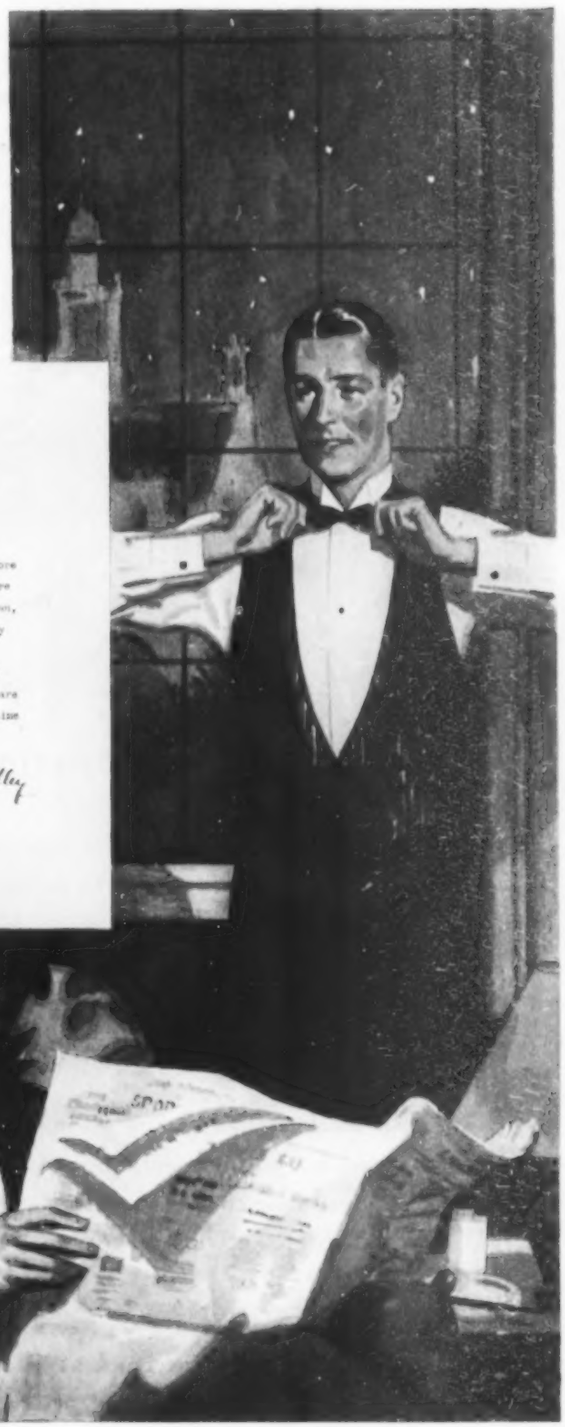

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Pleasant Anticipation!

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When the wise business man comes home from work on a cold, snowy night, he **knows** he will find comfort there. He **knows** his house will be at the proper even heat because he bought his coal in the modern manner—"Custom Made" to fit **his** furnace.

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Hazle Brook Anthracites are all pure and well prepared, but with different burning characteristics. One of these coals will fit **your** heating problem and give you economical comfort throughout the Winter.

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Consult the nearest **Hazle Brook** dealer. He can save you money and discomfort and help you keep healthy. A post card to us will put him in touch with you.

HBCC

HAZLE BROOK
COAL COMPANY
Producers of Dependable Anthracite
JEDDO · PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 108)

she added sharply, "my father insists that I see no more of you. He says that all boxers are roughnecks."

"I try not to be that. I want to be a gentleman. I'm only trying to make a fortune in the only way I ever could."

"I know," she answered. "I understand. But remember what I said about small-town people. Many of them seldom get out anywhere. They do not realize that things change. They once had as bad an idea of the stage, you know, as they now have of boxers. In a small town it's often hard to make people see things any other way. Then, there was some no-good villager who said something to my father in the barber shop. I can imagine about what it was, Eddie. You a well-known boxer and me, in their eyes, a simple country girl. I know the scandal that is passed back and forth about actresses."

"Who," Eddie demanded tensely, "said what about you?"

"I'm not sure. Just some loafer in the village."

"And what comes out of it all?" he asked a little hopelessly. "What favor can I do you?"

"I want you," she answered steadily, "to go home with me this very next week-end, Eddie. I want to motor up there on Saturday morning and return on Sunday afternoon. If you will do it I'll ask Mr. Ellerson to use an understudy for the two shows Saturday and tell him just why. He's so strong for business that I'm sure he'll let me go. Then we'll show my father and mother just the kind of boy you are."

"If that's all you want I'll go. I don't promise they'll think as well of me as you do, but I'll certainly go!"

x

WHEN Eddie mentioned the proposed trip to Tommy he missed a gleam in the manager's eye which might have explained a great deal that happened later. For a brief second Tommy hesitated. It was as though he pondered the matter. Then: "Okay, punk. I think that's a grand idea of hers. Leave it to a twist to get an angle, eh? You want to look good up there an' try to act normally intelligent, savvy? The less you say the fewer clews you'll give to that vacuum in your top."

Eddie smiled genially. "I was only wishing you could go in my place, Tommy. If they could believe you were me, they'd be beggin' you to move in and be one of the family, I guess."

"You want to put up a fine front," Tommy went on heedlessly. "I'll let you take that blue roadster of mine, see? Don't wrap it around no trees either! They'll get a load of that bus an' think you're the owner of half the banks in America. Drive up there with an early mornin' start, punk. Leavin' here at eight o'clock, you'll be there by two easy enough."

"It takes about five hours, Betty says."

"Who is Betty?"

"That's Linda's right name."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Well"—slyly—"she ought to know how long it'll take."

"She does."

"Eight o'clock, nine, ten, eleven"—Tommy was counting on his fingers.

"We'd get there about one, unless we stopped for lunch," Eddie helped.

"Well, what I mean is, it's an easy jump. You won't need no passport."

"We'll go up Saturday morning. I'll stay at the little inn there overnight and we'll drive back either Sunday afternoon or Monday morning, so that Betty can make Monday night's performance."

"Fine stuff! Go ahead. We don't want to ball up this publicity we got breakin' so good. Take her old woman a nice present an' don't forget pa. Them guys up country is so used to hard cider that a case of booze might set you aces with him."

"For a case of booze," Eddie countered gently, "he'd probably throw me five miles over the hills and then lash me to a railroad track! That's once you ain't—aren't smart, Tommy. These people are nice country people and they don't believe in drinking."

"Then you ought to get along great with them," Tommy grunted. "But it's all right with me. Take my blue roadster, because there ain't a better flash in town. Act like a nice boy an' keep your kisser shut."

Accordingly the two set out at eight o'clock that Saturday morning. Once they stopped for gasoline and Eddie went to a stand at the roadside where cut flowers were offered for sale. Of these he purchased an armful and brought them to the girl.

"You're a heap prettier'n the flowers," he said earnestly.

"Silly," she challenged him.

The attendant at the filling station, attracted by Eddie's enormous physique, suddenly recognized him: "Ain't you this Eddie Riton?"

"Yep, that's who I am," Eddie grinned. "Look any different than anyone else, do I?"

The man smiled happily; basked in this unexpected contact with celebrity. "You're a right nice-lookin' young feller," he proclaimed. "Big too. I'd hate to have you hit me."

"I'd hate to hit you too. Why should I?"

"Land sakes, you shouldn't!"

"Well, I won't."

"What about Billy Walton? Will you beat him like you did Fetter?"

"I'll try."

"I guess you will, all right. From the looks of you, it's a wonder to me they get anybody to fight you!"

The man was lifting the gasoline hose from the tank, and he hung it upon its accustomed hook. "It took fifteen gallons," he said, and mentioned the cost. While Eddie found the money the attendant looked upon the girl.

"Switch me," he gasped, "if that ain't Linda Belledu from the theaters!"

"That's who it is," Eddie nodded. "Couldn't you throw her a peanut as you go by the cage?"

"Hey?"

"Oh, nothing. You might get that change, boss. We've got a long drive ahead."

The man turned away. "I'll have to run up to the house for change," he explained. "You'll not mind waitin' a jiffy?"

As they waited the girl suddenly burst into delighted laughter. "Look!" she exclaimed. "See the front windows of the little farmhouse, Eddie. Every curtain is pulled aside just enough to let someone peek at us. That's why he went to the house. It wasn't for change. It was to give everyone the treat of seeing you and me. Just like we were strange circus animals!"

"Freaks," Eddie laughed. "They're queer folks, all right."

"No, they're not, Eddie. Not queer. Just kindly, simple people who see the same thing year in and year out, and form their opinions by what they read in the newspapers. They're the finest people on earth."

(Continued on Page 113)

NORTH WOODS Lumberjacks TELL City Men HOW TO EAT THEIR Flapjacks

IN THE WOODS or in the city . . . a North Woods Breakfast is a fine way to begin the day. Tender, golden brown flapjacks . . . crisp at the edges, and Vermont Maid Syrup . . . that's a meal to thrill any hungry man.

AS to food, they're a pampered lot—those lumberjacks! They know good cooking. Demand it. Get it. Or know the reason why.

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Plan this delicious surprise for your husband. Delight him with a real North Woods breakfast—just the kind of meal he's been secretly longing for.

Tomorrow . . . serve tender brown pancakes—crisp at the edges . . . and the syrup that's become famous throughout the whole North Woods . . . Vermont Maid. That's a breakfast you can always count on to delight any man alive.

Vermont Maid Syrup is now available for everybody—everywhere. You'll find that your own grocer has it in convenient glass jugs. By all means try some for breakfast soon. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

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I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

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Address_____

"Red, luscious tomatoes . . rich, thick cream . . spices so delicate, so flavorful

"'Take a dozen tomatoes, plump, ripe, fresh from the garden, with the heat of the sun warm upon them,' reads in part an old recipe for making *Cream* of Tomato Soup. 'Take cool, sweet, yellow cream from the dairy . . . And these spices—cloves, nutmeg, and the one known as allspice, being careful that their fragrance has not been lost to the air.'

"Now, we wouldn't tantalize you with this delightful old recipe," continues Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Company, "had we not a *Cream* of Tomato Soup to offer you that must be just as good. The same plump, ripe, garden-fresh tomatoes; the same rich, thick cream; spices that are even more delightful because Heinz representatives select them *for their flavor* in the far lands where they grow best. All blended so painstakingly in shining kitchens by the skillful Heinz chefs . . . That's why you find Heinz *Cream* of Tomato Soup so matchless in flavor—in goodness. That's why you find it favored by hostesses everywhere—a part of the most formal dinner, a part of the most intimate luncheon or supper!

"Heinz *Cream* of Celery and Heinz *Cream* of Pea are two other delightful soups which you may wish to alternate with Heinz *Cream* of Tomato.

"Croutons are always an excellent addition to any cream soup. Add them to the soup just before serving. We find this a quick and satisfactory way of making them:

H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

"CROUTONS . . . Cut bread in slices ½ inch thick, then in strips ½ inch wide, then across in ½ inch pieces. You now have cubes. Fry in hot, deep fat for one minute. Put in soup at instant of serving. If you prefer, you may brown cubes in the oven. Buttering gives them a quicker and better brown."

ONE OF THE 57

Enjoy these radio talks . . . *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time. Miss Gibson, Home Economics Director, H. J. Heinz Company, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.*

HEINZ CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

(Continued from Page 110)

"I suppose maybe they are."

"They're just like my people," the girl said softly. "My daddy is a painting contractor. He doesn't make in a whole year what I do in a month. But he's happy and he's honest and he's fine."

"Of course he is. He'd have to be, to be your father."

"It's just that they live a different life. You may as well get used to it."

"I'm used to it. Sometimes it's bothersome to have everybody look at you and tell one another in whispers who you are. But it would be worse, I guess, if nobody ever did!"

"You're a philosopher, Eddie."

"I'd be better off a magician. Maybe then I could get my change."

But they laughed through that brief moment when they were on display and, in truth, their hearts warmed to the kindly people they had so attracted. When the attendant returned he brought for Linda Belledu a lovely red apple.

"Take it along," he shrugged. "It'll mebbe come handy as you ride."

The girl thanked him profusely and left the man bewildered thereby.

"What about me?" Eddie grinned. "Why bring her an apple and not one for me?"

The man smiled. "I never thought about it," he admitted. "I'll run back and fetch you one."

Eddie laughed and climbed into the car. As he settled himself under the wheel he assured the man that no harm had come of his oversight.

"You don't look like you needed food," the fellow grinned. Then he stood and watched them until a turn in the road blotted the blue car from vision.

"That will serve them as a topic of conversation for the next three years," the girl said. "You must realize the fine simplicity of these people, Eddie. Every time our name appears in the paper, we will be gone over with a fine-tooth comb by this man, his family and his neighbors. I can just hear him telling all about it."

They stopped for luncheon at a quaint little tavern where the food was home cooked and the cost ridiculously little. This time they were recognized instantly and the woman, who served them while her husband worked in the fields, asked many questions.

"I got your family placed," she said to the girl, "'cause you come from the same kentry as my folks. Your place is Hooker's Falls, an' my folks for years past was raised over to Red Mill. 'Tain't but twenty miles away. I can remember seeing your father when I was a little girl. He had the red house on the hill to the left as you drove into Hooker's from Red Mill. You was a mere tike then."

Eddie listened to this simple talk with a warm heart. The girl knew just how to appear natural with these people. She was back in her own element and the woman quickly sensed it and quite frankly admitted that her own opinion of Linda had undergone a decided change for the better.

"You're the first prize fighter I ever seen," she said to Eddie. "You don't look like the breed."

"How do you know the breed if you never saw one before?" he smiled.

"Well now!" she shrugged. "I reckon I know what a prize fighter is!"

If there was inconsistency in the remark, Eddie smilingly passed it over and accepted the woman's compliments. He sat and ate his luncheon to the tune of village gossip that kept the woman talking steadily and Betty nodding courteous and smiling replies.

When they took to the road again the girl began to identify familiar places. Here she had driven in a carriage for her first Sunday-school picnic; there was a grove where the village high school held its annual outing in her year of graduation. The country was lovely. Rolling by nature, it mounted now and then to sizable hills, and down the sides of these an occasional stream tumbled with musical abandon and picturesque turbulence.

"It's only eight miles home now," she said as they made a turn over an ancient covered bridge. "This is known as the Willows Bridge, and it's just eight miles from home. I'll bet mother will be as delighted to see us as she is surprised."

"You didn't tell them we were coming?"

"Why scare them to death? If I said that I was actually coming home with a prize fighter they'd feel themselves ruined in the town. I'm doing all this in my own way, Eddie. It means everything to me, and I'm doing it in my own way."

"Whatever you say, Betty."

They crested a hill and below them the road wound into a village. The girl caught her breath and laughed. She identified the white church steeple, the railroad station, the post office and hotel combined. Down through the village they drove, and she crouched somewhat behind the flowers she held still in her arms, and so directed Eddie toward her home.

It was a simple place. A two-story house, barn in the rear. Beside the barn several ladders were laid and inside the building there was a light truck with racks for toting ladders, after the fashion of a fire truck. They turned into the narrow drive and rodé between green, sweeping lawns to the side entrance of the house.

As they approached the low stoop a woman appeared at the door and looked at them. Betty called out and the woman stepped unbelievingly across the porch. She was holding a newspaper in her hands, and this she dropped as realization dawned upon her. Eddie stopped the car and Betty opened the door, leaped out and rushed into her mother's arms.

Several seconds later Eddie himself mounted the porch. The two were still in tight embrace and the mother was sobbing.

Embarrassed, the fighter turned away. The newspaper fluttered slightly in the breeze and he glanced downward upon it.

Across the front page was a story of his own elopement with the beautiful Linda Belledu. In amazement he seized the paper and studied it. It was a morning paper, printed, beyond doubt, before he and the girl had left the city. Unquestionably it explained exactly why Tommy had been so eager to loan his blue roadster, and the gleam which had filled the manager's eye. Here indeed was a master stroke of his publicity genius!

"You're —— Oh, my baby child," Betty's mother was sobbing, "you've gone an' got married away from me! And to a prize fighter!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

TRIPLE TESTED *for gentleness*

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You will find this same scientific care in every laundering operation. The use of *rainsoft* water. The *multiple-suds* methods of 3 to 5 suds baths and 4 to 6 rinses. Water-extraction without wringing or crushing. Non-scorching ironers. These are but a few of the standards set up for the industry by its million-dollar "proving ground."

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THE SCHOOL CHILD

ONE of the most touching tributes to any author's popularity was contained in a petition from the children of a school at Jefferson, Georgia, addressed to the Editor of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. "Please," they wrote—and 239 signed their names—"please print for us more dog stories by Albert Payson Terhune." • • • • • • • • • And of course the Editor did. • • • • • For a long time the JOURNAL has been used as a textbook in schools throughout America. Its illustrations and subject pictures in full-color reproduction give instruction in contemporary art. Its stories are presented as examples of good use of English. Its articles many times find place in teaching history and geography. Its own long career of crusades for better living and better homes is a favorite subject for themes and orations. Its advertisements in color are used for classroom demonstrations of health, cleanliness and good food. • • • • • • • • • • • • And many advertisers have found by experience that the quickest, shortest way into the home is through the children and their wideawake acceptance of new thoughts and new ideas. • •

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The JOURNAL counts its influence in schools and colleges as one of its most valuable assets—one that insures not only its own future but the future of its advertisers as well.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 5)

somewhat disarranged. His spats, however, are in good condition.

CHIC *(backing in)*: Leggo, I say. Leggo my stick.

ATTENDANT: You gotta check canes and umbrellas. 'Srule.

DOROTHY: What's the matter, Chic?

CHIC: Well, I was just coming here to class ——

JERRY: That's nice. We missed you.

CHIC: —— and this guy comes along and grabs my stick.

ATTENDANT *(stolidly)*: You gotta check canes and umbrellas. 'Srule. I didn't make it. But a rule's a rule. And I told this fellow that. I told him. I sez, "You gotta check that cane."

CHIC: Stick.

ATTENDANT: Cane, I sez. You ain't goin' around poking holes in pictures. Just the other day a guy sneaks by me with his cane and goes around pointing at pictures and sticks it right through one of them See-zannies.

DOROTHY *(helpfully)*: You mean Cezanne.

ATTENDANT: See-zannies. It's spelt right out on the picture. And now this here guy tries to sneak by ——

DOROTHY: May I say something?

ATTENDANT *(grudgingly)*: I guess so.

DOROTHY: All right then. Beat it!

ATTENDANT *(backing out slowly)*: But this fellow's got a cane.

CHIC *(quietly)*: Stick.

DOROTHY: Get out. *(Closes door on him and hurries to the assistance of* CHIC, *who is carefully divesting himself of his chamois gloves, coat and hat.)* Here, let me have them, Chic.

CHIC: Thanks awfully. *(Settles himself comfortably, while* DOROTHY *hangs his coat, hat and stick with loving care.)*

JERRY *(once more)*:

"Sing Hal-lay-loo-o-o-yah!
HAL-lay-loo-o-o-yah!"

GORDON *(coming in on this)*: Am I in the right place?

DOROTHY: Hello, dad.

GORDON *(patting* DOROTHY *on back)*: This is the art class I am teaching, isn't it?

DOROTHY: That's one name for it.

GORDON *(to* DOROTHY): Everybody here? *(Looking around, seeing* CHIC's *work)*: You haven't done much.

CHIC: I was late—doing some art work for the Sunday paper.

GORDON: Art work he calls it! Layouts of suicides in Monte Carlo caused by an epidemic of two-headed calves in Nebraska. Well, everybody's an artist these days—photographers, movie directors, barbers, xylophone players, trained seals. . . . What have they been doing?

DOROTHY: Action poses, dad.

GORDON *(behind* CHIC's *work)*: I'm glad you told me. *(To* CHIC): Is this your idea of a woman in action?

CHIC: I think I'm getting a lot of movement in that, Mr. Gordon.

GUM SPRINGS, ILLINOIS.

DEAR SON: I was so upset by your last letter I didn't trust myself to answer until I thought it all over. Now I hardly know where to begin, I am that stumped. What has come over you, my boy? Don't you think you should come home, dear, where it's so quiet and peaceful, and kind of think things over for a while? I'm sorely afraid you are running away with yourself. Surely you can't be seriously interested in a girl who has been brought up in such surroundings—posing models, whatever that means, and being a monitor, whatever that is. She is probably some little flibbertigibbet and all that sweetness is just a pretense. She's probably no better than she should be. How could she be, in such loose surroundings, and how can a real father allow a daughter to carry on in such a place, unless he is no better than she is? I certainly am not interested in what he knows about female bones and muscles. It's none of his business anyway. He could be better employed. And so could you, sitting around and wondering if girls' legs are long enough. Is that what I raised you for? I am thoroughly disgusted and heartsick.

You better come home and help me with the apples. You'd be much better off. At least you'd be in a good moral atmosphere, which is more than I can say for that art school. I have been looking at some of the work you've been doing for the paper and I can't make head or tail of it. Is that your idea of something useful? Well, it sure beats me what some people will do to get out of work. I'm glad to say I was raised different. You didn't get any of that art nonsense from my side. Michael was always sort of dreamy and impractical, and I guess you must have got it from him. Well, verily, the sins of the father are visited on the children, but I don't see why I shouldn't raise my voice in warning before it's too late.

You seem to think I don't understand what you are doing. Well, it isn't such a much—a lot of silly hen scratching, I call it. Why you should get real money for it is more than I can see, unless everybody is going crazy up there in the city You should send them down here, where it is calm and peaceful and we still have the sense the good Lord gave us. I suppose He has just about given you city people up for lost and is leaving you to your own sinful devices. Art classes! Sitting around nights spying on female bones and muscles. That I should live to see this day! Well, I guess you are going to be headstrong about this, as you have been about everything else. You'll mark my words when it's too late. You'll live to rue the path you are now treading. That way lieth perdition.

Don't you think you could get your job back in that underwear place? You wrote me much nicer letters when you were working there. You told me yourself the manager of your department made fifty dollars a week. That's a lot of money to get every week, winter and summer, rain or shine. You'll never get that much with this art nonsense. You'll see that all this art stuff is just a passing fad, while underwear will go on forever. But then, you were never any hand for sticking at one thing. Hippity-hoppity all over the place. Life isn't like that. You'll find that out.

I've bought a couple of pigs to take care of the culls, and later on I'll give them some corn so they'll be fat enough to kill. Would you like me to send you some sausage? You could probably get the woman of the house to cook it for you. Some apple sauce would go good with it too. I'll send you some more apples if you're running low. Don't be taken in by a sweet, designing face. All is not gold that glitters—you'll find that out. A good, sensible girl of the right sort wouldn't be mixed up in that sort of surroundings. That Polack is plenty good enough for her. I wasn't born yesterday.

By the way, Alice Murphy was asking about you the other day. Now there's a good girl from a good family; none of this art nonsense about her. Modest and wholesome and a real helpmate. Why don't you come home for Christmas? I might have the pigs ready to kill by that time and I could cook you some nice fresh spare ribs. I guess it won't be as fancy as some of your city food, but you didn't use to turn up your nose at it. You was raised on hogjaw and hominy—yes, and cornbread and buttermilk and good old turnip greens, and you'll live to see the day you wish you had more of it. You and your monitors! MOTHER.

ART CLASS, *some weeks later. The students—if you don't mind how loosely the word is used—have gone home, leaving only the teacher,* JOHN GORDON, *his daughter,* DOROTHY, *and* CHIC KILEY, *who, late as usual, is sketching away in painful silence.*

GORDON *(over* CHIC's *shoulder)*: There never was a body like that on land or sea. When I was a student and started out to learn anatomy, I learned anatomy.

DOROTHY *(to* CHIC): This is the place where daddy tells about Germany.

GORDON: I remember in Munich ——

DOROTHY: I told you.

GORDON: We had to dissect bodies for a year.

DOROTHY: Phooey!

GORDON *(proudly)*: And when we drew a leg we didn't guess where the tibia was—we knew.

CHIC: That was all right in Germany, but this is the good old U. S. A. *(Pause.)* What's a tibia?

GORDON: Never mind! *(Goes over* CHIC's *drawing with a piece of charcoal.)* Can't you see this body is not moving? You give the sensation of motion in a body by distinctly showing in your work which parts of the body are movable and which are not. Remember that the head of a man is a solid structure.

CHIC: And how!

GORDON *(glaring at him)*: It refuses to be twisted and cannot be bent up. The neck is a more loosely jointed thing.

CHIC: I'll say it is.

GORDON *(struggling)*: Then come the fixed structural bones of the chest. The waist again is movable and pliable, but is followed by the structural and bony place at the hips, then to the knee. The whole body consists of flexible parts, inflexible parts ——

CHIC: No fooling?

GORDON *(disgusted)*: Never mind. What are you studying art for anyway?

CHIC: I'm going to be a cartoonist and do comic strips.

GORDON: Comic strips! And all my life I have been trying to make artists; now I find myself training designers of tomato-can labels and little black-and-white nightmares that jump backwards out of newspaper pictures hollering "Pow" and "Ookle-ookle."

CHIC: Well, there's lots of money in it. Look at the Gumps.

GORDON: Yes, and I suppose there's lots of money in designing Gothic loudspeakers and Renaissance oil burners and radiators that look like radios and radios that sound like radiators.

CHIC: You're too full of Munich and anatomy and tibias. You haven't got real American ideas.

GORDON *(getting his hat)*: Come on, Dorothy. We're wasting time with this lad.

UNTIL THE MILLENNIUM

SOME day traffic officers will have nothing more to mind than their own knitting. Some day the flaws in human nature will vanish as the morning dew before the rising sun. Some day, but . . . *until the millennium*—Ætna-ize!

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"Standard"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

S P A T S

DOROTHY *(ruffling* CHIC'S *hair):* Don't you pick on my Chic. He's sweet, he is.

CHIC: You don't like me much, do you, Mr. Gordon?

GORDON: I'm crazy about you.

CHIC: You'll get used to me. I'm an acquired taste, like oysters.

GORDON: In that case, it'll be always June for you at my house.

DOROTHY: I want to stay and talk to Chic a minute. *(Kisses him.)* 'By, daddy. I'll be home soon.

GORDON: 'By. 'By, Chic.

CHIC: Oh, you'll be seeing me again.

GORDON *(grimly):* Don't I know it? *(Goes out, leaving* CHIC *at his board, sketching. There is a moment of silence.)*

DOROTHY *(with her back to the door):* Well?

CHIC *(looking up absently):* Who? Me? I'm fine, thanks.

DOROTHY: I think you're a big noodle.

CHIC *(squinting at drawing):* It's coming.

DOROTHY: Well, say, if you're not going to pay any attention to me, I'm going.

CHIC *(hurt):* Gee, I'm all right. You know that. I'm just busy—I mean, worried. I mean, I've got to finish this to deliver first thing in the morning. Look. How do you like it?

DOROTHY: What is it?

CHIC: It's a Sunday layout for a story about how all the vamps of history, like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy, had bowlegs.

DOROTHY: You don't say.

CHIC: Sure. It says so in this story. *(Reads):* "Newly discovered tomb of Cleopatra discloses evidence to bear out theory." See, here is where the picture of the tomb goes, and here is a picture of Shakspere, and George Bernard Shaw, and here's a picture of Cleopatra; and I've got to tie 'em all up together with a decoration and a drawing of a vamp with bowlegs. How do you like it?

DOROTHY: Why profile? Why don't you show her face?

CHIC: I can't draw faces.

DOROTHY: And you have her hands behind her back.

CHIC: I can't draw hands either. But otherwise she's all right, isn't she?

DOROTHY: My dear, the girl has no hands, no face, she is flat where girls bulge and she bulges where girls are flat. Otherwise she's wonderful.

CHIC: Aw, it's good enough. People don't look at anything in the Sunday papers, anyway, except the funnies.

DOROTHY: Then why don't you do funnies, Mister Noodle? There's lots of money in it.

CHIC: I hope to tell you. Take that guy who draws Mister and Missus Squabble; I hear he gets a guaranty of fifty thousand dollars a year and half the syndicate money. He makes more than one hundred thousand dollars a year.

DOROTHY: I like Bringing Up Father.

CHIC: I bet McManus—that's the fellow who draws it—is a millionaire, and then some.

DOROTHY: Well, he should be. It's darn funny. And I like Barney Google too. And Krazy Kat. Why don't you try to create something? All you have to do is get a character of some kind that looks a little bit like almost anybody and does everyday things ——

CHIC *(sketching absently):* He might have a round head to start—huh?

DOROTHY *(idly):* Put a mustache on him.

CHIC: Why?

DOROTHY: I don't know. They tickle me.

CHIC: Who's been tickling you?

DOROTHY: You know what I mean—I think they're kinda goofy. *(Takes charcoal.)* There. How's that?

CHIC: Should we make him tall or short?

DOROTHY: Short. Short people are always being picked on, and that's funny to people who are always being picked on too.

CHIC: How's that?

DOROTHY: And now we put a derby on him. *(Draws.)* There.

CHIC: I was just going to suggest a derby. That's good.

DOROTHY *(drawing):* And then we give him some of those fancy checked clothes, like they always wear—big checks.

CHIC: Here, let me do it. How's that?

DOROTHY: He looks too happy; he oughta look kinda worried. *(Looks at* CHIC.) All funny people look worried. You're funny, Mister Noodle, and you look worried.

CHIC: I'm not so funny.

DOROTHY: You are to me.

CHIC *(hurt):* Oh, am I?

DOROTHY: Yes. Funny and sweet, I mean—sweet and darling—and funny.

CHIC *(hugging her):* You're pretty sweet yourself. *(They kiss.)*

DOROTHY: Oh-h-h. *(Looking at him tenderly):* Oh, Mister Noodle, that was nice.

CHIC: More!

DOROTHY: That's all now. Look at our creation. He's looking at us—so sad too.

CHIC: You know, I think he looks pretty good. We ought to call him something. Huh?

DOROTHY: Well, let me see. He ought to have a simple name—a mister—mister ——

CHIC: Yes, he oughta be a mister something. How's Smith?

DOROTHY: Oh, no. Something cuter, snappier.

CHIC: Wiggins?

DOROTHY: I got it. We'll name him after you—Mister Noodle.

CHIC: That's no good.

DOROTHY: No good, my eye. That's swell. Mister Noodle—Mister Noodle—sounds better all the time.

CHIC *(reflecting):* Mister Noodle. It does sorta fit him, at that.

DOROTHY: Mister Noodle. Hello, Mister Noodle. Sure, it fits him. He almost answers to it. Finish him up. Put some feet on him. *(As* CHIC *draws):* Bigger, much bigger—he must have big shoes so he can jump out of them at the end of the picture.

CHIC: You mean when he says Ookle?

DOROTHY: Pow!

CHIC *(drawing):* How's those for dogs?

DOROTHY: Swell! Hot Tot! Introducing the new comedy cartoon creation, Mister Noodle, by the famous Chic Kiley. *(Pushes down his head.)* Bow, darn you!

CHIC *(puzzled):* You know, he does look darn good to me. I didn't know I had it in me.

DOROTHY: Aw, you have more than that in you. Come on, you're not finished yet.

CHIC: I think he's all right as is.

DOROTHY: He's all right. But, you know, "It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make unto him a helpmate."

CHIC: Oh, a Missus Noodle?

DOROTHY: Sure.

CHIC: Ought she be taller than Mister Noodle, or shorter?

DOROTHY: Taller, of course. So she can hit him on the head with a rolling

pin. . . . Her nose is too long; oughta be stubby.

CHIC: Long skirts?

DOROTHY: Sure. Besides, you can't draw legs.

CHIC: You pose so I can get the legs.

DOROTHY: Didn't you ever look at my legs?

CHIC: I'm looking at them now.

DOROTHY *(poses, holding up skirt)*: How's that?

CHIC *(squinting)*: Higher. *(She raises skirt above knee.)* A little more. There. *(He sketches silently.)*

DOROTHY: I wish daddy could draw comics, or something there's money in. He's worried about his job here. I can tell.

CHIC: Oh, he'll be all right.

DOROTHY: It isn't as if he could step right out and get another job teaching. What could he do? All the schools are getting commercial.

CHIC: Well, tempus fugits. He oughta teach what they want if they don't want what he teaches.

DOROTHY: He can't change now. And he wouldn't if he could. And I admire him for it. But it's tough just the same. Poor daddy.

CHIC: Yeh, it's tough. But you needn't worry. String along with me and you'll be wearing diamonds as big as goose eggs.

DOROTHY: I'll be lucky to get goose eggs as big as diamonds.

CHIC: I gotta see more of your legs.

DOROTHY: Draw what you can see and imagine the rest.

CHIC: There, that's better. Come and look. *(Laughing.)* Gee, that's funny!

DOROTHY *(critically)*: The lady certainly has no sex appeal. Well, wives never do in the comics. That's what makes them funny, I guess. Come on, put some clothes on her. She isn't decent.

CHIC: What kind?

DOROTHY: Here, let me do it. *(Drawing.)* You really ought to design them. Your idea of women's clothes is so funny. There, how's that?

CHIC: Heh, heh! That's good. Gee, that's a honey. Here, I'll do the feet.

DOROTHY: That's getting it. There she is. I'll finish making up the face. *(Draws.)* There. How's that? Introducing another new comedy cartoon creation—Missus Noodle, by the world renowned comic artist, Chic Kiley. Applause!

CHIC *(bowing)*: I thank you.

DOROTHY: Speech! Speech!

CHIC: Ladies and gentlemen: Unaccustomed as I am ——

DOROTHY *(putting hand over his mouth)*: That's enough.

CHIC *(kissing her)*: Ah, you're adorable. Get away closer.

DOROTHY: Your shoulders are so strong and comfortable.

CHIC: I wish I could show Mister Noodle to the boss tomorrow, but he won't be back until after Christmas.

DOROTHY: Are you really going down to see your mother Christmas?

CHIC: Yes.

DOROTHY: I'll miss you.

CHIC: I'll miss you too.

DOROTHY: But I'm just selfish, I guess. You haven't spent Christmas with your mother for how long?

CHIC: Oh, years.

DOROTHY: She'll be glad to see you.

CHIC: Oh, sure.

DOROTHY: You'll hurry right back, won't you?

CHIC: You bet.

DOROTHY: You might be working on Mister Noodle down there, and have it all ready for the boss by the time he gets back.

CHIC: Say, that's an idea. I'll finish up a flock of 'em and mail 'em to him, and if he falls for 'em—boy, we'll get married just like that! *(Kisses her.)*

DOROTHY: That'll be nice.

CHIC *(kissing her again)*: And that?

DOROTHY: That'll be nice too. But the editor will want more than just a Mister Noodle and a Missus Noodle. They must have a tough little brat who puts tacks on chairs. Call him Tuffy. Isn't that cute? And a daughter with a sweetie for love interest.

CHIC: Oh, sure. I'll have everything. And lots of funny jokes.

DOROTHY: And you'll get rich and famous.

CHIC: Sure thing!

DOROTHY: And then you won't know me any more. You'll get tired of me.

CHIC: As if I could get tired of you. Not me.

DOROTHY: That's what they all say.

CHIC: I know. But I'll be different. No matter how rich I get or how famous ——

DOROTHY: You'll always be my Mister Noodle?

CHIC: Always and always. And you'll always be my Missus Noodle?

DOROTHY: Oh, you know it, honey.

CHIC: Darling!

DOROTHY: Sweetheart! Stop . . . please; Chic, darling. *(Pushes him away.)*

CHIC: One more kiss, please, darling.

DOROTHY: Just one. *(Gives him a quick peck.)* Come on now. Heads up! You'll have to show the boss something besides just the characters—something funny. He's gotta like Mister Noodle. He's just gotta.

CHIC: All right. What do we do first?

DOROTHY: Now, let's see; we start with Mister Noodle, Missus Noodle and little Tuffy Noodle; the other characters can wait. Come on, let's work.

CHIC: Sit on my lap.

DOROTHY *(gayly)*: Work, I said.

CHIC *(dolefully)*: Oh, all right then; let's go.

III

YOU could be putting a little coal on the grate, Annie, and picking up here and there, without a body telling you every hand's turn. Why, you're eight now, going on nine—old enough to know how to do things. When I was eight I could make sody biscuits. Help me a little with the Christmas tree. Don't strain your back. We'll push it this way a little and it'll cover the worn spot. Charlie will be noticing everything when he comes from the Big City, and he'll start harping again. "Mother, why don't you get a new carpet?" he'll say. Well, I'll just turn this in the spring again, and it'll be just like new. A penny saved is a penny earned, and don't you forget it, Annie. He who goes a-borrowin' goes a-sorrowin'.

That train ought to be along any minute now. Are you listening for the whistle? You ought to hear it a long ways off. Little pitchers have big ears. My hearing isn't as good as it used to be, and my eyes are going back on me, too, but my mother could read fine print without glasses up to the day she died. Eighty-seven she was, and with hair the red-gold color of yours. I guess that's where you get it, although your mother didn't have it, or her mother before her. That train ought to be along here any minute now. Hasn't it whistled yet? When you hear the whistle, it'll be just under the hill.

Wouldn't it be terrible if Charlie wasn't on it? He could have missed it, you know. He was always missing trains. You could never rely on him from one minute to the next. Always

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wanting to light out and go somewhere. You don't remember Charlie, but he used to carry you around on his shoulder. He'll be surprised to see what a big girl you've grown to be. Well, they grow up and go away, just when you think they're going to be a comfort to you. Up and away. Don't you do it, Annie. Stick by your mother and help her. Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee. Do you know what that is? . . . That's right. That's one of the Commandments, and don't you forget it.

Do you know all your Commandments? . . . Well, small thanks to you; they've been drummed into you enough. . . . Was that the whistle? I declare I'm so excited I don't know what I'm doing. Look at me, carrying this Christmas star around in my hand and not knowing where to put it. Take it and put it over there on the organ, will you, Annie, and then run out and see if you can't see the smoke or something. Sometimes you can see it on a cold day like this. Now, wouldn't it be terrible if he didn't come? And this our first Christmas together in years. But he'll be here if he didn't miss the train. Of course, they have a lot of trains in Chicago, and if he missed one he could get the next one, if he didn't miss that too. That would be just about like him.

What? Did you? You did? Oh, then it'll be here any minute now. You stand here by the window, Annie, and watch them get off at the depot, and tell me if you see Charlie. He'll be all dressed up and have a valise in his hand. . . . There; look close now. Is there anybody getting off? I don't seem to see anybody getting off. Nobody gets off here any more. Used to be lots of people getting off here, lots of coming and going. But that was long before you was born, Annie.

Michael used to say, "You'll live to see the sheep jumping in and out of the depot windows," and I used to get so provoked with him. "Some day we're going to have a boom here," I'd say, but he'd just laugh and say, "And the post-office windows, too—in and out the sheep will be leaping with great leaps." . . . Oh, do you see him? Are you sure? I see him now too. It's Charlie. It must be Charlie. Run and put the coffeepot on the front of the stove, and we'll have a nice warm cup for him when he comes in. Hurry. He'll be here any minute now. And when you hear his step on the porch, you let him in, while I run and change my apron.

Have another cup of coffee, son, and push back your chair and tell me what you're doing up there in Chicago. I can't make head or tail of your letters. What is this thing you're talking about in your last letter? This comic strip, is it? What's a comic strip? . . . Like what? . . . The who? . . . Never heard of the Gumps. . . . What do they do? . . . Oh, that's what it is. Well, it isn't much. You could be doing a lot better with your gifts, to my way of thinking. It's that newspaper influence and that woman. That—what do you call her? . . . A monitor? What's a monitor? . . . Yes, I know you wrote and told me, but I forgot. All you ever write in your letters any more is Dorothy this and Dorothy that. Who is she?

Yes, I know, but a body can't tell anything by that. Pictures are deceiving. . . . I don't know where I put it. It's around here somewhere. It isn't the face, anyway, that counts, it's the heart. Now take Alice Murphy. There's a good sensible girl. No fiddle-faddle and monkey-doodle-shines about her. . . . All right, then, if you don't want to hear about her. I'm just telling you, that's all. It wouldn't do you any harm to listen to your mother once in a while. Well, you'll learn some day. Go ahead with What's-Her-Name. . . . Oh, you do, do you? A lot you know about love—a kid like you. You just think you're in love. You don't know anything about it. In three months it'll be somebody else, and a good thing too.

Oh, by the way, the Murphys are having Christmas dinner with us tomorrow. Alice is coming over in the morning and help me with it. . . . Oh, yes, you will be here too. Is that any way for you to talk? . . . Now don't get your feathers up. You're not in the house ten minutes and you start arguing. Is that any way to act with your mother? You know perfectly well I only tell you these things for your own good. It's God's blessing you have someone to guide and counsel you. Look how peaked you are. All run down. Probably you never get to bed before ten o'clock. How long do you think you can keep that up? I suppose What's-Her-Name encourages you too. Keeps you out late, taking her to movies and such foolishness. Spending your money instead of saving it. If she had your interest at heart, she'd be saving it instead of spending it.

Oh, you work nights? Oh, I see. You wrote me about that. What doing? . . . Well, what good will that do you? What's a comic strip for? . . . Have you, now? . . . Sure, I'd love to see some. . . . Wait a minute; don't cut the string. Untie it. Waste not, want not, is a maxim I would teach. Remember that little poem? Careful, unrolling those things; they may crack. . . . So that's what you call a comic strip. What is it supposed to be? I can't see very well without my glasses. . . .

Wait; here they are. Oh, I see. I saw some little pictures like this once in a St. Louis paper. Do you get a lot of money for it? . . . Oh, you haven't sold it yet? Well, what makes you think you might? . . . Well, maybe; I don't know about such things. . . . "I know a man who makes a lot of money out of eggs. But he has a lot of hens, hasn't he? Oh, no, not a hen. Well, I don't see how he does it. Tell me how he does it. He keeps ducks. Pow!" I can't make head or tail of it! What does "pow" mean?

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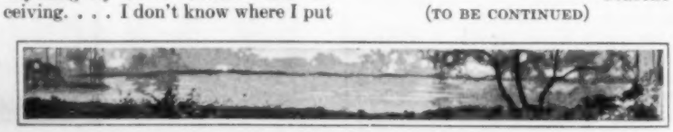
DOROTHY

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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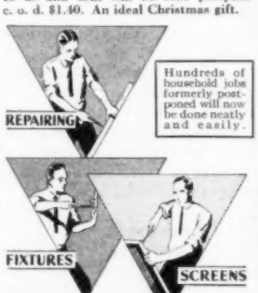

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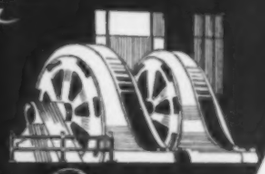

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CITY HALL SQUARE
WILLIAM L. McLEAN, PUBLISHER PHILADELPHIA

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For the feet of kids who are loved

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STEP BROTHERS

(Continued from Page 19)

scheduled to fare so well. But softheartedness was not one of Atlas' outstanding weaknesses, and so he considered, not how he might make Johnny less miserable, but how he might best serve his own nefarious ends.

At eleven o'clock at night they were still awake and talking. Only two other passengers remained in the car, and they had long since curled up for a few hours of slumber.

Quite suddenly the attitude of Mr. Brack altered. Without the slightest preamble, he scowled at Johnny and made an astounding statement.

"Ise bad!" said he.

Johnny was surprised but unsuspicious. "I bet you is."

"Ise wuss than that. Ise plumb terrible."

Mr. Wattles took one look at his friend's face and indorsed that statement with alacrity untinctured by doubt.

"In fack," pursued Atlas, "I is absolutely low-down. I is a manglin' man—tha's what!"

Johnny felt uncomfortable. He wished that Atlas would change the subject.

Half the lights in the Jim Crow car had been extinguished, and Johnny knew many topics which he preferred. But he dared not suggest them.

With a forceful gesture Mr. Brack extracted a tattered newspaper clipping from his pocket and shoved it under Johnny's nose.

"Read that!" he ordered. "It's all about me."

Cold perspiration stood out on Mr. Wattles' forehead as he perused the journalistic account of Mr. Brack's latest and most drastic iniquity. According to the statement clipped from a Newark daily, Mr. Atlas Brack had happened to become peeved with another gentleman of color by the name of Eddie Quick. The trouble had started at a dance, and spectators had agreed that it was all of Atlas' seeking.

As the immediate and direct result of Atlas' sudden ill humor, stated the clipping, Mr. Brack had proceeded to vivisect Mr. Quick, and had operated with such efficiency that Mr. Quick was now in the hospital struggling back to normal and the Newark police were very much on the lookout for Mr. Atlas Brack, with the idea of making him the guest of the state for at least ten years.

Johnny was shivering. And the glance which Mr. Brack was bestowing upon him made him no less miserable. He had a horrid suspicion that Atlas' exhibition of this newspaper clipping was not without ulterior motive. Johnny returned the clipping and remarked politely that he bet Mr. Brack was a swell fighter.

"Hmph!" said Mr. Brack. "I didn't hardly do nothin' to that feller."

"I—I bet he insulted you something awful."

"Naw! I just didn't like his looks."

"Gosh!"

"And," continued Atlas, "I don't like yo' looks neither."

It was then that Johnny knew that he ought to be somewhere else—somewhere very far away.

"D-d-d-d-don't go jokin' with me," he pleaded.

"I ain't jokin'. I git these ideas sometimies. An' when I git in the nude to attack somebody, I usually don't hold back. Furthermo', Ise thinkin' of carvin' you up a li'l' bit right now."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Johnny. "You is just tryin' to make me feel discomfortable."

"Boy, you is gwine feel a lot worse than that befo' I completes with you."

"Aw, Mistuh Brack ——"

"I has had this idea all afternoon," announced Atlas. "You has been high-hattin' me. An' I didn't like you, anyway. I didn't like yo' face, nor neither yo' clothes. I despise all men what dances. An' I don't crave movin' pitchers. In fack, I think I had better commence exterminatin' you right away."

"Oh, lawsy! Cain't you control yo'-se'f?"

"I dunno. Maybe fo' a half hour longer or somethin' like that. But then Ise certain to lose my grip an' start operatin'."

"I ain't done nothin' to you."

"Maybe not. But you ain't populous with me neither."

"Y-y-y-you don't mean you is gwine slice me up?"

"Tha's the most thing I is aimin' to do." He bent a baleful eye upon the quivering Johnny. "Inside a half hour I starts in. An' if I don't catch you then, Ise gwine commence as soon as I do catch you."

It occurred to Johnny that he desired to leave the train immediately and permanently. He noticed the lights of a city and heard the whistle of the locomotive.

"C-e-e-can I go git me a drink of water befo' you start extinctin' me, Mistuh Brack?"

"A'right." Then, as Johnny rose, Atlas wrapped muscular fingers around the skinny arm. "But don't you try escapin' fum me, small man. 'Cause even if you gotten away fum me now, I'd carve you up as soon as you got to Bumminham."

Johnny scuttled toward the end of the car. The train had slowed almost to a stop. Johnny cast a wild look behind him, observed that Atlas was gazing out of the window, and he acted promptly.

He reached the platform in two jumps. One second later Mr. Brack observed a nicely raimented little Negro rolling on the ground beside the tracks. Whereupon Atlas grinned a broad and evil grin.

Meanwhile the slender figure of Johnny was cleaving the night. He wanted nothing between himself and Atlas but plenty of distance. There on the train was his Nemesis, the large black gentleman with the homicidal tendency. Also on that train were Johnny's personal belongings, including his contract with Midnight. But at the moment Mr. Wattles thought not of his material loss. He was still breathing.

He staggered into the little North Carolina city and found a small hotel for colored. When he waked the following morning he reflected gratefully that he was able to enjoy the sunshine and was not engaged in counting the roots of lilies. The more he thought of his narrow escape the previous night, the more thankful he became. He had heard of bad men, but never before had he met a person so colossally awful. As the morning wore on, Johnny commenced taking further stock of the situation. He knew that in Birmingham a most excellent job was awaiting him, and he decided that he had better continue his journey to Alabama, find a very small boarding house in the very

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PERHAPS you've had experience with knit jackets that wear out at the elbows while the rest of the jacket looked fairly good.

Nockabout, with its patented reinforced sleeves, overcomes this—from cuff to armhole, extra threads are knitted in just where the wear is hardest.

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large metropolis, and from that vantage point survey the situation.

Of course, if Atlas remained in Birmingham, Johnny intended to keep under cover. But there was always the chance that the big man might not even go to the big city, and a further chance that he might leave abruptly, at which fortuitous moment Johnny would present himself at the Midnight studio, tell the story of his misadventure and commence his terpsichorean labors. Of only one fact was he certain—that he intended to keep away from the formidable Mr. Brack. He had an intense dislike for that gentleman, and a most abiding fear.

The following afternoon Mr. Wattles arrived in Birmingham, the original elegance of his clothing somewhat dimmed by the abruptness of his departure from the train under Atlas' urging, and a subsequent long journey to Alabama. He slunk through the huge station, found an alley, and there invited suggestions from a dusky gentleman as to a proper boarding house which was, however, not too prominent.

Thirty minutes later he presented himself at the door of a modest frame structure on Avenue F. His ring was answered by a thin and acidulous colored woman who announced that she was Sis Callie Flukers. Johnny made known his desire for a quiet room and offered to pay in advance.

"Wha's yo' name?" demanded Sis Callie.

Johnny blinked. "Jim Smith," he hazarded.

Sis Callie's eyes narrowed. Instinct informed her that the stranger's name was not Jim Smith, and she was not ordinarily partial to gentlemen who had reasons for concealing their identity. She expressed some of this in words, and Johnny hastened to assure her that he was mild and harmless. In the end she capitulated because she believed that he was a very nice gemmun. "An' furthermo'," she added, "yo' name might really be Jim Smith, fo' all I know."

"Uh-huh," agreed Johnny with a charming smile. "It might. Fo' all you know."

Thus it was that the little dancing expert became ensconced in the most desirable colored boarding house in all Birmingham. He pleaded a vast fatigue and informed his landlady that he would most likely remain in seclusion for many days.

Sis Callie was all a-flutter. She was the most indefatigable gossip in Birmingham; she knew everything about every colored person in the city, and some of her knowledge was accurate. She most earnestly craved to cross-examine the new boarder, but postponed that delight until a later date. And had Johnny only known it, he could have extracted much interesting information from her.

The next two hours passed uneventfully. Johnny bathed and rested. Then he stretched on the bed and dozed. He was awakened about five o'clock by a commotion in the next room. He heard the nasal voice of Sis Callie and the groans of a gentleman who was obviously in dire distress.

Now, Johnny was excessively tenderhearted. He despised the sounds of agony, and he wondered whether he might be of any assistance. He controlled his humanitarian impulses as long as possible, and then rapped on the door. As he did so he heard Sis Callie announce to the occupant of the room that she would return shortly. Then she opened the door, recognized her new boarder and smiled a greeting.

"Seemed like to me somebody was sick," said Johnny timidly. "An' I come to ask could I do anything?"

"You can," answered Sis Callie. "I got to cook supper an' you can sit heah with Florian."

She performed a perfunctory introduction: "Mistuh Smith, meet Mistuh Florian Slappey." Then she was gone, and Johnny found himself staring commiseratingly at the human wreck on the bed.

He could not know that Mr. Slappey was the Beau Brummel of Birmingham's Darktown; he could not know that Florian was the envy and despair of the city's most enterprising dusky swains. He only knew what he saw, and that was a figure which represented the ultimate of human carnage.

Unquestionably the little man on the bed had been treated with pronounced unkindness by some other person. His face was puffed, one eye was completely closed and a splotch of crimson showed through a bandage which Sis Callie had arranged. But what amazed Johnny most was that Mr. Slappey seemed more consumed with anger than agony.

Florian was cordial to his solicitous visitor, but appeared more concerned with the catastrophe which had occurred to him. He welcomed Johnny chiefly because Mr. Wattles was another man; therefore a logical person to hear his tale of woe.

"Did you happen to an automobile accident?" queried Johnny, seating himself by the bed.

"No."

"A fight?"

"Uh-huh."

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes! I never knowed anybody could git beat up so bad."

Florian's face twisted with futile fury. "He was twice my size, Brother Smith, an' he busted me fust when I wasn't espectin' it. But"—and he clenched a puny fist—"Ise gwine git even with him. Ise gwine make him wish that Florian Slappey hadn't never been born. There ain't ary man in the world who can do me like he done an' git away with it."

Johnny was genuinely upset. "He must be an awful terrible feller, Brother Slappey."

"He's wuss! He's completely brutal."

"I bet he is." Then Johnny bent forward: "But if he's that big an' bad, Brother Slappey, don't you think you had better leave bygones be bygones?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of talk," gritted Florian. "But I do know this: There's one man which is gwine git what's comin' to him good an' plenty, an' that man is named Johnny Wattles!"

Johnny ducked. He gasped. He rose and backed against the wall, blinking at the battered figure.

"S-s-s-s-says which?" he inquired in horror.

"I said that some day Johnny Wattles is gwine wake up completely defunct, an' Ise gwine be the cause of same."

"B-b-b-but, Brother Slappey ——"

"Don't but mé! Ise made up my mind. When any big brute of a ballet teacher socks me in the eye ——"

Johnny heard no more. He clutched the window sill for support as he was struck by realization of this last ghastly development. After a long, long time he recovered the use of his voice and crept toward the bed.

"Brother Slappey, can I ast you a few questions?"

"Sholy."

(Continued on Page 124)

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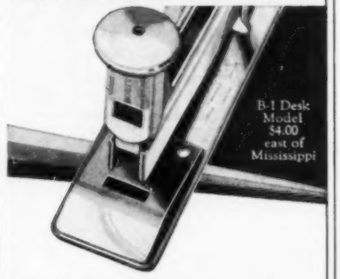

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The interesting story of how man outwitted nature – and *lost!*

THIS is another of those thrilling stories from the annals of modern science. Of how man, in his struggle to be civilized, became his own arch-enemy! How he unwittingly was enslaved by new tastes and appetites . . .

How these tastes deprived him of certain food factors, vital to his development and well-being! Finally, how the loss of these factors made way for attack by the very weaknesses and ills he was trying to escape.

Interest has been focused on man's losing battle with nature by our new knowledge of the vitamins and what they do.

Nature, it seems, put an abundance of these indispensable factors into the coarse, plain foods she intended us to eat.

But as soon as we found ways to make these foods more appetizing, we cooked and refined out of them the very factors meant for our protection.

Today we are paying the penalty for this mistake. "Civilized ills" plague us — ills caused by an incomplete diet of highly refined foods and a consequent shortage of the protective vitamins.

Indigestion, intestinal trouble, susceptibility to colds and sinus infections, fatigue, and nervous disorders are a few of the many ills which scientists tell us might be prevented if we received an adequate supply of vitamins every day.

How can we get enough of these indispensable factors?

The first thought, of course, is to put back into our diet the natural vitamin-rich foods which we have discarded. This means giving up some of the foods we now prefer and eating instead plenty of whole grain breads and cereals, leafy vegetables and fruits, milk, eggs, and other foods rich in vitamins.

But not all of us like the idea of changing our diet or of watching what we eat three times a day!

Those of us who want to go on eating what we usually do without losing the life-giving vitamins may do so.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, a pioneer in the scientific work on vitamins, now offers rich sources of these factors which may be added to the regular diet. *Squibb Vitamin Products*, they are called.

Not only are Squibb Vitamin Products wonderfully beneficial, but they are palatable and pleasant to use. Added regularly to the diet, they build up resistance, maintain vitality and strength.

Squibb Vitamin Products are now on sale by all good druggists.

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Squibb Adex Tablets—Now Squibb provides Vitamins A* and D*, the life-giving factors of cod-liver oil, in new, concentrated form. Squibb Adex Tablets are for those who want to build up their resistance against colds and certain other infections this winter and who cannot take cod-liver oil. Squibb *guarantees* their vitamin content.

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Also Squibb Cod-Liver Oil and Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10 D—Two rich sources of Vitamins A and D for infants. *Squibb Vitavose* and *Squibb Dextro-Vitavose*—they supply Vitamin B and iron in suitable form for infant feeding. Ask your physician about the use of these Squibb Vitamin Products for your baby.

Squibb Adex Tablets
Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol 10 D
Squibb Chocolate Vitavose
Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil

Vitamin A*—Too little Vitamin A brings susceptibility to colds, skin, sinus, and glandular troubles. Vitamin A is the factor which helps build up resistance to these infections and which promotes growth.

Vitamin B*—A shortage of Vitamin B leads to poor appetite, loss of weight, low vitality, stomach disorders, intestinal trouble, and faulty assimilation. Vitamin B gives tone to the digestive system, aids growth, and has an important effect on the nerves.

Vitamin D*—Lack of Vitamin D results in soft, porous bones, rickets and tooth decay. This is the factor which helps babies and children develop a strong, well-proportioned framework, and sound, even teeth.

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Both Full Dress and Tuxedo Sets come in handsome gift cases. Each set consists of three studs, a pair of links, and four vest buttons. It is essential, both for full dress and tuxedo, that vest buttons match the studs and links. ¶ Selection may be made from a variety of shapes and designs to suit every degree of good taste—in either white or smoked mother-of-pearl. You wear Krementz Evening Jewelry with absolute assurance that it has social acceptance in the most distinguished gatherings. ¶ Complete Sets in gift cases, from $7.50 to $35.

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The question of what is correct in evening jewelry for men is an easy one to ask and it is just as easy to answer. ••• You either look to the smart social gatherings of Europe and America, or to the better shops throughout the world which feature Krementz Jewelry for Men. ••• Indeed, the name *Krementz* is not only a "hall-mark" for Quality, but a synonym for Style and Good Taste. ••• Write us for illustrated booklet containing "*Correct Dress Chart for All Occasions.*"

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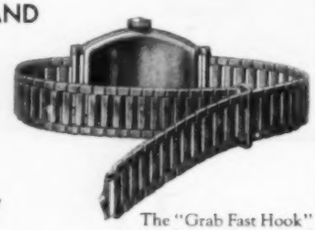
KREMENTZ "SELF-ADJUSTABLE" WATCH BAND

Today men everywhere accept the wrist watch band as an established convenience. In this newest Self-Adjustable Wrist Watch Band, Krementz has adapted the "ribbon-band" principle and developed, as the illustration shows, a man's type of band that is *self-adjustable* to any size wrist. By means of a "Grab Fast Hook" you can tighten or loosen it to just the right feeling size. These new Krementz Wrist Watch Bands are of all precious metal. Various style links to select from. Prices from $7.50 to $20.00.



The "Grab Fast Hook" can be snugly snapped to any link of the band. That is why and how it is *self-adjustable* to any size wrist.

KREMENTZ *Gift* JEWELRY FOR MEN

(Continued from Page 122)

"How long has you knowed this feller Wattles?"

"One day. He come in fum New Yawk yestiddy to organize a chorus fo' Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

"An' you say he's a big, black feller?"

"Yeh."

"An' does he wear a big di'mond pin in his red necktie?"

"Oh, golly, yes! That was what I an' he fit about. I was just kiddin' him an' bettin' that the pin was a fake. He was sayin' it was wuth five hund'ed dollars cash money. Then I laughed an' he busted me."

"How come him to be workin' fo' Midnight, Mistuh Slappey?"

"He's got a contrack with them. They said he was the best cullud dancin' teacher in New Yawk, an' they is payin' him heaps of money. But all he's been doin' since he got to Bumminham is walk around the lot offerin' to lick anybody. An' when President Latimer tol' him he had hired a ballet master an' not no prize fighter, this Wattles told Latimer to keep his mouf shut."

Johnny squirmed. It was all too vividly plain now. Atlas Brack had appropriated his suitcase, his name, his reputation and his contract. Johnny recalled how avidly Atlas had absorbed every detail of his contract with Midnight, and how he had been particularly impressed with the fact that no matter what happened, the highly successful colored company was obligated to pay the party of the second part the sum of eighty dollars a week for a minimum of six weeks.

Johnny fired a few more questions. And Florian's violent antipathy to the pugnacious Atlas brought cheer to the heart of the mistreated little dancing man. Eventually he rose and solemnly extended his hand.

"Brother!" said he.

Florian gave him the grip of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, but did not receive the correct answering pressure, whereupon Mr. Slappey's good eye narrowed.

"What lodge?" he inquired.

"Not no lodge," retorted Johnny. "I just meant that us is brothers in mis'ry an' hate."

"Says which?"

"I says that we has got a common cause. Look!" Johnny opened his vest and disclosed the embroidered monogram on his silk shirt. "Feast yo' opticals on them initials."

Florian did as bidden. "J. W. Tha' the same as Johnny Wattles' initials."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' they is the same. An' my name is also."

"Then how come Sis Callie to say yo' name was Jim Smith?"

Johnny glanced apprehensively about the room. Then he lowered his voice and swore Florian to secrecy. Immediately thereafter he poured into the ears of the dumfounded Mr. Slappey a chronicle of his own woe. Florian's eyes seemed about to pop from their sockets. He forgot the aches and pains which racked him, he forgot his bruised and battered eye, he forgot everything save that here was a man who had suffered from a common enemy beyond all reason.

Johnny finished his story and Mr. Slappey uttered an exclamation of sympathy:

"Hot ziggity dam!" he announced. "That feller sho ain't treated you kindly at all."

"I'll say he ain't, Florian. Also he has done you dirt, an' I figgered that maybe us might be alleys."

"Boy, tha's the most thing we will."

"Atlas has ev'ything of mine an' nothin' of his own 'ceptin' that di'mond stick pin. I crave to git even, but the question is: How?"

A slight smile crossed Florian's swollen lips. "Tha's easy."

"What you mean—easy?"

"I mean just that. All you got to do is tell Midnight that he is an exposter, an' have him arrested fo' such. Also fo' th'eatenin' to kill you."

Johnny's eyes grew wide with terror. "Gosh, no! That would git me ruint."

"How come?"

"'Cause, Florian, even if that feller did mess you up a li'l', you don't know him so good as I do. He's pizen. He got runned out of Newark, New Jersey, fo' most killin' a feller he didn't like the looks of, an' was I to have him arrested, he'd wait till he got out of jail an' then kill me."

Florian considered. He himself stood in profound awe of Atlas' devastating temperament, and was inclined to agree with his new friend. But the matter was worth discussion, and so for several hours they considered the problem. They agreed that no male citizen desiring to continue as such should be so foolish as openly to cross Atlas Brack. They agreed with melancholy unanimity that Atlas was the toughest, meanest, manglin'est man they had ever contacted, yet they were equally in agreement on the fact something must be done.

To Johnny, it was unthinkable that an impostor should not only hold his job and draw his salary but also ruin his professional reputation. To Florian, it was axiomatic that any man who had used him as a floor mop must be discomfited publicly. No man, explained Mr. Slappey proudly, had ever treated him in any such way and boasted about it for long. At the moment Florian was somewhat of a laughingstock, for, though many colored persons in Birmingham already despised Atlas, there were scores who detested Florian's superiority and relished an opportunity to sneer at him for whatever misfortune might befall.

"An' now," finished Johnny, "what is us gwine do?"

"Us ain't gwine do nothin'," retorted Florian promptly, "'cept think."

"'Bout which?"

"How to git even with this carvin' fool. An' remember this, Johnny: There ain't nobody can put somethin' over on Florian Slappey an' git away with it. So just don't you worry ——"

"On'y one thing," pleaded Mr. Wattles: "Don't you do nothin' which will make Atlas think I done it. 'Cause he sho would enjoy to annihilate me, did he even suspeck I was in Bumminham."

Florian promised. And then he professed a great weariness and bade his new friend good night.

Johnny went to his room and stared out at the rather barren expanse adjacent to Avenue F. The moon was brilliant and Johnny was restless. His muscles were cramped from two days of traveling, he possessed a natural curiosity concerning this great Southern city, and his brain was throbbing with too many ideas to permit of sleep.

Whereupon Mr. Wattles decided to sneak from the house and walk off some of his surplus emotion. His intention was to shun bright lights and populated sections.

Save for a steady stream of east-and-west traffic, Avenue F was deserted. To his right the bulk of Red Mountain loomed in the night, and in the other direction he could see the rosy glow

which marked the civic center of Birmingham. He was walking swiftly toward the sparsely settled section of Eighteenth Street. He saw few white folks and many of his own brethren, but no one noticed him. He passed two barbecue stands which sent tantalizing odors to his nostrils and ideas to his head, but he stuck valiantly to his determination to eschew the delights of human companionship.

He turned left on Eighteenth and walked toward the L. & N. Railroad tracks. Far ahead he could see the center of Negro business life—the imposing bulk of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, the picture and vaudeville theaters and the multitudinous business houses. He sensed that the tracks constituted the dividing line, and so turned back there, but the task of retracing his steps to Sis Callie's was not so simple.

When he was certain that he had reached the correct street he turned right. Sis Callie's boarding house did not appear. Johnny paused under a corner arc and wondered whether to inquire directions or continue his solitary hunt.

And then something happened—something so awful and so unexpected that Mr. Wattles was petrified. A huge and sinister figure appeared out of the night, fingers of steel dug into his shoulder and a voice which was terrifyingly familiar dinned in his ears.

"Oh, my gosh, Mistuh Brack!" wailed Johnny. "Please don't kill me!"

"Why not?" Atlas' face was none too pleasant. He, too, had been strolling idly, and he was well-nigh as surprised as Johnny.

He had fancied that the little Negro was too thoroughly terrified ever to visit Birmingham, and he was visibly annoyed by the man's presence. His face reflected his fury and he uttered many words which did not enhance Johnny's tranquillity. Johnny stared and shuddered. His glance was focused upon the diamond pin of which Atlas was so inordinately proud, the pin which he claimed was worth five hundred dollars. And Atlas mentioned various forms of manslaughter.

Johnny blubbered. He pleaded for mercy. In his mind's eye was a picture of the battered Mr. Slappey. If Atlas had treated Florian thus cruelly, without just cause and before many people, what would the big man do to an archenemy in a dark spot of a strange city? Atlas proposed many things, all of which sounded distinctly uncomfortable. But suddenly his ebony face took on a peculiar expression. Mr. Brack was in the throes of having an idea.

Johnny continued to jabber. Mr. Brack silenced him with a gesture.

"Don't annoy me, li'l' boy; Ise thinking."

Mr. Wattles subsided, and during an awful three minutes gave himself over to a survey of his past life and the immediate prospect of a very permanent hereafter. It did not occur to him that Atlas was worried over anything save the specific method of extermination to be used, and he was therefore astounded to hear friendly words from the big man:

"Ise glad to see you, Johnny."

Mr. Wattles suspected irony, but Atlas' next remark gave him a wild hope that some miracle might have occurred which would save his life.

"Yassuh, Johnny, I can use you, an' how!"

"B-b-bein' useful, Mistuh Brack," stammered Johnny, "is the fondest thing I is of."

"Good! Come along with me."

Johnny felt that he would prefer to be elsewhere, but he dared not attempt flight. Better to hope that the change in Atlas' manner was not temporary.

En route to the Cozy Home Hotel, Atlas did a little explaining. He told casually of his introduction at the Midnight studios as Johnny Wattles, of his presentation of contract and letters and of the cordial welcome he had received.

He also mentioned that he had secured an advance of eighty dollars, which represented a single week's salary. They reached the Cozy Home and mounted the narrow stairway to Atlas' room, and there Mr. Brack came down to brass tacks.

"In the fust place," he announced, "my name in Bumminham is Mistuh Johnny Wattles."

"Y-y-yassuh."

"An' don't you forget it. 'Cause does anybody discover that I ain't you, you is suddenly gwine to become ain't."

"Y-y-you mean, no matter how the news gotten out, you would blame me?"

"I certainly would." Then Atlas had a fearful thought: "You ain't told nobody yo' name yet, has you?"

Once again visions of an untimely end smote Mr. Wattles. He ignored Florian. "Nossuh. My lamlady thinks my name is Jim Smith."

"Tha's fine. 'Cause tomorrow mawnin' you is gwine inform her that yo' name is really Atlas Brack!"

Johnny blinked rapidly. "B-b-b-but it ain't!"

"Who says it ain't?"

"Yo' name is Atlas Brack."

"My name is Johnny Wattles."

Johnny stated that Atlas' meaning was crystal clear. But he timidly requested an explanation.

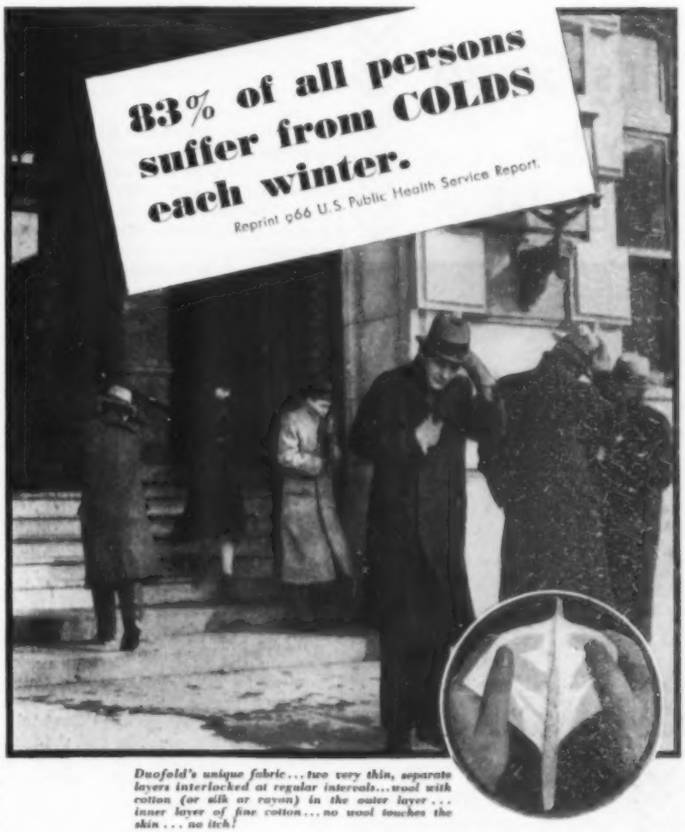
"It's thisaway," proclaimed Atlas. "I was in trouble when I gotten to Bumminham. 'Ceptin' fo' yo' clothes, which wasn't no good to me, an' which I on'y got seventeen dollars fo' when I pawned 'em ——"

"You pawned my clothes?"

"I sholy did. Heah's the ticket, if you crave it. Anyway, 'cept fo' that, I had less'n one dollar. So I decided right away I would be you long enough to borry a week's sal'ry, an' then I would git out of town. But when I looked roun' that lot it seemed like I would be happy to stay there. Of co'se, there was one or two fellers which tried to git fresh with me, an' I splattered one of 'em all over the place.

"This Midnight is a swell comp'ny. Ise proud to work fo' 'em, an' I was sad 'cause I reelized that pretty soon they would find out I didn't know nothin' 'bout trainin' a bunch of chorus gals. An' the mo' I thought of givin' up that good job, the sadder I got, 'cause it was a cinch that pretty soon they would wire to New Yawk that I wasn't no good, an' then maybe New Yawk would wire back that I wasn't you, an' then I would most likely git th'owed in jail. Tonight I was walkin' aroun' tryin' to think what I could do about it, when I run into you. Fust off, I started to ruin you, but then an idea hit me right in the haid, an' tha's what I has brought you heah fo', so you will understan'.

"Tomorrow you go to the studio with me, an' I produce you as Mistuh Atlas Brack of New Yawk. I tell them you is my 'sistant, also that they won't have to pay you no sal'ry. Of co'se, I'll give you enough money fo' eatments, previded yo' appetite ain't too big. Anyway, what you will then do will be my job. Ev'ything you would of done if you had kept on bein' yo'se'f you



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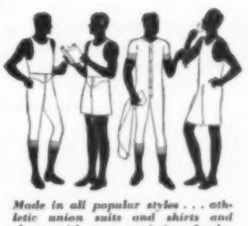

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will do fo' me. Ise gwine supervise, an' Lawd he'p you if you double-cross me."

Johnny's head was pounding. But terrible as this was, it was less awful than the fate he had expected. He therefore agreed.

Mr. Brack then made his ultimatum complete. It seemed that his intention was to remain on the Midnight lot for the entire contract term of six weeks and throughout any renewals which might be negotiated. During all that time Johnny's professional skill was to be exercised in training an excellent chorus and seeing that it performed in an efficient manner.

Atlas explained dispassionately that no one in Birmingham knew their true identities, and therefore any leakage of facts would be directly attributed to Johnny, whether or not he happened to be the guilty person. With results, explained Atlas, which would be more than merely embarrassing.

Johnny agreed, for the sole and simple reason that there was nothing else he could do. At least he was privileged to draw breath, which was more than he had expected an hour since. And so the next morning he assumed the duties of assistant to Johnny Wattles, and the lot called him Atlas Brack.

When Florian Slappey arose that morning and anointed his injuries, he inquired for his new friend. Sis Callie explained that obviously Johnny had not been home all night, though she was not worried, since he had paid for one week in advance. Florian then visited the studio in his official capacity as personal representative of Magnolius Ricketts, Midnight star, and was informed that Johnny Wattles had appeared with a dancing assistant, a pleasant little chap named Atlas Brack.

Florian eased into an old silent stage which was now being utilized as warehouse and practice room, and there he caught a glimpse of the real Johnny Wattles and the real Atlas Brack. Instantly he understood. A half hour later Johnny confirmed his worst fears in a stolen interview behind a pile of scenery.

"It's awful, Florian," he wailed, "but it would be wuss than that if you ever let slip that I is really him an' he ain't hisse'f. No matter what I said, he would blame it on me about folks findin' out."

Florian dropped a friendly hand on the shoulder of his terrified buddy.

"Don't you worry, li'l' feller. Us is fightin' in a common cause an' we has got to win."

"Nossuh! I ain't fightin' in nothin' an' I don't crave to win. All I want is that Atlas shouldn't squash me."

"I know—I know. An' no matter how tough things seem to break, Johnny, I want you to remember that I is yo' friend an' workin' hard fo' you. Also"—and his voice grew harsh—"Ise gwine git even with that big ox, if it's the last thing I ever do."

"You?" wailed Johnny. "You mean if it's the last thing I ever do."

Again Florian reassured him and pledged secrecy. Then Johnny returned to his job.

So far as the work was concerned, things proceeded excellently for the next five days. Atlas remained scowlingly in the background, appearing to confer with his assistant and vouchsafing words to nobody else. He therefore built up the reputation of being an efficient if unfriendly person. As for the real Johnny, he rapidly attained an enormous personal popularity.

One could not but admire the lithe and agile Johnny in his accustomed atmosphere. Save that Mr. Wattles was rather repressed in the presence of Atlas, he flung himself into the work with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Chorus girls were selected and their amateurism disappeared rapidly under Johnny's expert tutelage. President Orifice R. Latimer and Production Chief J. Cæsar Clump watched occasional drills and were all for Johnny. Once they called him into executive session and announced their opinion that he was a wonder. Mr. Wattles blushed and thanked them.

"But this feller Wattles," grunted Latimer—"he ain't really no good, is he?"

Johnny suppressed a wild desire to tell the truth. Instead, he decided to keep his skin intact.

"He's the best in the world, Mistuh Latimer. Wasn't it fo' him watchin' me, I couldn't do nothin' like I is doin'."

"H'm! I reckon you is correck. But us don't like him an' we do like you."

"Tha's awful nice. But," finished Johnny, "there's a heap of things 'bout this dancin' business you don't understan'."

At the insistence of Mr. Brack, Johnny had taken up his abode at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, where he was directly under the watchful and suspicious eye of Atlas. He was virtually a prisoner, friends having been denied him. Atlas attended all rehearsals and absorbed enough technical jargon to grunt a few words occasionally with the studio executives. This was the grandest graft he ever had experienced, and he was of no mind to abandon it until the ultimate dollar had been squeezed from the Midnight coffers.

As for Johnny, his life was hard, but still it was life. At first he had felt a great fear that Florian Slappey's hatred of the gigantic Atlas would result in drastic action which might cause his own extermination, but as the days passed and nothing occurred, Mr. Wattles breathed more easily. He believed that Florian had been content to let the matter drop.

Therein he figured without intimate knowledge of Mr. Slappey. Even at the moment that Johnny was congratulating himself on his own safety, Florian was putting an elaborate scheme into operation. He was closeted with Lawyer Evans Chew, in that eminent attorney's private office on the sixth floor of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, and he was declaiming earnestly. Lawyer Chew listened, and refused. He listened further, and objected. And finally he agreed to the plan, having in mind that he was acting in behalf of Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., from which organization he received an annual retainer.

And so, on the morning of the sixth day, when it seemed that a status had been definitely established, a visitor appeared on the old stage where Johnny, under the supervision of Atlas, was indefatigably and patiently laboring to teach the time step to a score of ambitious colored damsels.

Lawyer Evans Chew was large, portly and very dignified. He wore a silk hat, Prince Albert coat, gray striped trousers and heavily rimmed glasses which were attached to his right ear by a silk ribbon. Several electricians and gripsmen recognized him and nodded respectful greeting, for Lawyer Chew was, by his own confession, the "most eruditest" dusky attorney in Alabama. For a few moments he watched the rehearsal. Then, when

(Continued on Page 129)

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If people knew, for example, that poor quality toilet tissue can cause such ailments as pruritus, fissures, fistulas and abscesses, certainly they would be more careful in the selection of the tissues used in their homes or places of business.

Many of the toilet tissues sold today are unfit for bathroom use.

Some are made from reclaimed waste material and are chemically impure. Some are harsh; non-absorbent. Some are acid in reaction, and cause irritation of mucous membrane.

The health importance of this necessary household product has never been sufficiently emphasized. That is why we are basing our advertising squarely on the platform of health protection.

Scott Tissues are health products.

They are specially processed to satisfy the requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: absorbency, softness, and chemical purity.

Each sheet is made up of millions of "thirsty fibres." Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness—its linen-like texture.

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These specially treated "thirsty fibres" are extremely absorbent. Without this absorbent quality, thorough hygiene is impossible. Only the finest materials, pure and fresh, go into Scott Tissues.

For with the Scott Paper Company, making toilet tissue is not a side line. We have realized from the beginning the importance of safe toilet tissue in the home—and the dangers of inferior toilet tissues.

For more than half a century the Scott Paper Company has spared no effort to insure the high quality of its toilet tissues.

That is why more Scott Tissues are sold today than any other toilet tissue made.

Scott Tissues are neither alkaline nor acid—always safe. The sheets tear evenly. Even a small child finds them easy to use.

From today on—when you buy toilet tissue, ask for these tissues that your own doctor would recommend. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

Scott Tissues

(Continued from Page 126)

Johnny had ordered a rest and the spotlight was momentarily turned his way, the man of law cleared his throat.

"I crave to maintain a conversation with one Atlas Brack," he announced.

His voice was rich and sonorous; his attitude proclaimed the importance of his mission. Even Orifice R. Latimer and Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, who were holding a consultation in a corner, moved toward the spot where Lawyer Chew stood.

"Mistuh Atlas Brack," he repeated. "Is such in the immedjit vicinity?"

Johnny cast a wild glance at Mr. Brack. The forehead of that large person was furrowed and his jaw was set in an ugly manner. Then he winked at Johnny; whereupon Mr. Wattles slid forward.

"I is Mistuh Brack," he announced fearfully.

"Oh, you is, is you?"

Somewhere a clock tolled the noon hour. Through the sprawling door of the stage drifted a dozen workers, attracted hither by the presence of twenty pulchritudinous damsels. Most of the prominent workers were there: Author Forcep Swain, Sound Engineer Callous Deech, Actors Opus Randall and Welford Potts, Star Magnolius Ricketts, and last of all, Florian Slappey.

"Y-y-yassuh," retorted Johnny fearfully, "I is him sho nuff."

"Mistuh Atlas Brack fum New Jersey?"

"Uh-huh. Wh-wh-wha's wrong?"

Lawyer Chew smiled benevolently. "There ain't nothin' wrong, Brother Brack. In fact, I might propound that things are eminently fine fo' you this beautiful mawnin'. The mission which conducks me hither is a mos' felicitous one, an' I rejoice at bein' the harbringer of good tidings."

Spectators were converging upon the speaker. But Johnny was interested primarily in Atlas Brack, on whose countenance perched an expression of utter bewilderment.

"It happened," proceeded Lawyer Chew, "that I was studiously perusin' a legal paper the other day an' I read therein an advertisement askin' the whereabouts of one Atlas Brack, an' gittin' suggestive that aforesaid Mistuh Brack should communicate immedjitly with a law firm in Jersey City, New Jersey. I had heard tell of a certain Mr. Brack heah in Bumminham, an' so I wrote an' give my information. In response thereto, said law firm written me a letter pronouncin' that Mr. Brack as hereinbefore mentioned had inherited the sum of eleven thousand dollars fum a relative which is now misfortunately and entirely deceased, an', Atlas"—he extended to Johnny a congratulatory hand—"I wish to be the fust to congratulate you on this superb fate."

Johnny handed the attorney a limp paw. But before he could speak the real Atlas Brack insinuated himself into the center of the excited throng.

"You say," growled Atlas, "that Atlas Brack has inherited eleven thousan' dollars fum somebody in Jersey City?"

"Such was the context of my utterment."

"What has he got to do to git it?"

"Identifry hisse'f to me, an' then go to the probate court in Jersey City an' do likewise. Immedjitly thereafter he will be given the sum of eleven thousan' dollars in cash money."

"Is you shuah about this, Lawyer Chew?"

"I is shuah about ev'ything I say," answered the attorney importantly. "I ain't in the habit of th'owin' away good breff."

"Wha's the name of them Jersey lawyers?"

Chew smiled in superior fashion. "I cain't see that it's any of yo' business, Mistuh Wattles."

"It's plenty of my business."

"Well, I ain't givin' away no information until said Mistuh Atlas Brack identifries hisse'f to me an' also signs a writin' that I will receive a fee of five hund'ed dollars cash money out of said estate, as and when received. Also, until aforementioned identifrication is properly an' thoroughly conducted, I will not divulge the names of said Jersey attorneys."

"Cain't you take Mistuh Brack's word that he is him?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because them lawyers has sent me one thousan' dollars to pay over to Mistuh Brack as soon as I am satisfried who is he, an' I ain't gwine to pay it over until that time. Now"—and he turned his attention to the quivering Johnny Wattles—"if you will just come with me an' prove who you is, I will take pleasure in giving you one thousan' dollars, an' also a letter to them fellers in Jersey City which will cause an' impel them to give you ten thousan' more dollars as soon as you git to their office."

Johnny ducked his head and edged toward the door. But Atlas Brack had other ideas.

"Wait a minute," he growled. "I has somethin' to say 'bout this."

"What?"

"I say you cain't pay this feller no money a-tall."

"How come not? Ain't he Atlas Brack?"

"He ain't."

Lawyer Chew shrugged. "I reckon that that would be pretty difficult to prove."

"No, it won't. Because"—and Atlas raised his voice—"because I is Atlas Brack!"

There was an immediate hum of incredulous amazement.

"Foolishment you utters," commented Lawyer Chew.

"'Tain't no foolishment. It's truth. An' this heah feller"—designating Johnny—"can prove it."

"How?"

Atlas grabbed Mr. Wattles by the shoulder. "Tell 'em who you is," he commanded.

"Y-y-you mean that?"

"I don't mean nothin' else."

"My—my name is Johnny Wattles," quavered the little fellow.

And now indeed excitement ran high. They crowded closer about the three men, and President Latimer confronted Atlas.

"What's yo' name?"

"Atlas Brack."

"Then how come you two got yo' names all twisted up?"

Mr. Brack plastered a sneer on his lips. Being a powerful person, he had no fear of physical consequences. Also, the attraction exerted by eleven thousand dollars in cash money had robbed him of whatever acumen he might have possessed. Proudly, and even boastfully, he chronicled his meeting with Johnny on the train and the means by which he had appropriated Johnny's name. At the conclusion of his damning story he defied any man present to attack him. No one accepted the challenge. But President Latimer was thoroughly aroused. He shook his fist

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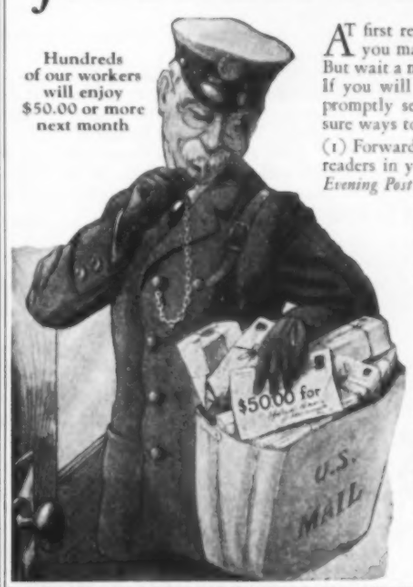

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit:

(1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, (2) securing new subscriptions and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

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If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon below. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

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*VAPEX

A drop on your pillow

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in the face of the impostor and called him many graphic names.

"Ise gwine have you arrested," he threatened, "right heah an' now!"

"Fo' which?"

"Fraud an' deceit an' impersonification an' also obtainin' money under false pretenses. You done drawed eighty dollars' sal'ry an' an advance of fifty dollars, an' furthermo' ——"

"Furthermo' my eye. If you think you can keep me heah, just try it."

"I—I reckon policemens can keep you."

Atlas frowned. He wasn't partial to the sound of that; therefore he temporized.

"Soon as I git the money fum Lawyer Chew ——" he started, but the attorney cut him short:

"You ain't goin' to receive no money fum me. There's too much funniment heah."

"It's my money, ain't it?"

"Shuah. Previded you is Atlas Brack. But all Ise gwine do is to return that thousan' dollars to the Nawthern lawyers an' let them decide who you is when you git there."

Atlas was visibly perturbed. And, quite naturally, his fingers closed about the elaborate diamond pin which reposed in his scarlet tie. He extended this toward Latimer.

"This pin is wuth five hund'ed dollars," he announced. "You can pay me the diff'ence between that an' how much I owe you."

Orifice drew himself up in a dignified manner. "I ain't runnin' no pawnshop. You gimme that money, or either go to jail."

"But I ain't got that much money."

A new factor introduced itself into the scene. The debonair Mr. Slappey shoved forward, holding a roll of bills.

"I don't like Mistuh Brack," he announced candidly, "but I don't crave to see nobody gypped out of no 'heritance. So I is willin' to give Mistuh Brack one hundred and thirty dollars fo' his pin, which same he pays immedjitly to Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc. Also, I pays eighty dollars to the real Mistuh Wattles, which has worked all week without no sal'ry. What says you-all?"

"How about my clothes?" inquired Johnny timidly.

"Tha's right. I also pay you twenty-five dollars to git yo' clothes out of pawn. But remember this, Brother Brack: The pin will be mine."

Atlas stormed and threatened, but in the end he capitulated. With eleven thousand dollars in prospect, and a very real menace in Latimer's anger, he was in no position to dicker. And so Florian paid one hundred and thirty dollars to Midnight and one hundred and five dollars to Johnny Wattles. He proudly inserted the gleaming pin in his own necktie.

"An' I thank you, Mistuh Brack," he announced. "'Cause this means, anyhow, a profit of two hund'ed and sixty-five dollars fo' me."

Atlas snapped his fingers disdainfully. "Chicken feeds!" he snorted, but with no persuasive enthusiasm.

Lawyer Chew remained steadfast in his determination to withhold all cash from Atlas, and that night Mr. Brack purchased a ticket for Jersey City. At the conclusion of that transaction he possessed precisely two dollars, with which sum he boarded the train for his journey north.

The train pulled into the night and two slender figures emerged from the shadows and gazed after it without regret.

"Hot ziggity dam!" ejaculated Florian Slappey. "He has sho gone."

"Ain't you tootin'?" responded Johnny Wattles. "An' I has got you to thank fo' ev'ything, Florian." He cast a speculative eye after the train. "You an' Lawyer Chew was just swell," he observed. "Fo' a long time you even had me fooled."

"Shuh," disclaimed Florian modestly, "I got a brain, I have; an' Lawyer Chew was a good sport. Also, he is Midnight's lawyer an' was willin' to he'p on that account. But, boy, wasn't it rich the way Atlas swallered the fake story about inheritin' money an' gave himself away?"

"Uh-huh," agreed Johnny thoughtfully, "it sho was. An' Ise safe, 'cause he done the damage hisse'f. But, Florian, Ise worried about you."

"How come?"

"As soon as that feller gits to New Jersey he's gwine find out that it was all a trick, an' then he's gwine beat it back to Bumminham an' slay you."

A broad grin decorated the countenance of Mr. Slappey.

"Oh, no, he ain't," declared he positively.

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't think it, Johnny; I know it." Florian chuckled gleefully. "You see, Johnny, I has already sent a telegram to the police in Newark, New Jersey, telling them that Atlas Brack will be passing through their town on this train. An' when that baby gits out of jail he'll be so old he won't even remember the state of Alabama."

DRAWN BY R. J. CASSEL

"Sam, Run and Get Me a Razor Quick!" "Your Safety Razor, Pop?"

ON THE WELL

DRESSED ANKLES

OF WELL DRESSED MEN

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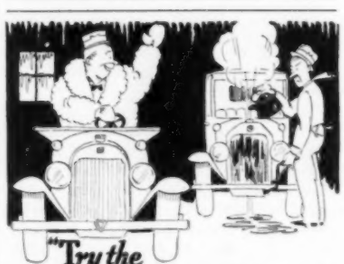
FOOTBALL FANS—Tune in Friday night, Nov. 14, at 6:30 P. M. (E. S. T.) for the BOND STREET football forecast. This week it's Chicago's coach, Alonzo Stagg, broadcasting from Chicago, Stations WLW, WOR, WMAQ.

BOND STREET *Spats*



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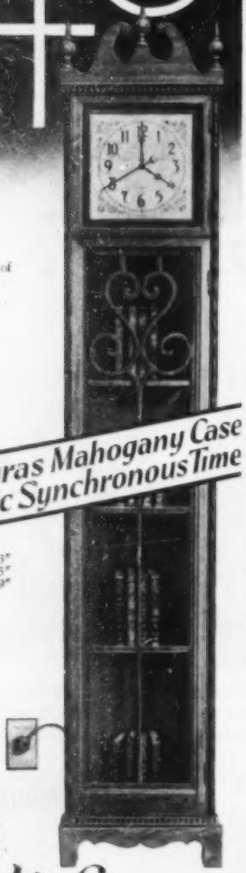

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COLONIAL CLOCKS

AMERICA'S FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE OF ALL-ELECTRIC FLOOR CLOCKS

WHY KEEP WAGES SECRET?

(Continued from Page 25)

week have little buying power and that, under our present methods of production, the wage earners simply must have the money with which to buy. But not all of American industry has changed its wage policy. A few employers here and there have the same wage ideas that prevailed thirty years ago. When business is good and men are hard to get, they bid up wages, but the moment that business becomes bad, they cut wages. These men and the concerns they head are parasites. They get their business out of the buying power generated by the high wages of other concerns. They contribute nothing at all to prosperity, and whenever business gets slack they make things worse by withdrawing their wages. They may show dividends and thus fool the investing public for the time being, although in the end a low-wage concern is bound to be a bad investment. That is why I think it is as essential for the information of everyone to include in every annual corporate statement a summary of the wages paid as it is to include the amount of business done and the profits earned. Then we can know which concerns are national assets and which are national liabilities.

This summary ought to show the wage incomes of workers by the year. People have to live by the year and there is no point in having a high-wage scale figured on a per week or month basis that no one gets except for short periods. No salaries should be included.

It may be that I have the viewpoint of the wage earner and not of the capitalist. I hope that I have. I am more worker than capitalist. I have, however, no illusions about either the worker or the capitalist. Not all workers are high-minded and honest toilers, and not all capitalists are grasping, and also neither wages nor dividends come out of the air. I am convinced that, if during any period of business it may be necessary for a time to cut the prices of one's goods below the cost of production in order to force sales—and there are times when this is good policy—it will be found far cheaper in the end to keep up wages and pay the deficits out of surplus, instead of shutting down or reducing wages. A full-wage policy is, to my mind, more useful than a dividend policy. For maintaining or increasing wages will take the country out of depression. Dividend policies not only will not do that, but, if they are adhered to in spite of the earnings, may in the end destroy themselves by destroying the markets for the goods which create them.

Cities That Shoes Built

That may be the worker's point of view. That is the view that we have tried to keep. We have three cities of our own building in New York State. The company has no houses that it rents. Some years ago my brothers and I discovered that men with large families were being discriminated against, and so we personally built some good houses which we rent to couples who have children. Of our seventeen thousand employes, about two-thirds own their own homes. Ours are company towns only in the sense that most of the people in them secure their living, directly or indirectly, out of what the company pays out. The executives live in these towns with the workers. Inside the factories we have distinctions of authority; on the outside we are all fellow citizens without any distinctions as to wealth. This is not to say that we all have the same sort of houses, wear the same sort of clothing, eat the same sort of food and ride in the same kind of automobiles. We have no false democracy—no leveling down. It is merely that we have no false distinctions based solely on dollars.

This has come about naturally through our method of growth. In 1882 I drifted from Massachusetts to the Lester Shoe Company in Binghamton, because I had heard that I might get better work there. I was about the same as the run of shoemakers. I wanted to make a lot of money quickly and was willing to work for it. The work proved to be in and out, and also the wages. The factory employed about four hundred people when going full, but the idea seemed to be to run through each order, working night and day, and then shut down until another order turned up. The factory finances were in trouble, and H. B. Endicott, of Boston, a leather dealer and the chief creditor, came over to see what could be done. I thought that I could run that shop at a profit. I said to Harry Lester, then in control:

"If you will let me manage this business, I will turn it into a money maker. I know that I can do it and I am willing to work a year without pay just to prove it."

Sticking to the Last

That is how the firm was founded. We incorporated many years later because we thought it was not right for two men to own so great an industry. The point is that through a quarter of a century we had a business which we could manage as we pleased.

In the beginning we managed wages just as everyone else did—paid as little as we could and got in return as much as we could. Then slowly we began to discover that the best way to lower costs was not by lowering wages but first of all by having steady work throughout the year and thus decreasing overhead expense. I thought of wages only as a cost of production, not as a source of buying power for our own products as well as for other products. I have always detested the phrase "living wage." A living feed for a truck horse is about twenty quarts a day. A living feed for a horse that the family drives is about six quarts a day. And so the idea of a living wage means nothing at all. I would substitute the term "fair wage," and I would make that fair wage large enough so that the average wage earner could have a fair living—a fair opportunity to enjoy the things which life is furnishing in greater abundance as we progress into a higher state of civilization and greater prosperity.

I would have the children warm and comfortable, with sufficient good, wholesome, nourishing food. I would have them clothed in season properly. I would have them enjoy the healthful things to which they have a right. I would have them secure a good education. I would have them go to work later in life—after they have, in fact, had their heritage and have built up a good, sound mind and body. Then I would have them take up their work, and let them be fairly paid, and their children fairly paid. A living wage means nothing.

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We set ourselves to lowering costs so as to get business, and raising wages so that there would be more business to get. We learned the elementary fact that the high cost of doing business is nothing to the high cost of not doing business. One of the heaviest costs of doing business is unnecessary overhead expense, and a good deal of this overhead arises out of the belief that if you put a man to doing a job, it is necessary to put another man over him to see that he does it, and then add a third man to keep a record of what the man and his supervisor do!

Do Workers Need Supervision?

Industry is creating an immense army of nonproducers who live off the earnings of the producers. The workman who understands that he is made responsible for his job ought to require little supervision. Take a group of ten men. If they will produce as well without a foreman as with one, then it is better for everybody that there should not be a foreman, for that foreman's wages must come out of the wages of the ten workers. This means they will each have just that much less money to spend and therefore be poorer customers for all of us than if they received their full wages.

How much supervision of workers is really necessary? Fifteen years ago we had about eight thousand workers and about twenty-five hundred foremen, or directors, as we call them today. We have now about seventeen thousand workers and somewhat more than a thousand directors. We have more than doubled the number of our employes and cut the number of foremen about in half.

We employers frequently complain that our people will not do anything they are not told to do. It is true that they will not, but the fault is with management and not with the workers. The other day I saw three men walking down the street. Two of them were carrying picks and shovels, but the third was sauntering along with his hands in his pockets. He was the boss. They stopped beside a telegraph pole. The boss marked out a spot and then made himself as comfortable as he could on the curbstone while the other two fellows began to dig. The boss probably got double the wages of the workmen, although his production was zero. It might not have been safe to send the two workmen out alone to dig that hole. They might have dug it in the wrong place or they might not have known what to do had they run up against some difficulty. Presumably the boss knew more about digging holes than they did, but I can see no reason why that company, instead of sending out two producers and one nonproducer, should not have sent out two producers.

That boss could just as well as not have been a working boss; he could have earned higher wages as a working boss, for if he had anything in him he could have worked faster than the ordinary laborer and by example have increased the production of the laborer with him. I have even seen the really ridiculous case of one man working at low wages with another man bossing him at high wages.

This sort of thing is very serious from several angles. It increases the cost of the work and therefore decreases the amount of work which can be done. Also it decreases wages, and this again decreases the number of people who can afford to have work done. Finally it actually lowers the quality of the work—which is a point that is not always recognized.

It is generally imagined that intensive supervision and inspection make for better and more careful work. In fact, they make for exactly the opposite. A man working directly under the nose of a supervisor is relieved of all responsibility for the work. That is the sole reason for putting the supervisor there. And so the attention of the workman drifts from the work to satisfying the man over him. The supervisor, in turn, wants to satisfy the man over him. The work is not the most important thing. Of course it is inspected—indeed, its quality is left pretty much to the judgment of an inspector, but I have yet to know an inspector whose work did not in the course of time become purely mechanical. So the net result of these elaborate and expensive provisions for good work is that nobody is directly responsible. The worst thing you can do to a man is take away his responsibility, for then you take away what pleasure he may find in his work and eventually you get a sheeplike man who cannot think for himself in or out of the shop and must be directed like a puppet on a stage.

We have been trying to educate men to think for themselves by gradually decreasing the amount of supervision, and have made it very plain to every worker that it is the quality of the work that counts and that it is not enough to go through the motions of working and satisfy a foreman. We get much better shoes as a result. The man at the bench knows whether a piece of leather is right, and if it is up to him to decide, his judgment can be relied on. Practically all our directors are workmen as well as directors. I believe in the working foreman. He can do more by example than he can by words. The nonworking foreman giving a direction may be met with: "If you don't like the way I'm doing this, do it yourself."

The Best Way to Cut Costs

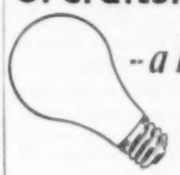
The first-class working foreman will never get that sort of answer because, if he is fit to be a director, he is showing his worth as a workman every minute of the day. We have working foremen not only because by their production they lower the cost of supervision but because by being expert workmen themselves they are better able to keep their own people in hand.

The best and most effective way to cut costs is not through cutting wages but through cutting the costs of supervision. This I learned many years ago. This matter of paying wages has bothered me. High wages—which are the only kind of wages I like—cannot be paid simply because one wishes to pay them. They create cost, and the problem of management is to meet competition in a highly competitive industry.

That the problem of keeping wages up is hard is no reason for dodging it, and we have gone about the solution in three general ways: First, by increasing the effective power of the worker through the use of machinery; second, by cutting down nonproducers; and third, by increasing the buying power of the wage.

Number 1 is largely technical and applies principally to the shoe business. In cutting out nonproducers we have gone very far, not merely in the matter of decreasing supervision, as I explained above, but also in putting employes on piecework where possible. We have not yet devised a satisfactory

Thirty years of craftsmanship -- a background that counts



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method of fitting a fair piecework system to the repair men, cleaners and watchmen, but I hope some day to find a method of doing this, for the surest way of cutting down the nonproducers is to put them on the basis of paying them what they earn.

Many employers are discouraged in their efforts because they find that the men they employ think more of drawing down wages than they do of working. The smart workman or clerk trying to get away with something is an obstacle to higher incomes and lower prices. I find that the loafers will not often run more than 10 per cent of the whole, and that the others are just as anxious as is the employer to make a go of things. Those who will not work of their own accord have to be made to work. I do not waste any sympathy on them. I once instructed our foremen:

"It took me thirty-five years to find out what I believed was the answer to the industrial problem—that is, to treat the other fellow as we would like to be treated ourselves. I should not wonder if it took thirty-five years for the workers to learn what their part is under the square-deal policy. The square-deal policy, in its hoped-for development, means progress, betterment, increase—evolution, not revolution. It cannot be gained overnight. It must be brought about in the minds of the workers, just as it was brought about in my mind. They have to learn something of how it works. We have to show them what the square deal is.

"But you have this advantage: Having treated a man fairly—absolutely fairly—you can then ask him to treat you fairly. You must be sure that you have done the square thing by him."

The man power of this country has never really been utilized. One hears a lot of talk about "fired at forty." We seldom fire anyone and hardly anyone leaves, but we never fire anyone just because he is forty or fifty, for it is about then that men become most valuable. We like our people between thirty and seventy, but we must take on a proportion of younger men, too, in order to replace the older ones. About a quarter of our people are more than fifty and some of the men who worked at the bench with me are still with us. We pension a man when he is no longer able to work, and instead of life insurance, we continue a man's pay to his widow for as long a period as it takes her to get on her feet—that may be a year, or again it may be five years.

If there are leaders in American industry—and there are plenty of them—they can see to it that the paying of low wages is put in a class with the dishonest manipulation of company funds. For not otherwise can we secure permanent, progressive prosperity.

SHE FELT HE WAS WASTING TIME

Lloyd Mayer

SHE: You're at Yale now, aren't you, Hubert?

HE: Yeah, I'm a freshman this year.

SHE: Well, aren't you simply thrilled about it, my dear?

HE: Yeah, you bet.

SHE: Gosh, it must be simply marvelous, isn't it?

HE: Yeah, it's great.

SHE: Well, are you on the football team or anything?

HE: No, I'm too light for football.

SHE: Are you really, my dear? Isn't that a shame?

HE: Yeah, it's too bad.

SHE: My dear, I'm simply sick about it—I mean, I actually am!

HE: It's sort of tough I'm so light.

SHE: Well, can't you be on the basketball or hockey team or something?

HE: Well, I don't play basketball and I'm not much good at hockey.

SHE: Aren't you really, my dear? Gosh, that's a shame!

HE: Yeah, I wish I could make some team, all right.

SHE: Well, my dear, what do you do with yourself, anyways?

HE: Well, I've been studying quite a lot, you know.

SHE: Oh, have you? That must be simply vile.

HE: Well, it's sort of interesting, though.

SHE: Is it really, my dear?

HE: Yeah, I'm taking a lot of pretty good courses.

SHE: Are you really, my dear? Somehow, I never thought you were the type who'd study.

HE: Well, you have to study so's not to flunk out.

SHE: Oh, is that it?

HE: Yeah, you have to study quite a lot.

SHE: Well, I spose it's a simply marvelous experience.

HE: Yeah, it's pretty good sport.

SHE: Is it really?

HE: I think so. You get quite a lot out of it, I guess.

SHE: I spose you do, don't you?

HE: Yeah, I think so.

SHE: You know, my dear, I used to think I'd adore to go to college.

HE: Did you really?

SHE: Isn't that screaming, my dear? It was when I used to be terribly serious-minded and all—do you know what I mean?

HE: Is that so?

SHE: Abs'lutely, my dear! Can you bear it?

HE: Well, why didn't you go?

SHE: Well, my dear, I decided it would be a frightful waste of time, for one thing.

HE: Oh, I see.

SHE: Don't you waste an awful lot of time, really?

HE: Why, no, I don't think so.

SHE: But I mean you're not playing football or anything and you can't study all the time, can you?

HE: Well, no; of course not.

SHE: And about half the stuff you study doesn't do you the least bit of real good in a practicable way, I mean. Does it?

HE: Well, I spose not, but it's pretty int'resting just the same.

SHE: Is it really, my dear?

HE: Yeah.

SHE: Well, maybe next year you'll be heavy enough to go out for football, and then you'll feel you're not wasting time, won't you?

HE: Well, I don't feel I am, anyway.

SHE: Don't you really, Hubert? Well, I think that's simply wonderful, my dear—I mean, I actually do!

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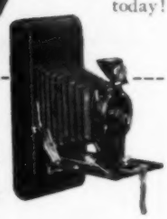

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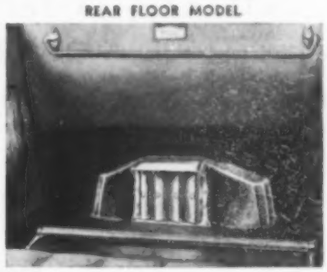

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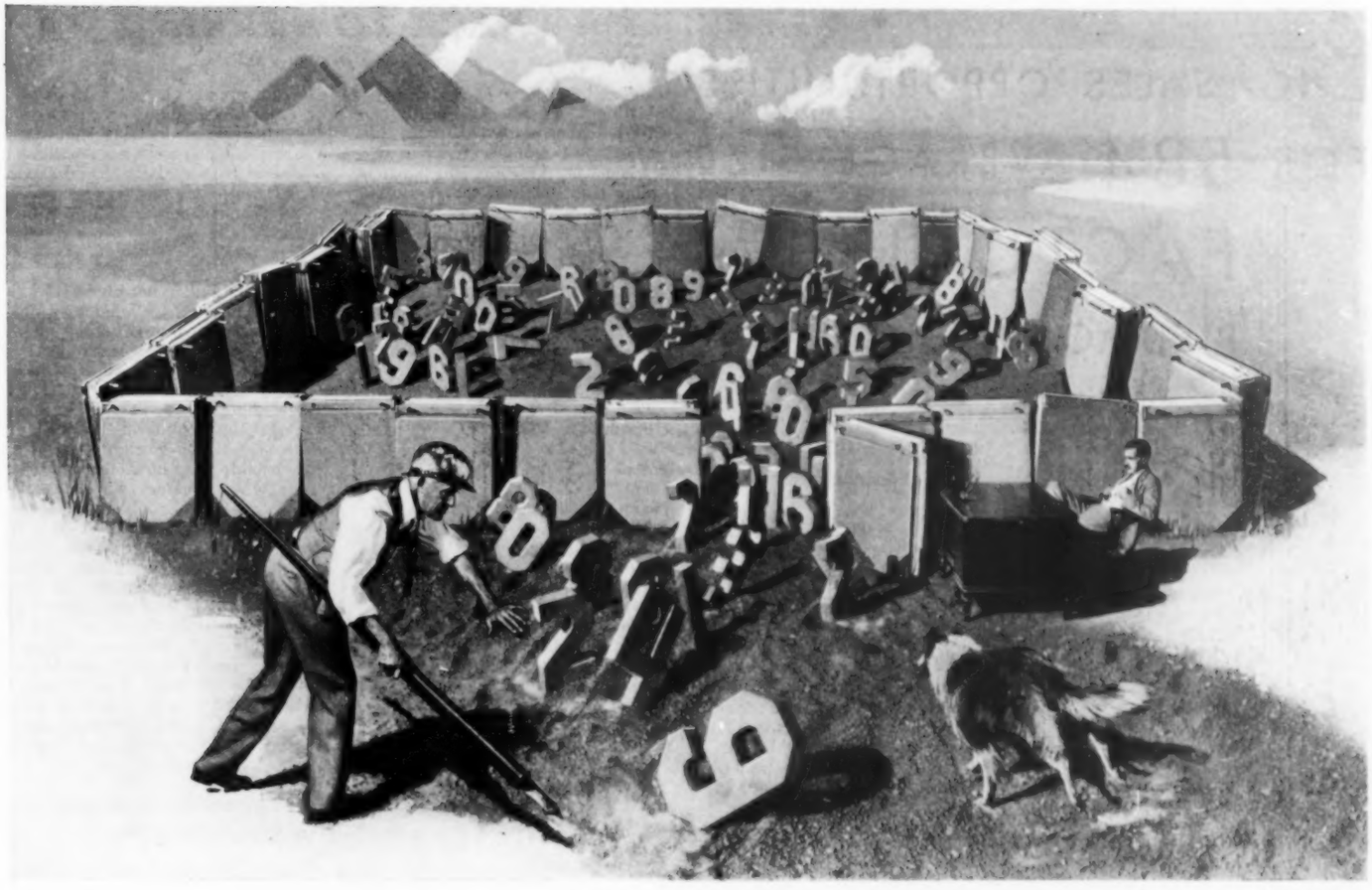

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PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

BACK TO BARRIE

(Continued from Page 35)

he suffered. One day he read that one of his idols—to this day a great man and a powerful writer—had said, in a discussion of literary figures, that after all, when everything was said and done, Kipling still remained the greatest of all the tale-tellers.

Somehow it was like a blow in the jaw. Kipling! Why, Kipling wrote stories with action, that had beginnings and ends. Kipling wrote poetry that rimed. Kipling was successful. The man might just as well have said Barrie, for all the shaking, troubling, bewildering amazement he caused. Kipling, of all people!

That may have been the beginning of Frank's passing on to other standards. I don't know; I don't remember. Around that time he begins to fade a little.

I don't believe that he suffered any real harm as result of the experience. Some of the things he believed, he still believes today.

Frank's principal fault, as I see it, was that he never felt it necessary to confirm anything he said. The principal result, I believe, was that he was probably a pretty general nuisance. His principal loss was the pleasure he subsequently found in reading the works of writers who were not starving.

I was reminded of this but a short time ago, when I received a telephone call from a man who sat with Frank, ten years ago, on hard benches to see plays about people hanging themselves in barns, and later went home with him to sneer at Kipling, Belasco and David Wark Griffith. He was very excited.

"Say," he shouted, "I'm reading Barrie!"

"You are?"

"James Matthew Barrie!"

"I understand. What about it?"

"Why, he's great!" he cried, his voice a queer mingling of astonishment and incredulity. "He's marvelous! I just called you up to let you know about it. If you haven't read him, do it immediately. Don't wait another day. Get this book of his plays that's just come out and go right to it. I'm going back to mine now. Good-by."

The other evening, when I came across those two books—the American's and the Spaniard's—I tried to read them again. The years, I thought, might have done something about them for me. I failed again; they were still dull to me. But the years had done a little something, for now I chucked them out. Whatever they were to others, they were pretty bad to me. And even as I chucked them I thought of Frank, and I knew that if he were alive today he would grow purple with indignation at the very thought of it. Frank was a queer lad.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Eight Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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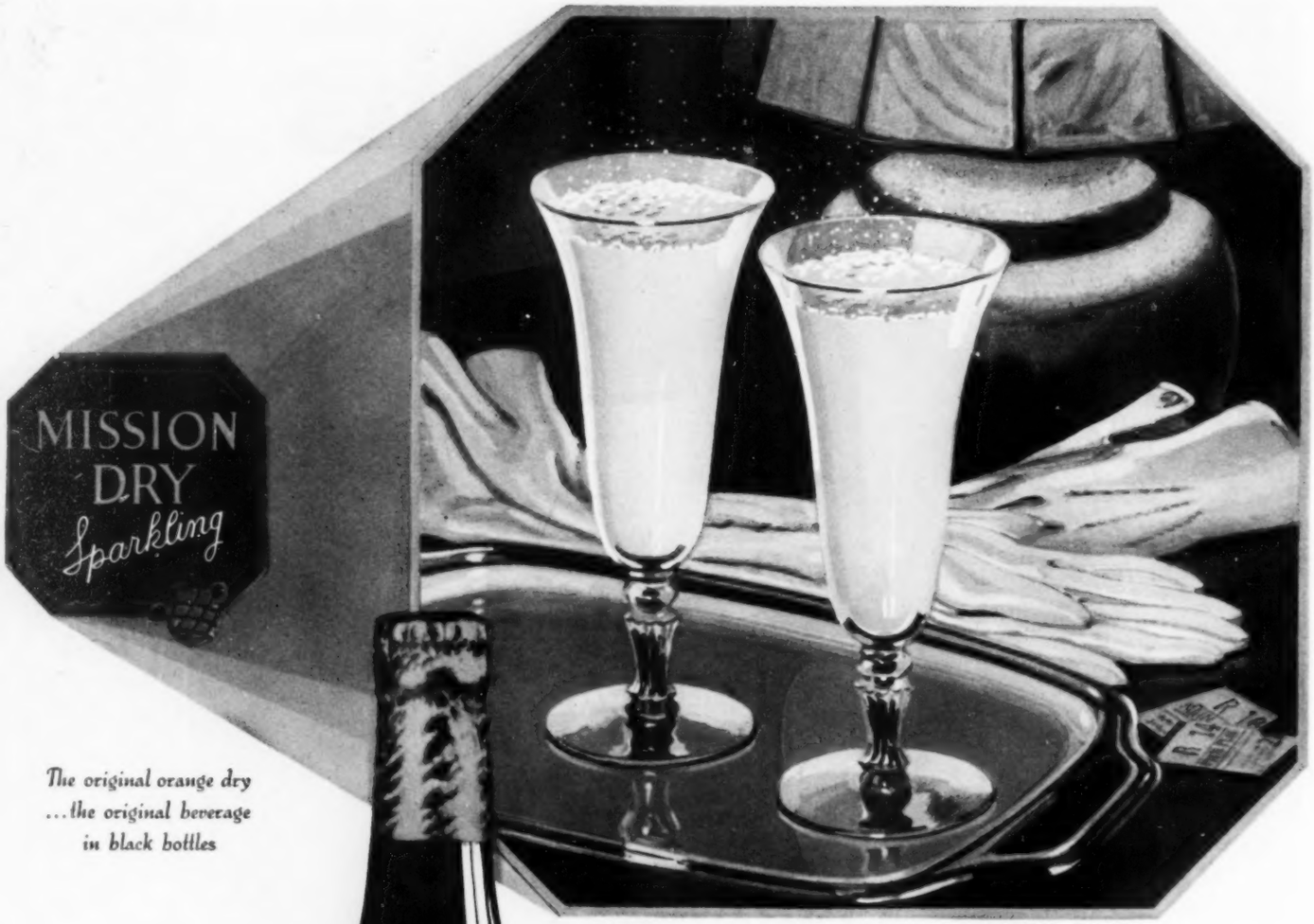

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